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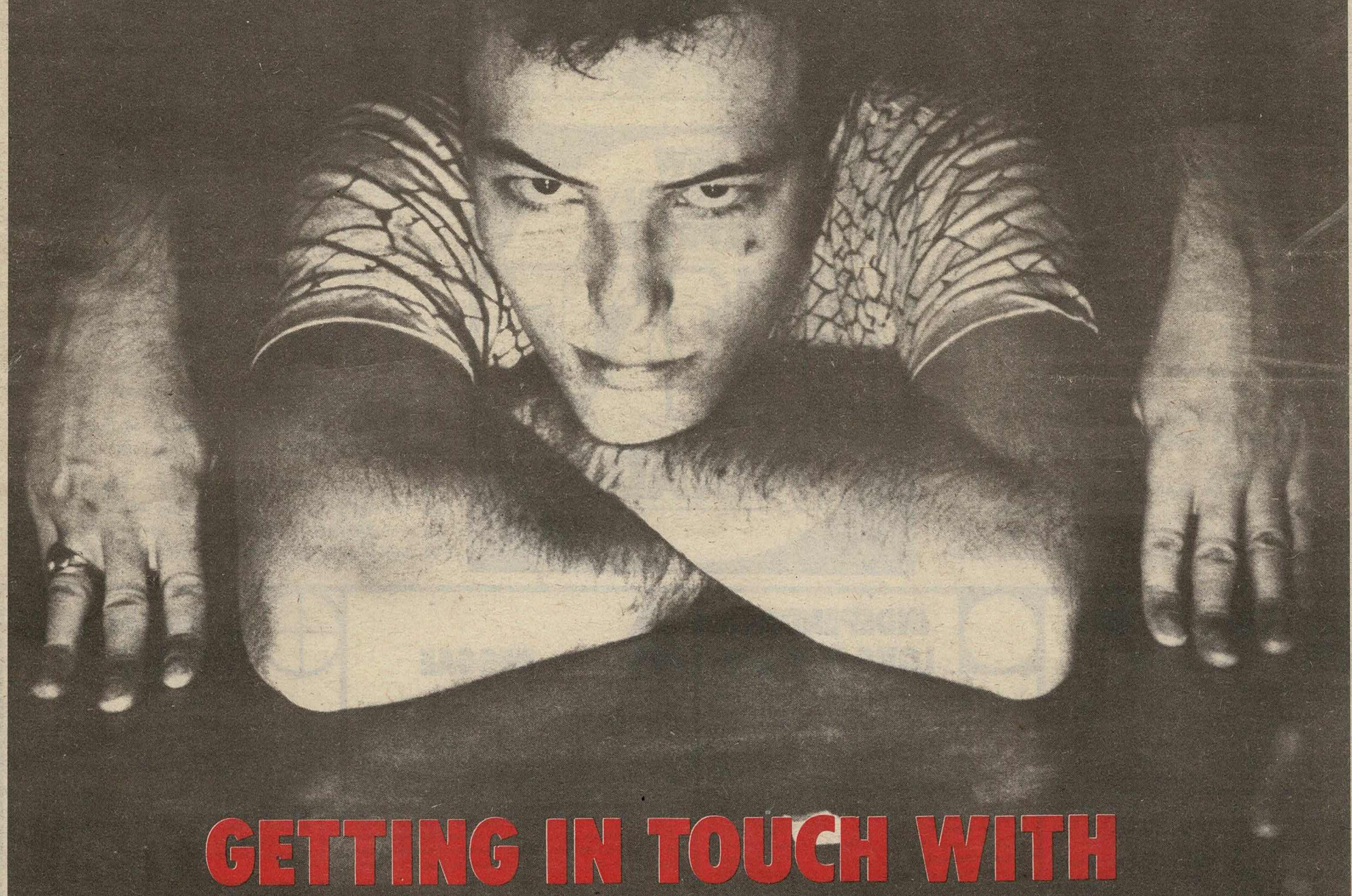

GETTING IN TOUCH WITH A DEAD KENNEDY
Jello Biafra summons up the spirit of punk
By Gavin Martin

HEAVEN 17
Contact the earth below
Is there anybody there?
By Ian Penman

BIRTHDAY PARTY
Up from down under
and across the USA
By Barney Hoskyns

DAVID BOWIE ● MICK JAGGER ● LAURIE ANDERSON ● WALL OF VOODOO ● JAM DATES ● POISON GIRLS
JOY DIVISION LP ● HUMAN LEAGUE ● MADNESS ● GRACE JONES ● FRENCH LIEUTENANT'S WOMAN

The Dead Kennedys give Jello Biafra a big hand. Pic Peter Anderson.

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last week			Weeks in	Highest
	1	**PRINCE CHARMING**	**Adam & The Ants (CBS)**	6	1
2	2	**INVISIBLE SUN**	Police (A & M)	4	2
3	4	**UNDER YOUR THUMB**	Godley & Creme (Polydor)	4	3
4	3	**SHUT UP**	Madness (Stiff)	3	3
5	12	**IT'S MY PARTY**	Dave Stewart & Barbara Gaskin (Stiff)	2	5
6	10	**BIRDIE SONG**	Tweets (PRT)	5	6
7	7	**HANDS UP**	Ottowan (Carrere)	7	4
8	5	**PRETEND**	Alvin Stardust (Stiff)	6	5
9	16	**THUNDER IN THE MOUNTAINS**	Toyah (Safari)	2	9
10	6	**SOUVENIR**	Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc)	7	3
11	11	**JUST CAN'T GET ENOUGH**	Depeche Mode (Mute)	4	11
12	23	**GOOD YEAR FOR THE ROSES**	Elvis Costello (F-Beat)	2	12
13	18	**WALKING IN THE SUNSHINE**	Bad Manners (Magnet)	3	13
14	9	**ENDLESS LOVE**	Diana Ross & Lionel Richie (Motown)	5	5
15	8	**TAINTED LOVE**	Soft Cell (Bizzare)	12	1
16	25	**QUIET LIFE**	Japan (Hansa)	2	16
17	(—)	**OPEN YOUR HEART**	Human League (Virgin)	1	17
18	19	**MAD EYED SCREAMER**	Creatures (Polydor)	2	18
19	17	**IN AND OUT OF LOVE**	Imagination (R&B)	5	16
20	(—)	**HAPPY BIRTHDAY**	Altered Images (Epic)	1	20
21	14	**SLOW HAND**	Pointer Sisters (Planet)	6	9
22	(—)	**IT'S RAINING**	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	1	22
23	13	**SO THIS IS ROMANCE**	Linx (Chrysalis)	5	11
24	22	**LOVE ACTION**	Human League (Virgin)	10	1
25	15	**YOU'LL NEVER KNOW**	Hi Gloss (Epic)	6	13
26	24	**EVERYTHING'S GONE GREEN**	New Order (Factory)	2	24
27	(—)	**OH SUPERMAN**	Laurie Anderson (Rough Trade)	1	27
28	(—)	**GLORIA**	U2 (Island)	1	28
29	26	**LET'S HANG ON**	Barry Manilow (Arista)	3	22
30	28	**LOCK UP YOUR DAUGHTERS**	Slade (RCA)	2	28

Altered Images in at No. 20

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last week			Weeks in	Highest
	9	**GHOST IN THE MACHINE**	**Police (A&M)**	2	1
2	(—)	7	Madness (Stiff)	1	2
3	4	**SUPERHITS 1 & 2**	Various (Ronco)	4	3
4	2	**ABACAB**	Genesis (Charisma)	4	2
5	7	**SHAKY**	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	4	5
6	5	**IF I SHOULD LOVE AGAIN**	Barry Manilow (Arista)	2	5
7	1	**DEAD RINGER**	Meatloaf (Epic)	6	1
8	10	**TATTOO YOU.**	Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)	7	2
9	6	**WIRED FOR SOUND**	Cliff Richard (EMI)	4	6
10	3	**HOOKED ON CLASSICS**	Louis Clark/RPO (K-Tel)	3	3
11	8	**RAGE IN EDEN**	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	5	3
12	11	**CELEBRATION**	Johnny Mathis (CBS)	4	10
13	15	**SECRET COMBINATION**	Randy Crawford (Warner Bros)	20	3
14	16	**DENIM & LEATHER**	Saxon (Carrere)	3	14
15	27	**ASSEMBLAGE**	Japan (Hansa)	2	15
16	14	**PENTHOUSE & PAVEMENT**	Heaven 17 (BEF/Virgin)	4	12
17	17	**LOVE SONGS**	Cliff Richard (EMI)	15	1
18	20	**SONS & FASCINATION/SISTERS FEELINGS CALL**	Simple Minds (Virgin)	4	6
19	12	**PRESENT ARMS**	UB40 (Dep Int)	19	1
20	18	**BEAT THE CARROTT**	Jasper Carrott (DJM)	2	18
21	30	**VERY BEST OF ANNE MURRAY**	Anne Murray (Capitol)	2	21
22	13	**TIME**	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	10	1
23	22	**YOU COULD HAVE BEEN WITH ME**	Sheena Easton (EMI)	2	22
24	(—)	**HAPPY BIRTHDAY**	Altered Images (Epic)	3	19
25	(—)	**NINE TONIGHT**	Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band (Capitol)	1	25
26	23	**THE GARDEN**	John Foxx (Virgin)	3	26
27	(—)	**20 GOLDEN GREATS**	Diana Ross (Motown)	1	27
28	(—)	**FRESH QUOTA**	Status Quo (Phonogram)	1	28
29	(—)	**BAT OUT OF HELL**	Meatloaf (Epic)	14	9
30	(—)	**BLACK AND WHITE**	Pointer Sisters (Planet)	3	26

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(10)	**Everything's Gone Green**	New Order (Factory)
2	(4)	**Thunder In The Mountains**	Toyah (Safari)
3	(2)	**Just Can't Get Enough**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
4	(8)	**Police Story**	Partizans (No Future)
5	(3)	**Reality**	Chron-Gen (Fresh)
6	(9)	**All Out Attack EP**	Blitz (No Future)
7	(30)	**Dead Cities EP**	Exploited (Secret)
8	(16)	**Oh Superman**	Laurie Anderson (R. Trade)
9	(27)	**Barbed Wire Halo**	Annie Anxiety (Crass)
10	(5)	**You Scare Me To Death**	Marc Bolan (Cherry Red)
11	(6)	**Leather, Bristles, Studs etc**	GBH (Clay)
12	(23)	**Puppets Of War EP**	Chron-Gen (Fresh)
13	(14)	**Hanging Around**	Hazel O'Connor (Albion)
14	(11)	**Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag**	Pigbag (Y)
15	(20)	**Message/Speech**	Associates (Situation 2)
16	(10)	**Release The Bats**	Birthday Party (4AD)
17	(13)	**She's In Love With A Monster Man**	Revillos (Super Sell)
18	(7)	**Holidays In Cambodia (12")**	Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
19	(18)	**I Don't Want To Live With Monkeys**	The Higsons (Romans In Britain)
20	(19)	**Neu Smell**	Flux Of Pink Indians (Crass)
21	(—)	**Nero**	Theatre Of Hate (Burning Rome)
22	(17)	**Saeta Vegas**	Nico (Flick Knife)
23	(21)	**Resurrection EP**	Vice Squad (Riot City)
24	(24)	**Stretch**	Maximum Joy (Y)
25	(15)	**Kitchen Person**	Associates (Situation 2)
26	(12)	**One In Ten**	UB40 (Dep Int)
27	(—)	**Wonderful Offer**	Laura Logic (R Trade)
28	(—)	**California Uber Alle**	Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
29	(—)	**Mr Clarinet**	Birthday Party (4AD)
30	(—)	**A New Form Of Beatury**	Virgin Prunes (Rough Trade)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(1)	**Wise And Foolish**	Misty (People Unite)
2	(4)	**Present Arms**	UB40 (Dep International)
3	(2)	**Red Mecca**	Cabaret Voltaire (R. Trade)
4	(3)	**In Concert**	T Rex (Marc)
5	(9)	**The Curse Of Zounds**	Zounds (R. Trade)
6	(6)	**The Last Call**	Anti-Pasti (Rondelet)
7	(16)	**Playing With A Different Sex**	Au Pairs (Human)
8	(—)	**Present Arms In Dub**	UB40 (Dept Int)
9	(5)	**Early Years**	Fall (Step Forward)
10	(10)	**Cover Plus**	Hazel O'Connor (Albion)
11	(11)	**Penis Envy**	Crass (Crass)
12	(14)	**Anthem**	Toyah (Safari)
13	(8)	**Closer**	Joy Division (Factory)
14	(7)	**Always Now**	Section 25 (Factory)
15	(—)	**Motorhead**	Motorhead (Chiswick)
16	(24)	**Punks Not Dead**	Exploited (Secret)
17	(18)	**Unknown Pleasures**	Joy Division (Factory)
18	(17)	**Snaz**	Nazareth (NEMS)
19	(25)	**In The Flat Field**	Bauhaus (4AD)
20	(13)	**Signing Off**	UB40 (Graduate)
21	(21)	**Mark Of The Mole**	Residents (Ralph)
22	(—)	**Still**	Joy Division (Factory)
23	(—)	**Rid The World Of The Evil Vampire**	Scientist (Greensleeves)
24	(12)	**Fire Escape In The Sky**	Scott Walker (Zoo)
25	(26)	**This Heat**	This Heat (R. Trade)
26	(—)	**Rock Until You Drop**	Raven (Neat)
27	(22)	**Drama Of Exile**	Nico (Aura)
28	(20)	**In A Roman Mood**	Human Sexual Response (Don't Fall Off The Mountain)
29	(29)	**Dome 3**	Dome (Dome)
30	(15)	**Prayers On Fire**	Birthday Party (4AD)

Compiled by *NME* from a nationwide survey of specialist record shops

REGGAE

1	**Love Me Tonight**	Trevor Walters (Ital)
2	**Fatty Bum Bum**	Ranking Dread (Greensleeves)
3	**Waiting**	Simplicity (King & City)
4	**Its True**	Donna Rhoden (Santic)
5	**Chip In**	Wayne Jarrett (Greensleeves)
6	**Phone Line**	Mystic Harmony (SS Music)
7	**In A Rub A Dub Dub**	Sugar Minott (Black Roots)
8	**Special Kind Of Love**	Barry Tssachar (Shashamane)
9	**True Loving**	Alton Ellis (Fashion)
10	**I Like Your Move**	Karen Dickson (Neville King)

Bonaparte Records, 284 Pentonville Road, London N1.

FUNK

1	**You Got The Floor**	Arthur Adams (RCA)
2	**R. R. Express**	Rose Royce (Warner Bros.)
3	**So Ruff So Tuff**	Roger (Warner Bros.)
4	**Station Break**	Captain Sky (WMOT)
5	**You're Supposed To Be My Friend**	Jerome (DJM)
6	**Let's Start The Dance Again**	Bohannan (Phobe)
7	**Tees Happy**	Northend (Emergency)
8	**Rock Your World**	Weeks & Co. (Chalro)
9	**Controversy**	Prince (Warner Bros.)
10	**Hupendi Muziki Wango**	K.I.D. (Sam)

Groove Records, 52 Greek St, London W.1

INTERNATIONAL SPAIN

SINGLES

1	**Ma Quale Idea**	Pino D'Angio
2	**Bette Davis Eyes**	Kim Carnes (EMI)
3	**Hands Up**	Ottowan (Epic)
4	**I Love You Much, Too Much**	Santana (CBS)
5	**Enola Gay**	Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Virgin)
6	**Malaika**	Boney M (Ariola)
7	**Ai No Corrida**	Quincy Jones (A&M)
8	**Stars On 45 Vol 3**	Starsound (Fonogram)
9	**Magnetic Fields Part 2**	Jean Michel Jarre (Polydor)
10	**Frente A Frente**	Jeanette (RCA)

Courtesy 'Billboard/El Gran Musical'

SWEDEN

SINGLES

1	**Jag Vill Ha Dig**	Freestyle (SOS)
2	**Hands Up**	Ottowan (Carrere)
3	**Going Back To My Roots**	Oddyssey (RCA)
4	**Hubba Hubba Zoot Zoot.**	Caramba (Trash/Polar)
5	**Endless Love**	Diana Ross & Lionel Richie (Motown)
6	**For Your Eyes Only**	Sheena Easton (EMI)
7	**Hooked On Classics**	Royal Philharmonic Orc (RCA)
8	**Bette Davis Eyes**	Kim Carnes (EMI America)
9	**Vi Rymmer Bara Du Och Lag**	Noice (Sonet)
10	**Hold On Tight**	ELO (Jet)

Courtesy 'GLF/Billboard'

FIVE YEARS AGO

1	**Mississippi**	Pussycat (Sonet)
2	**Howzat**	Sherbert (Epic)
3	**Sailing**	Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)
4	**Dancing Queen**	Abba (Epic)
5	**When Forever Has Gone**	Demis Roussos (Philips)
6	**Hurt**	Manhattans (CBS)
7	**Summer Of My Love**	Simon May (Pye)
8	**If You Leave Me Now**	Chicago(CBS)
9	**Disco Duck**	Rick Dees & His Cast Of Idiots (RSO)
10	**Dance Little Lady Dance**	Tina Charles (CBS)

TEN YEARS AGO

1	**Maggie May**	Rod Stewart (Mercury)
2	**Witch Queen Of New Orleans**	Redbone (Epic)
3	**Simple Game**	Four Tops '(Tamla Motown)
4	**You've Got A Friend**	James Taylor (Warner Bros)
5	**Tweedle Dee Tweedle Dum**	Middle Of The Road (RCA)
6	**For All We Know**	Shirley Bassey (United Artists)
7	**Sultana**	Titanic (CBS)
8	**Did You Ever**	Nancy Sinatra & Lee Hazlewood (Reprise)
9	**Freedom Come Freedom Go**	Fortunes (Capitol)
10	**Tap Turns On The Water**	C.C.S. (Rak)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1	**Distant Drums**	Jim Reeves (RCA)
2	**Reach Out I'll Be There**	Four Tops (Tamla Motown)
3	**I Can't Control Myself**	Troggs (Page One)
4	**Winchester Cathedral**	New Vaudeville Band (Decca)
5	**Bend It**	Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich (Fontana)
6	**Have You Seen Your Mother Baby Standing In The Shadow**	Rolling Stones (Decca)
7	**Guantanamera**	Sandpipers (Pye Int)
8	**I'm A Boy**	The Who (Reaction)
9	**Stop Stop Stop**	Hollies (Parlophone)
10	**You Can't Hurry Love**	Supremes (Tamla Motown)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1	**Walkin' Back To Happiness**	Helen Shapiro (Columbia)
2	**Wild Wind**	John Leyton (Top Rank)
3	**Michael**	Highwaymen (HMV)
4	**A Girl In Your Arms**	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
5	**You'll Answer Me**	Cleo Laine Fontana)
6	**Jealousy**	Billy Fury (Decca)
6	**Sucu Sucu**	Lauri Johnson (Pye)
8	**Kon-Tiki**	Shadows (Columbia)
9	**Hats Off To Larry**	Del Shannon (London)
10	**Bless You**	Tony Orlando (Fontana)

NME NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

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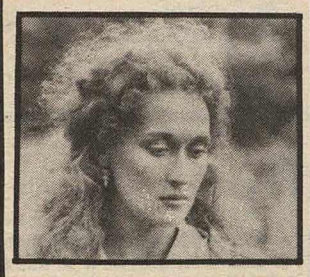

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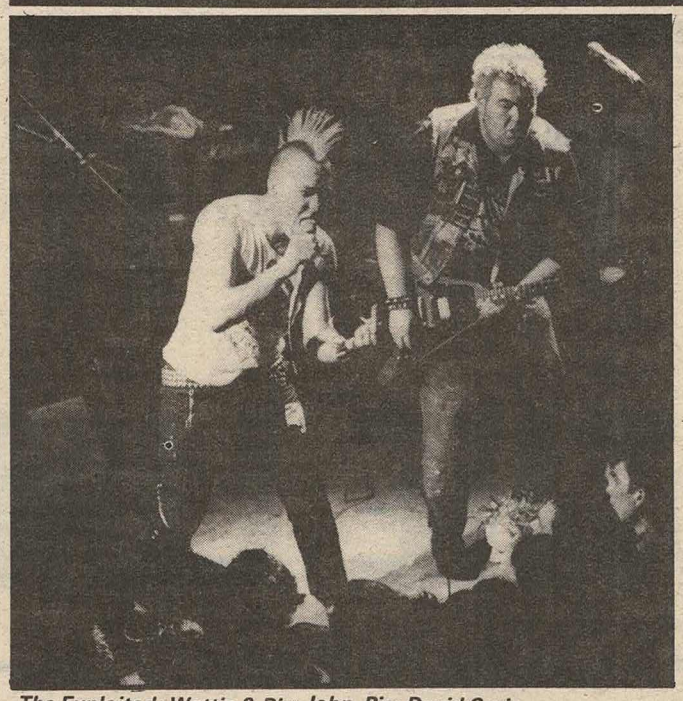


The Exploited: Wattie & Big John. Pic: David Corio

Leeds goes punk for Christmas

THE DAMNED, UK Subs and The Exploited are among the headliners of a major pre-Christmas event, which emphasies the latter's contention that punk's not dead. Billed as the "Christmas On Earth Punk Festival," it takes place at Leeds Queen's Hall on Sunday, December 20 (2.30-11pm).

Other acts already confirmed are Anti-Pasti, the Anti-Nowhere League, Vice Squad, Chron-Gen and Charge. Four or five other bands. including at least one big-name attraction, are still being lined up and will be announced in a week or two. Admission is £4.50 (advance) or £5 (on the doors).

Tickets are available from this Friday at Virgin (Glasgow, Newcastle, Sheffield, Coventry, Bristol and Cardiff); Other Record Shop (Edinburgh); Gough & Davey (Hull); Sound Effects (York); Bakers (Leeds); HMV (Bradford); Ames Records (Blackburn); Penny Lane (Liverpool and Chester); Piccadilly Records (Manchester); Selecta Disc and Way Ahead (Nottingham); R. E. Cords (Derby); Lotus Records (Stafford); Mike Lloyd (Hanley and Newcastle-under-Lyme); Cyclops (Birmingham); Sundown (Wolverhampton); Revolver (Leicester); Spillers (Cardiff); Records Unlimited (Bath); London Theatre Bookings and Premier Box Office (London); and the Queen's Hall Box Office (Leeds).

Postal applications may be made to Straight Music Ltd. (to whom Postal Orders only should be made payable), 1/2 Munro Terrace, London SW10 0DL, enclosing SAE.

EXCLUSIVE

● **Exploited tour dates — plus Psychedelic Furs, Crass, Gang of Four, etc. Page 46.**

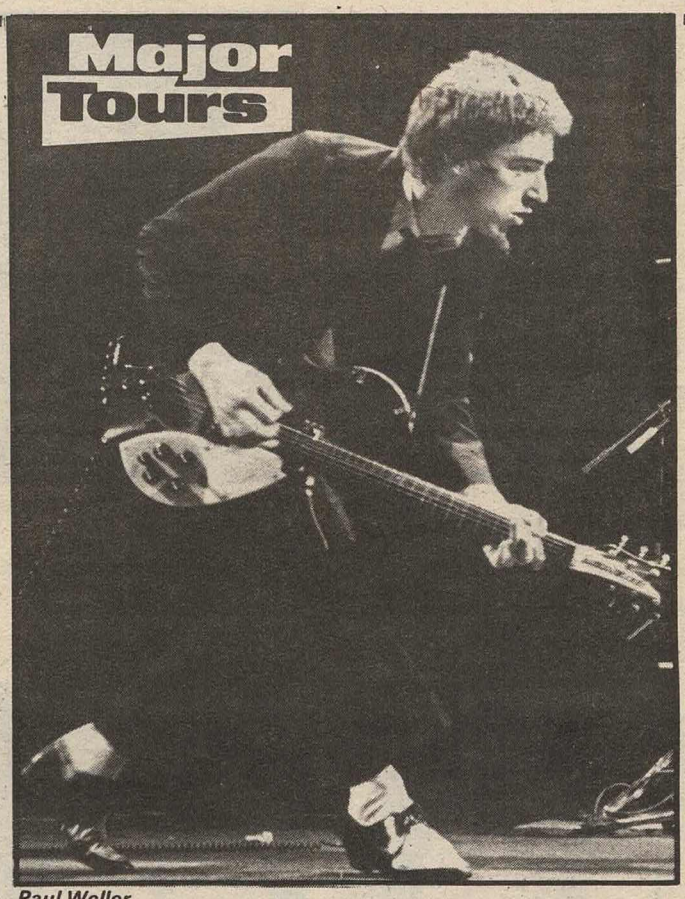
Jam over London

THE JAM, who were not expected to make any live appearances for the rest of this year, have now decided to stage four pre-Christmas shows in London. This doesn't affect their previously reported New Year tour plans, but it does mean that London could be omitted from that schedule.

The December dates in the capital are at the Michael Sobell Sports Centre, Finsbury Park (12 and 13) and the Hammersmith Palais (14 and 15). Tickets for both venues are £4.50, available by post only from MCP (to whom cheques and POs should be made payable), P.O. Box 124, Walsall, West Midlands W55 4AP — and enclose SAE.

Jobson/Skids double date

THE SKIDS are lining up a British tour starting towards the end of next month (details to follow shortly), to tie in with the November 20 release of their new Virgin album 'Joy'. The band — now comprising a nucleus of Richard Jobson and Russell Webb, plus their first new member Paul Wishart — are, as reported, pursuing a new direction strongly influenced by traditional Scottish folk music. This new approach is reflected in the album, as well as the single 'Iona'/'Blood And Soil', issued on November 13.



Paul Weller

Richard Jobson takes a break from preparing for the tour in order to make a series of college appearances, promoting his poetry album on the Cocteau label (distributed by Virgin), titled 'The Ballad Of Etiquette'. The LP — which features Jobson reading, accompanied by three musicians — is based upon his recently published book of poems *A Man For All Seasons*. He'll be on the campus trail at:

Uxbridge Brunel University (October 19), Colchester Essex University (20), Reading University (21), London City University (22), London Middlesex Polytechnic (23), Norwich East Anglia University (24), Leicester University (26), Keele University (27), Nottingham University (28), Durham University (29) and Newcastle University (30).

released to coincide with their British dates, which are:

Canterbury Kent University (December 7), Norwich East Anglia University (8), Sheffield City Hall (10), Manchester Apollo (11), Leicester De Montfort Hall (12), Cardiff Sophia Gardens (13), Poole Arts Centre (15), London Hammersmith Odeon (16 and 17), Edinburgh Playhouse (19), Liverpool Empire (20) and Birmingham Odeon (21).

Ticket prices are £3.75, £3.50 and £3.25 (Hammersmith); £3.50 only (Poole and Cardiff); and £3.50 and £3 (all other venues). They go on sale this Saturday (17), except at Birmingham where the box-office opens tomorrow (Friday). The tour is organised by Rob Hallett of the Derek Block Agency, who will name the support acts shortly.

Duran endure

DURAN DURAN, whose self-named album is well on course to become one of the Top Ten best-sellers of 1981, celebrate their triumphant year by going out on a pre-Christmas concert tour. They return this week from their summer travels in Europe and America, and they'll have a new single

STOP PRESS

LINTON KWESI JOHNSON has withdrawn from reading at the Cheltenham Festival of Literature this weekend because Enoch Powell is also appearing there, to give a literature lecture. Johnson said he "didn't want to be seen to be sharing a platform with fascists." Socialist poet Adrian Mitchell will now appear instead, and has stated that he is appearing in protest against Powell.

Robinson quits Sector 27 for Kustow

TOM ROBINSON has parted company with Sector 27, the band he formed with bassist Jo Burt after the break-up of the original Tom Robinson Band. The split, which resulted from Robinson's decision to return to working under his own name, is said to have been amicable. He is currently recording new material with original TRB guitarist Danny Kustow.

At the end of this month, Robinson leaves for a four-week club tour of Japan, accompanied by The Cosmetics — the band led by Fleshtones and Fall producer Richard Mazda, who will play their own set each night before joining Robinson to play TRB, Sector 27 and brand new material.

It's likely that Robinson and The Cosmetics will travel on to Australia from Japan — but in any event, they'll be back to play a special Christmas Eve show at London Marquee, with various friends and guests.

EMI are to release a TRB compilation album in December, containing 12 tracks not featured on either of their two previous sets — these will include '2-4-6-8 Motorway' and the entire 'Rising Free' EP. This will be followed in the New Year by a further Tom Robinson album, this one issued by Phonogram — consisting of some tracks recorded prior to his split from Sector 27, plus those he is at present recording with Kustow.

Also coming up in a few weeks is a Robinson single sung in German and titled 'Tango An Der Wand' — although aimed primarily at the German market, it will be available in the UK on import.

There is no indication yet as to whether he intends to continue working with The Cosmetics in 1982 or form a new-look TRB with Kustow.

Meanwhile, Sector 27 are continuing to work as a three-piece — Jo Burt (vocals and bass), Stevie B (guitar) and Derek Quinton (drums) — and are currently touring Britain as special guests of Renaissance.

Robinson & Kustow

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The NME Dancin' Master Cassette Offer: Week 3

TAPE IT TO THE LIMIT!

ALL LINED UP and ready to go!

On this page, before your very eyes, you see the final consignment of artists to appear on our very exclusive, and *very* cheap cassette offer bargain thing, the NME Dancin' Master. And brilliant as it is, this collection represents a mere fraction (a third, in fact) of the total delights we've compiled, already detailed in previous weeks.

But, just to make everything so simple that even *we* know what we're doing, here's the complete listing, unexpurgated and in full, with nothing left out, starting from the top. So. . . go!

1. **ELVIS COSTELLO** Big Sister
2. **KID CREOLE & THE COCONUTS** There But For The Grace Of God Go I
3. **GRACE JONES** Feel Up
4. **JAMES WHITE & THE BLACKS** Contort Yourself
5. **B52s** Give Me Back My Man
6. **BEGGAR & CO** Laughing On
7. **TOM BROWNE** Funkin' For Jamaica
8. **TALKING HEADS** Cities
9. **PLASTICS** Last Train To Clarkesville
10. **LINX** I Want To Be With You
11. **JUNIOR GISCOMBE** Mama Used To Say
12. **POLECATS** Rockabilly Guy (Dub)
13. **DENNIS BOVELL** Better
14. **GRANDMASTER FLASH & THE FURIOUS FIVE** The Birthday Party
15. **THE FUNKY FOUR PLUS ONE** That's The Joint
16. **THE JAM** When You're Young
17. **MADNESS** Shadow On The House
18. **LLOYD COXSONE** Zion Bound
19. **LOUNGE LIZARDS** Stomping At The Corona
20. **SUSAN (with YELLOW MAGIC ORCHESTRA)** 24,000 Times Kiss
21. **THE BEAT** Six Thousand Million Million Million Tons
22. **THE TEARDROP EXPLODES** Treason
23. **U2** An Cat Dubh
24. **IAN DURY & THE BLOCKHEADS** (Live track — to be selected)

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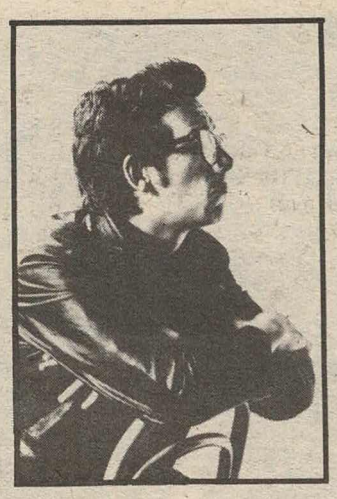
THE FINAL EIGHT



ELVIS COSTELLO:
'Big Sister' — a funky companion to 'Big Sister's Clothes' from the 'Trust' LP.

LINX:
A different version of their funkin' great number 'I Want To Be With You'.

THE B52s:
From an unreleased LP, 'Give Me Back My Man' — instrumental style.

THE BEAT:
Recorded as you read this! 'Six Thousand Million Million Million Tons'. Real heavy, man.

KID CREOLE & THE COCONUTS:
As mentioned in NME once or twice. A very live, and very rare version of 'There But For The Grace Of God Go I'.

THE PLASTICS:
Nipponese Monkee business: the flexi-only 'Last Train To Clarksville'.

FUNKY FOUR PLUS ONE:
From the legendary Sugarhill label, an ace cut entitled 'That's The Joint'. Hard-core rap!

U2:
'An Cat Dubh' as you've never heard it. . . live in the USA.

'Bring back miming!'

"THE MUSICIANS UNION says Keep It Live" — that slogan has appeared on stickers on guitar cases and Transit vans all over Britain in the past couple of years. But if Peter Thomas of Landscape has his way, there will soon be a new MU slogan . . . "BRING BACK MIMING"!

The Central London branch of the MU unanimously backed Thomas's resolution calling for drastic changes in the restrictions on miming on TV, when they met on September 22.

The present system, which requires bands appearing on programmes like *Top Of The Pops* to go into the studios a day ahead to re-record their backing tracks, has a number of drawbacks in musicians' eyes.

When re-recorded tracks are the ones broadcast (not always the case, thanks to the technological breakthrough known as 'tape-swapping'), listeners often hear smaller string or brass sections than on the original tracks — for obvious reasons of economy. And the short notice at which bands' appearances are set up often means that session musicians who contribute to a record may be replaced when it is re-done. Various members present at the MU branch meeting where Thomas' motion was passed complained that this was often a matter of pure chance — being at home when the phone rang.

If Thomas' proposal is approved nationally, the Union will rescind its requirement that backing tracks be re-recorded — adding the conditions that a 'tape fee' shall now be paid to the artists concerned; that payments be made for TV appearances; and that any session musicians used in the original recording also receive the new 'tape fee'.

— ART DONOVAN

Our violent, Red, racist youth. . .

"(Thatcher) should not lecture on unemployment being the inevitable price of laziness and lax monetary policy: these young people have not had the opportunity either to practice hard work or to inflate the monetary aggregates."

The Times, 9/10/81

WHEN EVEN *The Times* takes to flinging sharply-worded editorial barbs in the direction of Government "policy" on youth unemployment, something is obviously pretty rotten in the state of Britain. As if we didn't know it already.

The occasion was a poll, carried out for *The Times* by MORI, in which close on 600 young people in Newcastle and Croydon gave their views on a variety of contemporary social issues. The results read like a recipe for unrest and riots.

Hardly surprisingly, there was massive dissatisfaction with both Margaret Thatcher and the Tory Government in general, and fairly widespread support for the Labour Party, with only a few giving a damn about either the Liberals or the SDP. In the hypothetical "General Election tomorrow" so beloved of pollsters, the results suggest that Labour would get a hearty 59% of the under-25 votes.

Less cause for hope, however, comes from the results regarding race and immigration. Whilst the Tory Government is roundly numbered as the prime cause of unemployment, a stiff 10% consider immigrants the main cause. And while unemployment, in turn, is cited as the main cause of the recent riots by over 60% of those canvassed, racial tension (or simply "blacks") is blamed by 26%. In general, "tolerance only just outweighs intolerance" on racial issues.

Over half of those asked believe Britain's economic situation will get worse in the next year, and similarly, over half believe Britain will be involved in a nuclear war in their lifetime — a despondency which mirrors the general air of pessimism and resignation throughout the poll. *The Times'* Dan van der Vat refers to the low standard of literacy amongst the respondents, pointing out that unrelieved and unarticulated frustration can find little release in other than the violent catharsis of rioting and vandalism. It all sounds hopelessly obvious, and given the educational cutbacks, is likely to get worse in the coming years.

The education system itself was shown to be completely bankrupt as regards 'training for life' — a common complaint, but rarely put as forcefully as in these poll results. There was an overwhelming feeling that schools spend too little time teaching pupils about such everday '80s necessities as how to claim benefit, how to use a bank, how to apply for a job, and (I must admit I'll never understand this one) how to use spare time. Too little time was also spent on microchip technology, economics and government.

Van der Vat sums up the current relationship between youth and state in succinct and foreboding fashion: "For most youngsters, work is the key symbol of maturity, which is why they need it so badly. If the state fails to meet this need, it will hardly be surprising if increasing numbers lose interest in the state because it will have failed to honour its side of the Social Contract."

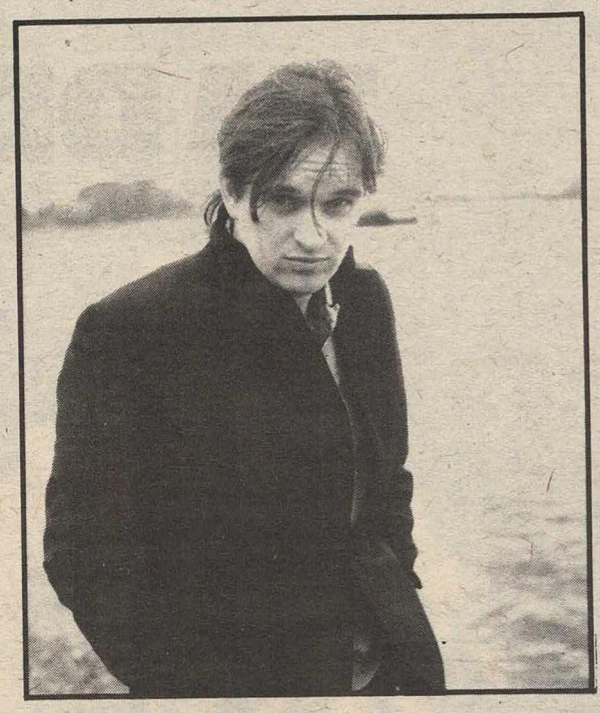
Thirty per cent of those asked thought that violence was justified in bringing about political change.

Welcome to the workless week. The revolution may yet be televised. . .

— ANDY GILL

Portrait Of The Artist As A Consumer

CHRIS DIFFORD
of Squeeze



Pic: David Corio

PEOPLE	FILMS	RECORDS
Noel Coward	633 Squadron	Dry Your Eyes ..... Brenda & The Tabulations
Winston Churchill	The Dambusters	Soul Deep ..... The Box Tops
Tony Hancock	The Train	A Man Can't Lose (What He Don't Have) ..... Q Tips
Mike Leigh	The Rebel	If Drinking Don't Kill Me (Her Memory Will) George Jones
Chalkie Davies	Brighton Rock	Private Number ..... Judy Clay & William Bell
Danny Baker	Being There	Where Did Your Heart Go ..... Was (Not Was)
	The Elephant Man	

BOOKS	DRINKS	OBJECTS OF DESIRE
The Diary Of A Nobody ..... G & W Grofsmith	Tea	A piano player of loyalty
Ashenden ..... W Somerset Maughan	Port	A buyer for my car
Harpo Speaks ..... Harpo	Good wine	A Douglas DC3
Self Portrait With Friend ..... Cecil Beaton	Cheap beer	
Pointed Portraits ..... Chalkie Davies		
M/F ..... Anthony Burgess		

Dear Phil, You asked me for a funny joke and here it is: Chris Difford meets Miles Copeland walking along the street, and Chris says: "Here Miles I'm decorating at the moment. Now your house is the same size as my house. How many rolls of wallpaper did you get for your front room?" Miles thinks then says, "Twelve". A week later the pair meet again. Chris is puzzled. "Hey Miles, I bought twelve rolls of wallpaper and I've got four left over." "Yeh, so have I," says Copeland. Great eh? — Danny Baker.

Dear Phil, Glenn Tilbrook goes around to Miles' home. Miles is up a step-ladder scraping off the wallpaper. "Oh," says Glenn, "didn't know you were decorating." "I'm not," says Miles, "I'm moving." Another winner eh? Also it continues our theme of 'decorating'.

ERROL

ERROL HERE, citizen of the world. Use me wisely, for I will be kind to you. I've yet to give you a piece of wrong advice: I've yet to offer up loveless, careless words of conceit and deceit. This makes me just about unique as a pop writer.

Let's go out. Down to the Maximus Club in Leicester Square, renamed the Cargo Club for the next few Wednesdays. I can see that this is going to become a club of quite considerable mutiny. It's obviously not in the class of Glasgow's Ultratheque but it'll still be the place for interesting affairs and extraordinary consumption.

Last Wednesday **ABC** came all the way down from Sheffield to make one of those exciting new-fangled personal appearances to unveil their debut single 'Tears Are Not Enough'. Good to see the boys looking so rich. **Martin Fry's** clothes are as much a spectacle as life itself. How much did that jacket cost, Martin? Over 175 dollars? "Well, under a million, anyway." Martin played DJ for half an hour, deviously revealing very little about his true character. Martin Fry used to date **Meryl Streep** and once bought a drink for **Phil Oakey**. They played the single and everybody in the club either danced or swooned. Although I'm not credited on the sleeve I played much of a role as creative metaphysical adviser for the group — which is a few stages up from production — so I brought in a few bottles of champagne and we all celebrated the glorious eight-dimensional sound of the single and it's forseeable success. **Peter Powell** adores it, but that won't harm its progress too much. Martin Fry is now thinking of dating **Eleanor Bron**.

Two nights before it had been rum and blacks with **Sean** out of **Rip Rig & Panic** and pernod and lemonades with **Andy Gill** from **Gang Of Four**. I say this to emphasise that really I'm no snob, that I'll drink with anyone and that political distinction does not enter into the colour of my drink. Oh shit, **Steve Pear** ex-**The Four Skins** has just nicked my vodka. That doesn't happen very often: usually its relations of **Hazel O'Connor's** relations. Steve says he would like to be a cod. Steve will not be making a personal appearance at the Cargo Club, although **August Darnell** will be. Then again, I told him that he was booked to play or at least DJ at the club in a couple of weeks and he didn't know anything about it. I told him that it would be wonderful if he made a personal appearance at the Cargo and he didn't trust me at all. It must be said that me and August are falling out.

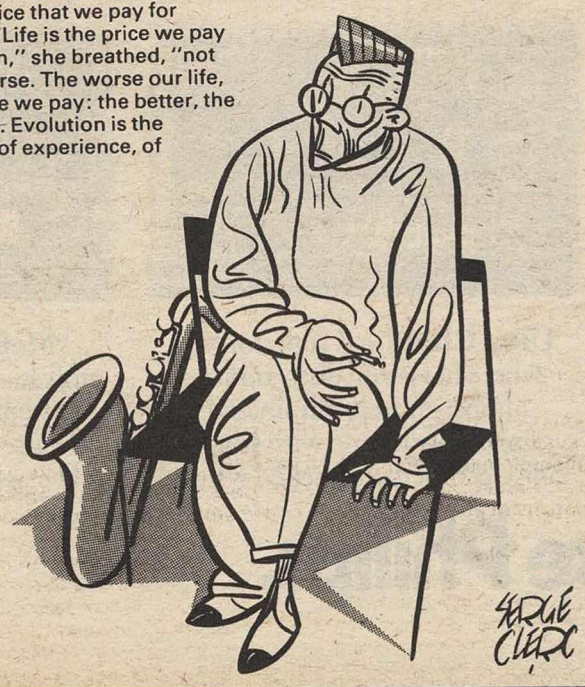
FRIDAY NIGHT: **Grace Jones** at the Drury Lane. Spotted in the fur-draped audience: **Midge Ure, George** lookalike **Steve Strange, Sunshine and Eddie** and **August Darnell**: there were others but what are names, after all? Grace Jones at the Theatre Royal was ruined by among other things having to drink my Southern Comfort and lemonade out of a paper cup. A paper cup!!!!!!

Just before Grace went on and did odd things to her audience I grabbed an exclusive interview. An excerpt: So what is the price that we pay for death? "Life is the price we pay for death," she breathed, "not the reverse. The worse our life, the more we pay: the better, the cheaper. Evolution is the growth of experience, of intelligence, of knowledge, and this growth engenders moments of insight, moments when we see deeper purposes, truer causes, more intended effects. We stand at this great insight now: there is no life after death. Soon this will be as certain to everyone as it is to me. It is cold and bare outside . . ."

I draw a veil over the rest of the conversation. It wasn't as interesting as the talk I once had with **Bette Midler**, who told me that "but there is of course a further element in our pursuit of the virgin experience of beauty. Sex is an exchange of pleasures, of needs; love is a giving without return. Our stereotyping society forces us to feel alone."

After **Grace Jones** it was down to the Embassy with **August Darnell** and **Adriana** to have a peep at the dance troupe **Torque**. August was staggered at the amount of drink I was consuming, and this may be one of the reasons we're falling out. "I never thought that the youth of Britain could consume so much alchohol." So what were you doing when you were my age? (He didn't like that). "Oh I was a drunkard, pretty much like yourself." I was glad to hear that I had put him off producing **Funkapolitan**. He's got some assistant to do it.

After the Embassy it was down to the Beat Route. August reckoned it was the best place he'd ever been to in London, but that isn't saying much. He quickly went off me when he realised how many enemies I seem to make. **Steve Strange, Rusty Egan,** oh dear. I left August talking to **Penman**. August fell asleep. . .



PERFORMANCE ARTIST **Laurie Anderson** spent a couple of chilly hours being photographed in situ at Riverside studios. The last lensman to nab her was the chappie from *i-D*. "Where did I get my SHOES?" asked an incredulous Laurie. "Where did I buy my PANTS? What kind of FISH do I want to be??. . . What king of MAGAZINE is this anyway?!? (In the end, we can reveal, Ms Anderson settled for "a perch; because whales are too lonely and at least perches travel in gaggles — or something like that". . .

BOW WOW WOW started their current tour thang at the dreadful Lyceum last Thursday. Drinks at the Lyceum are served in plastic glasses. Plastic glasses!!!!. **Anabella** now an odd and endearing mixture of glorious amateurism and well-drilled pantomime performer, accompanied the whole time by two lithe tropical dancers who help with the shady eroticism.

I'm sure there were lots and lots of lovely type personalities there, but even with the plastic glasses I still got too drunk to remember. Lieutenant Lush, **George,** was there — I remember that because he did something beautifully naughty to me so that I would mention in my column that his new group **Culture Club** may or may not be playing at the Cedar Club in Birmingham this Thursday and will definitely be playing at Croc's in Rayleigh on October 24. He's righteously disgusted to find that **Kirk** of **Theatre Of Hate** is getting married, but he's tough enough not to cry. Loneliness is a part of growing up. George knows this. So do I. We'll learn to cope.

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Laurie Anderson: recording with Burroughs was "a bit of a strain". Pic: Tricia Bohn

EILEEN PHILLIPS talks to New York's news of the week Laurie Anderson. Not on the telephone . . .

O SUPER ARTIST, O SUPERSTAR

LAURIE ANDERSON'S debut EP 'O Superman' — a bizarre record almost nine minutes long co-starring a telephone — is already attracting the kind of airplay which suggests it will be a hit. If so, it will surprise Laurie, as she was apprehensive about recording it in the first place.

For the last ten years she has been working on what she calls the vaudeville circuit — "people think they no longer exist" — and developing a strong cult following as a performance artist. She would work on a show concept for four or five months, perform it once and then start something new. Putting anything on vinyl was the last of her thoughts.

"For a long time I couldn't stand the idea of doing something without pictures and the sense of space you get from performance. And the permanence of a recording, that's frightening to me."

It wasn't just the impact of 'O Superman' that prompted three packed houses and unanimous critical acclaim for her shows last week at London's Riverside Studios (reviewed page 56).

Live, she uses projected images, including hand movements on a screen, which are rigged so they change with the vocoder that figures so strongly in her sound.

For those looking for labels, Laurie Anderson goes under the one of "new music" — an effort of the American music press's imagination to lay the ghost of "new wave". Laurie's fellow "new musicians" are people like David Byrne and Brian Eno, jazz saxophonist Anthony Braxton, avant-garde composers/performers Philip

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Glass and Steve Reich. They are all part of the New Music Alliance, formed in 1971 with people "willing to experiment with new techniques, new instruments and new ideas".

One of Laurie's projects at present is a double album with William Burroughs and John Gerald — they take a side each and come together for the fourth. Recording with Burroughs was "a bit of a strain", she says, given his propensity for acting strange. But then she admits she's capable of fazing people herself. When they were performing together she decided to ask the five sax players to appear through a trapdoor in the stage. "One of them was a little more conservative than the others, he did avant-garde stuff mainly. He came up hunched over his sax, looking real embarrassed."

Having come to terms with recording her work, Laurie's building her own recording studio in the warehouse where she lives in spooky downtown Manhattan. It is here she will record as the majors she has been negotiating a deal with promise her complete control. She was reluctant to give names but seems confident that the offers won't disintegrate. "I'm not a starry-eyed 22-year-old to be led along with offers of drugs and I've been touring for years. The ultimate luxury for me is to work at home."

The last ten years have obviously left her a legacy of clear ideas both about her music and the world around her — which inevitably leads to people criticising her.

"They say you're dealing with politics but you're not telling us what to do. One of the things I really try to be is not didatic. I try to leave enough space round these things so people can say, hmmm I agree with that."

Laurie says that she thought it dangerous to mix music and politics in an insidious way. I looked puzzled, so she gives the example of a song you've learnt to really like without quite catching the words.

"You get to hear the words and say they're insulting to you personally, but it's too late, you've already took it in, already accepted it. It's dangerous to seep in without giving people the chance to say, what's this song mean really?"

She laughs and adds: " 'Course I want to sneak in too but I don't think my political ideas are a platform; offering solutions would be preposterous. But this isn't to say I can't deal with these ideas, they're things that are very important. I mean I love love songs, but these things are interesting."

Laurie Anderson's politics were formed in the early days of the women's movement, but now she isn't active politically.

"Years ago there was a big demonstration outside the Playboy Club and I was marshall for it, which meant I had to talk to the press. And all the TV cameras were there, it was big buzz buzz, a good news story, women saying they weren't animals. And one of the women working there came up to me and asked, not aggressively, What are all you people doing here? I make 800 dollars a week, I got three kids and no husband. If you want to talk about what women are doing for work, go down the garment industry where women get 70 cents for two hours work.

"And this woman was real clear. Obviously I could see she was right and also that most of the women there didn't want to go down the garment industry. Where we were there was high visibility. The TVs wouldn't go down there, there was no power down there, they'd blow their equipment.

"I didn't go on another demonstration."

Now the women's movement has lost a lot of ground in the US recently, Laurie believes. But on the other hand women have more confidence these days.

"Like they moved from the suburbs to the cities and they were sitting alone in their apartments thinking, Oh God, what a mistake. But they still had to go out and get jobs."

In her own development women have been very important: the first art dealers, galleries and people who set up performances, and the critics who supported her were all women. It's something she's only just realised but it doesn't surprise her.

"There's a big gap between men's and women's experience. I was talking to this guy who said he felt such relief when he graduated from college because all the women in his class who he thought were smarter than him, he would never have to compete with again. I felt dread when I graduated because I thought you get out of the island into the world and then that's it."

But now she *is* making out in that big bad world where many men resist taking work women do seriously. As Laurie points out: "Women have rarely been composers. But we do have one advantage. We're used to performing. I mean like we used to tap dance for the boys — (she imitates a shoe shuffle) — "do you like it this way boys? No? Oh, how about this way? No? Is this better? But there's obviously a big difference switching to writing when you're a girl singer."

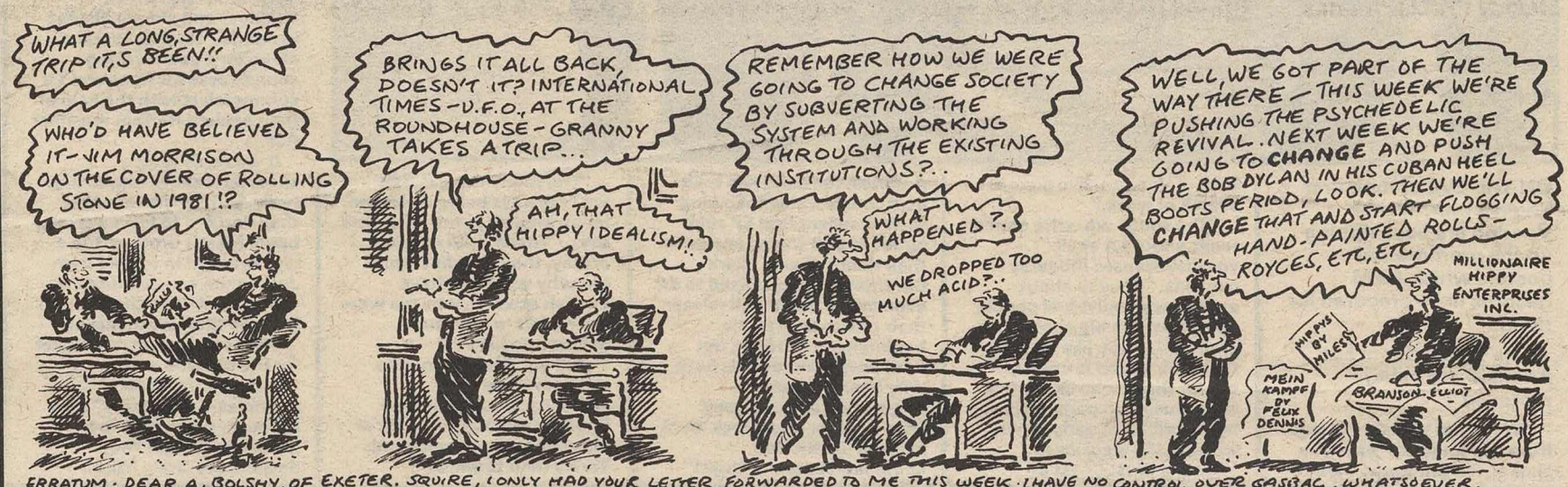
One of Laurie's favourite singers is Dolly Parton. 'Walk The Dog', the flip side of 'O Superman', refers to Dolly saying she's going back to her Tennessee mountain home, while we all, including Dolly, know she's never really going home to her Mom and Dad. Laurie eulogises... "Dolly's having fun. She's got some irony. And she's so concrete, like in that song 'Daddy's Working Boots' she says they served as his foundation. And she can make you cry."

I suggest my fantasy of Laurie Anderson and Dolly Parton performing together — preferably in London so I don't have to catch a plane. It's the first time she looks startled.

"It would blow my mind," she enthuses. Mine too.

THRILLS DESK: CYNTHIA ROSE

Not Only Rock And Roll — Lowry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A short spell behind the WALL OF VOODOO

"Just don't call us L.A. punks . . ."

ON THE EVE of their first English tour, Wall Of Voodoo are busy ripping up the promotional posters which A&M Records have prepared for them.

The words 'From Los Angeles' are being removed.

"We're not Wall Of Voodoo from Los Angeles," says Joe Nanini, the drummer. "We're Wall of Voodoo, five guys in search of work."

"The songs we write aren't really about LA at all," vocalist Stanard Ridgway explains. "They're about experience, individual people up against the big concern." Wall Of Voodoo like to think that their sound is unique; but for those who like labels, their music can perhaps best be described as early Devo without the wackiness.

On the West Coast of America, the band has built up a considerable following; their excellent first EP sold about 20,000 copies and now their debut album, 'Dark Continent', looks poised to do even better. A&M will release their album here at the beginning of October, but until now their records have only been available in England on import: apart from a rather poor track 'Back in Flesh' on the live compilation album 'Urgh!'.

"The funny thing is that we're always being mistaken for an English band," Stanard says. "These chicks in New Jersey, they couldn't figure out why we didn't have English accents, why we were saying 'dis 'n' dat' and 'geddoutta here!' "

And yet Wall Of Voodoo claim never to have self-consciously followed English fashions, like a lot of alternative American bands. Today their brand of electronic "mood-disturbing music" is likely to be well accepted here. But guitarist Marc Moreland says: "When we started out four years ago we were just trying something different, to make music that excited us. We didn't even think about what was going on then — because at that time, after punk, there wasn't a whole lot happening anyway."

Marc explains that Wall of Voodoo started out as a PiL-style company with just two people. "Me and Stan got sick of the whole rock business and simply playing in bands." So they worked alone for a year, writing soundtracks for films and TV commercials with the help of their ancient rhythm machine Ace.

It was only after a successful show supporting Holly And The Italians that they decided to form a proper band. Marc's brother Bruce was brought in to play bass, Joe Nanini was recruited on drums, and Chas Gray became their synth player.

They still have little respect for the poseurs and "fashion-conscious Johnnies-come-lately" who follow or perform in many American bands. They despise the "New York trendies" who dress up to go to concerts but know nothing about the music; nor do they like the violent and anachronistic LA punk scene.

"America's full of a lot of culturally deficient people," Stanard says. "People say that America has the highest standard of living. That's totally false because if living means enjoying life or understanding life, they don't know a fucking thing about it. They've got the lowest standard of living. They're creative independent thinkers? Come on, give me a break! Everyone's running around with the same clothes on!"

So do they hope that English audiences will be more receptive to their ideas, and give them the recognition that has eluded them so far in most of America?

Stanard says: "If people like the band, they're welcome. But we're not concerned about being an overnight sensation. We just hope to stick around and watch the parade fly by. We thought if we never went into fashion, then we'd never go out of fashion — and that's where we want to stay. We're not competing with anyone but ourselves."

— ED FENTON

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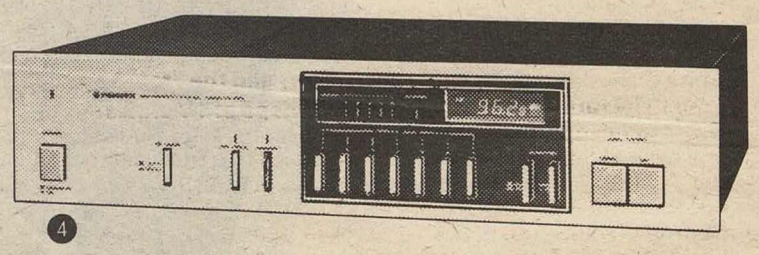

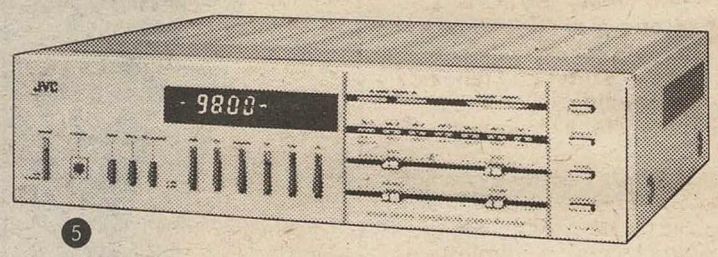

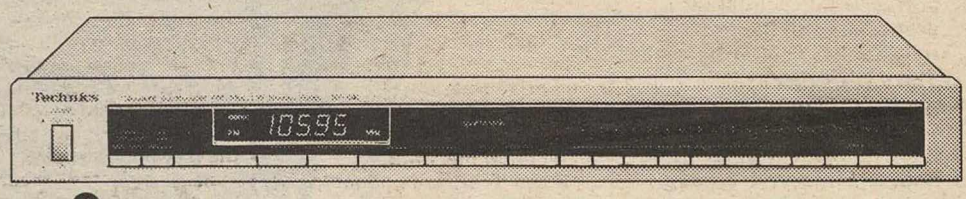

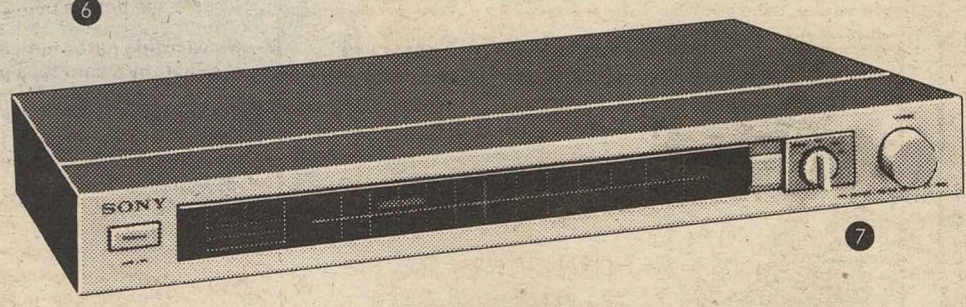

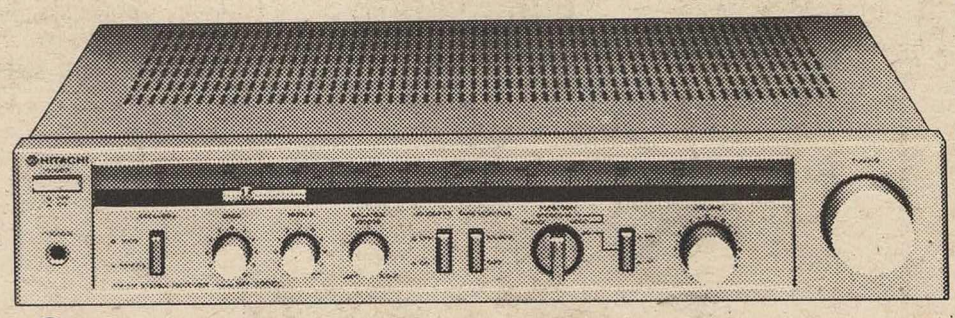

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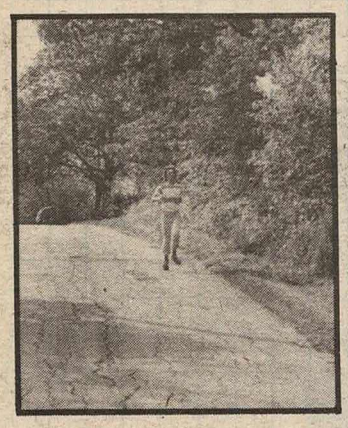
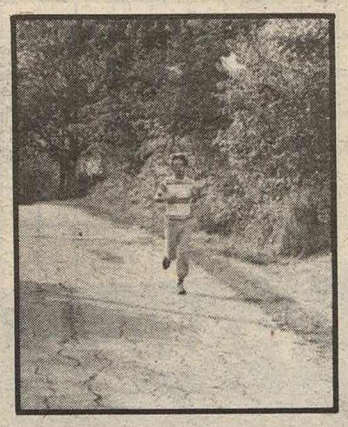
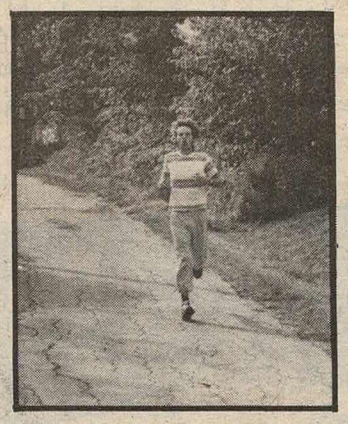
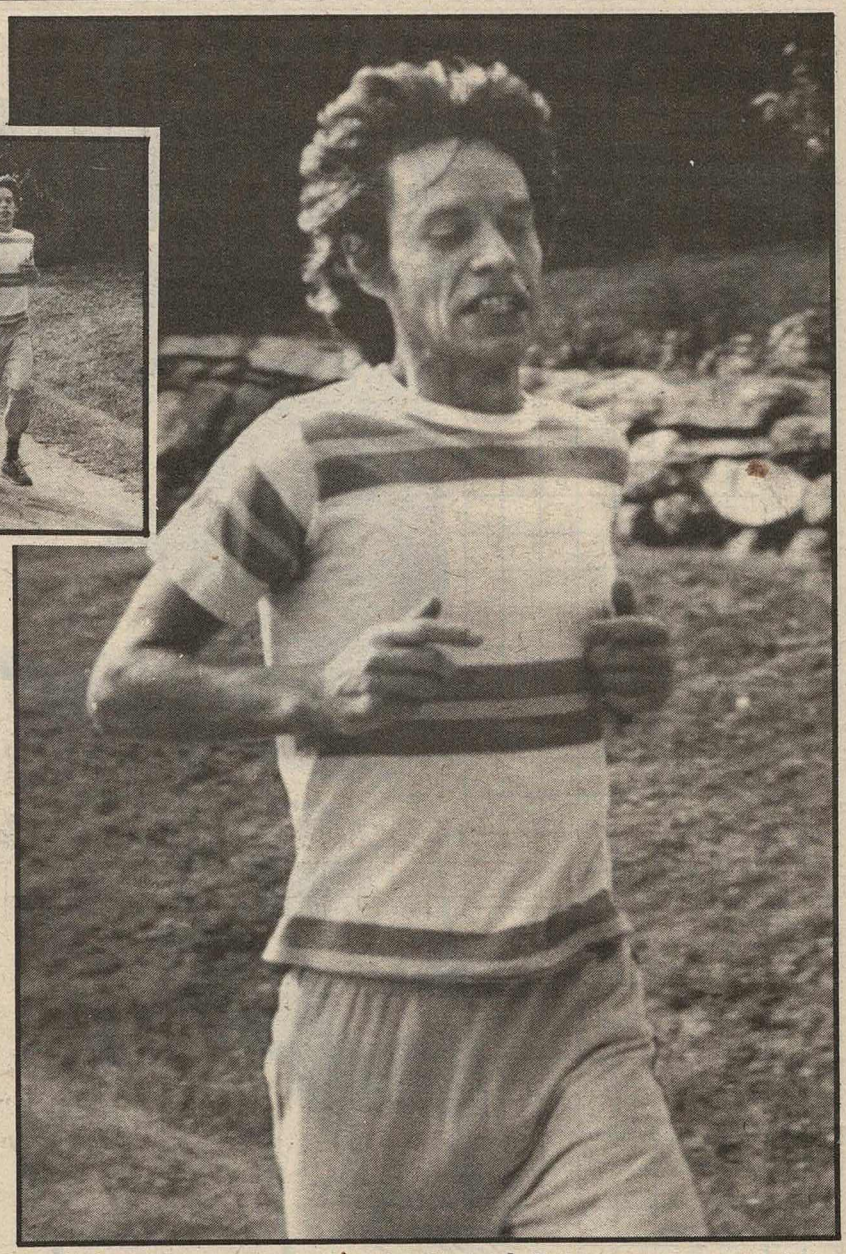








WHAT MAKES MICK JOGGER RUN?

RAY BONICI sees the bionic build-up to the Stones' US tour.

Pictures by BRIAN ARIS

"I DON'T GIVE a Schlitz 'bout Jagger with all his joggin' business on our farms. Silly person. Just tell him that I, Dustin Dayhoff, have got skunk bones hangin' on ma fence and I bet he can't write a song 'bout skunk bones. There now, tell him."

Farmer Dayhoff and Michael Philip are sitting some three miles from each other. The former, a Stones fan, is philosophising over a few cans of Schlitz lager at the Ye Olde Tavern, a boozer made famous by one George Washington in the late 1700s. The latter, a Stone, is at Long View Farm deeply concerned about his group's intended rehearsals not gelling according to plan after a two-week attempt.

The following day when I put forward Dayhoff's suggestion, Jagger leaps up and lets out an almighty shriek which probably wakes up half the neighbours in N. Brookfield. The shriek turns into hysterical laughter and the tension and pressures that have been accumulating over the past two weeks seem to finally disappear into the foggy Massachusetts night.

It was a happy day for Jagger though. He had just received news that their latest album, 'Tattoo You' ("a good honest album") sold over a million units in the first week; Ian Botham, a personal friend, had saved England from a possible disaster; and the "tension", in the shape of TV crews, photographers, journalists, kamikaze fans, tour and business discussions, etc, was rapidly thinning out.

"I tell you it's been crazy here with all these guys trying to get on the farm," he murmured while we settled on the carpet in the pool room. "Till today we hadn't even found time to start thinking seriously about the rehearsals. But now it looks good, thank God."

A good suggestion would be perhaps to leave his self-appointed managerial position and the business discussions to someone else then. Apparently, business meetings had been dragging on for weeks trying to get this $5 million tour together.

"It's not that as such, because fixing a tour is not a lot of work for me. I simply increased the tour budget by 15% on the last time and that's it. The rest is just small details. I do it because I enjoy doing it, and secondly the others trust me to make the right decisions because the decisions I make for them are based on experience, which I've had enough of. It's just the privacy . . . it's these crazy TV crews and photographers every day that drive me crazy. I mean we're supposed to be here to get away from all that and get the rehearsals and tour together. Anyway, that looks as if it's over now. I can cope alright when there is none of that craziness around. I enjoy working. But don't ask me how I can cope with all that *and* feel fit."

At 37, Jagger is only a year older since we last met, after the patchy 'Emotional Rescue' album was released. Age doesn't seem to be the over-powering problem it used to be. In fact he now states that he feels more energetic and contented than, say, five years ago — although he is aware of the fact that the young "unsophisticated" record buyers see him as being "really *ooold.*" He doesn't booze much, Mr Nicotine hates him, and he is generally a cool type person when the intruding TV crews are nowhere in sight. He is still sensitive to criticism at times, but generally speaking he's an all-round healthy Stone.

He ought to be, with all that jogging. His permanently displayed blue track-suit gives away his love for the sport. He'll tell you stories of how he likes sneaking through the sharp-eyed TV crew to go jogging seven miles a day in the nearby woods. But that's not his only concern. His other concern, in the shape of Texan model Jerry Hall, is there too. She's either taking the horses for their daily stroll, or watching TV, or just simply hanging around like everybody else.

When Jagger is not touring, cutting records, buying houses in the Loire Valley or attending to his private life, he is often seen following brother Chris's footsteps in the film world. This year alone Jagger spent some three months in Peru filming *Fitzcarraldo,* a Werner Herzog production. But it ended in a disaster.

"That was just ridiculous, what a hilarious experience. There were the craziest things — but I still was sane when I left. I mean vaguely. I've never been with such a bunch of crazies."

Who? Werner Herzog?

"All of them. All this mixture of German people . . . Swiss Germans, Austrian Germans, Bavarians, Prussians, Russian Germans . . . the whole lot. Then they wanted it to be more dangerous." He puts on his best German accent. "I am not a danger freak. I just vonna be dangerous . . . Lunatics. So anyway Jason Robards quit then I waited till my three-month contract was up and had a nice holiday in Lima. I just went and bummed on the beach for three weeks."

Robards quit because of ill-health and as a replacement Werzog brought in Klaus Kinski, who had previously worked with the producer on *Nosferatu.* That's when the disasters started happening. Five people were killed by Indians and by accidents, and Jagger decided it was time for him to wave the Germans bye bye.

"Well, Kinski took over after I left. They wanted me to stay but I said no. I mean I think Herzog made a lot of good films — although I don't know how he makes them. I'd rather make them in a fucking studio. I mean I'm never gonna go with him anywhere."

Despite these little incidents, Jagger wants to pursue acting more seriously. With recording and touring now becoming more of a sideline, he is interested in film production as the new avenue in his "adult life". Neither of his two previous attempts in the film world — *Performance* and *Ned Kelly* — were too successful in commercial terms. Now, he is doing it all by himself.

"I am trying to produce this film of *Kalki,* Gore Vidal's book. It's a black comedy on American manners and customs. The script is good and I hope it will be a good film."

What does he look at first, the script or who's directing?

"Script. I look at the script first and then you see if there is money to make it or vaguely some money or some organisation. There may not be a director. Sometimes you have to hassle around and have your own ideas. I get thousands of scripts every day but if I don't like it then I won't do it. I mean recently I've also been offered to do this musical, *Annie.* Can you imagine? It was a movie with a huge budget and they wanted me to take a part in it for only five weeks but it was me becoming like a musical comedy actor and I just couldn't see it. John Houston was directing. There's Albert Finney. Boy oh boy they spent 30 million on that. It's a lot of money. They'll never make it back. It will probably be a huge flop — I bet you any money."

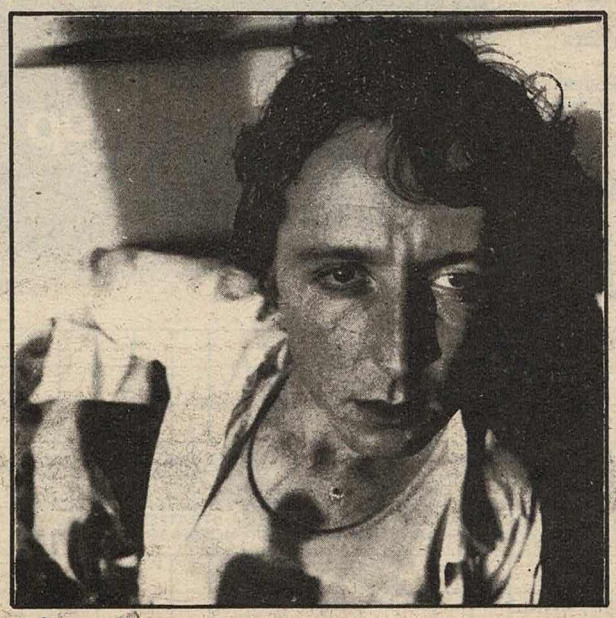
I'd rather ask Mr Dayhoff to do that.

Pic: Anton Corbijn

TO BE CONTINUED ...

Next week in NME: a major interview with Keith Richard

ANTHONY MORE



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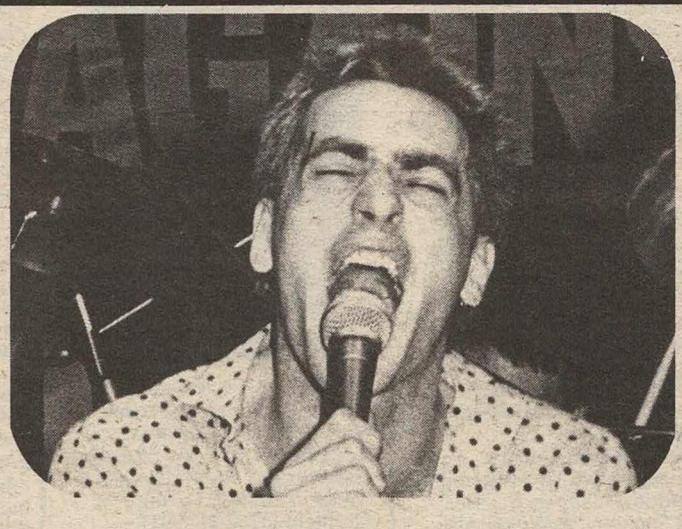
Kids' telly — a load of junk?



Malcolm Owen pic: Syd Shelton

DANGEROUS VISIONS

By CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

THERE IS something deadly about television programming for 'the young': there is always some suggestion present to the effect that young people should be protected, and that the rest of the world should be protected from the young. The end result is the assumption that there is something terrible inside the young, and that all of us — young and old — are in danger.

Curiously enough, 'the young' themselves tend not to suffer from this delusion, unless they have been the recipients of an extremely effective religious education. The BBC — an organisation which regularly contorts itself into the most ludicrous curlicues of hypocrisy in its earnest attempts at responsibility — demonstrated the difference between 'the young' talking amongst themselves and television talking to (or rather, *at*) 'the young' by showing **Something Else** (BBC2) and **16 Up** (BBC1).

Something Else presented a bunch of Bristol kids sitting around a cafe table discussing their lives with Dave Wakeling and Ranking Roger from The Beat, interspersed with relevant songs performed by The Beat and Talisman. The programme was a quiet, refreshing flash of good sense: information and opinion exchanged and presented without any blame or hysteria, no pressure, no urge to force a view anywhere it didn't fit.

The programme was made by the kids concerned via the BBC's community broadcasting unit, which may explain why it treated the fact of youth as given and then proceeded to deal with the subjects at hand — unemployment, racism, stuff like that — as if everybody present knew the ground rules of the conversation. *Something Else* was that rare television event: a programme that lets you know what other people are thinking without attempting to tell you what you should be thinking.

How unlike the home life of our own dear *16 Up*. Debating the controversial issue 'Drugs — Menace Or Threat', *16 Up* took the position that heroin is bad for you — with which I most heartily concur — and *still* managed to be totally full of shit.

The format was as follows. A bunch of spotty zombies (presumably representing 'the young'), who looked as if they had taken root in Berkshire following the last Reading Festival and had been recently dug up by a local farmer who had mistaken them for potatoes, slumped in a series of chairs around a video machine where an earnest, long-haired social worker announced that he was going to show them A Film.

A short documentary about the death of Ruts vocalist Malcolm Owen was then shown. His colleagues in The Ruts were interviewed, alongside his best friend (who found his body) and Garry Bushell from *Sounds*, a man with a face so swinish that people allergic to pork have been advised by their doctors not to look at him. They talked about their increasing distance from Owen, how he would quit heroin for a few days when someone made an effort to get through to him and then go back on, how his wife left him, who the other three Ruts could no longer contemplate working with him . . . the whole sad tale.

Then the social worker and the potatoes discussed the vexed question of drugs with the fatuities — both pro and anti — flying thick and fast. The only points of any interest to emerge were that (a) people in this society were thoroughly conditioned to introduce chemicals into their systems whenever they wanted to either get high or cop out and (b) drugs are here to stay.

No contact seemed to have been made. Nobody showed any sign of even having *heard* the other position. Everybody knew that they were right and

■ *Continues over*

Burchill's barbed wireless

IN *RAY GOSLING In The House Of Julie Burchill* (Radio 4) the joint author of the Oh!Bitchery of rock'n'roll stoutly maintained that she still never went out at all — "I stopped going out in '78 when things were finished". Any significance popular music had for Julie disappeared with the death of punk, which she described in the programme as "a great roar of working class discontent", and as you'll know, she writes mostly about books and movie stars and politics and politicians of late.

Whatever you feel about her claims to massive influence over bands and other mere mortals, you have to admire her independent line, her originality of thought and the fact that she actually attempts to educate her readers. She hurts as well, of course, and anyone who doesn't approach her pieces with anticipation mingled with a little trepidation is probably young enough not to be stabling a corral of sacred cows in the backlot of their brainlands.

At one point Ray Gosling articulated the key to Julie Burchill and others like her: "She just can't close her eyes and embrace the mediocre".

Gosling took his tape recorder along to Tony Parsons and Julie's Billericay flat and the only surprise was Julie's voice! Who would have expected that light south-western accent — Julie was born in Bristol — a little like Clarrie Larkin from *The Archers* giving her views on them there punk rockers, them Yibberton yobbos. But it's Julie, all right. Just listen to this: "When you see a reformed Mess, that's quite sad, too. Cause, you see, they're teetering on the edge of Messdom all the time. One thing can push them over, one trauma and they'll take a drink and that's that . . . The big thing in life is, don't make yourself a Mess in the first place!" That's the authentic tone all right, all spoken with a suppressed giggle. True but a bit heartless.

Things went swimmingly for a while, Julie detailing her political trendsetting (actually a lot of people I know of around Julie's age have turned to political action as a result of experiences in the workplace and the like, rather than from any reading of the music press), but Messdom for Ray was always on the cards. It came after three hours, about ten minutes of the programme — when Ray suggested going OUT. What followed was a gem of generational incomprehension.

He'd suggested taking her out to lunch for a treat. Tony Parsons had forestalled this by suggesting that he'd nip out to get some chips — but no, Ray was determined to pursue the subject of OUT.

Gosling: "Do you get out much in Billericay?"
Burchill: "Out? Where would I go? No I don't get out much. That's the sort of thing my parents would say to you, about the fresh air and stuff! No, it's pointless."

And later: "I mean, I think the way you're talking is about a state of affairs that doesn't exist, as though people should go about just wandering the streets without a plan, just to be OUT, which seems to me a very nebulous concept; accosting people along the way and wanting to hear their life story. Now to me, only a drunk or an imbecile does that."

And more: "You're asking a question that has no bearing in this world. OUT, TALK, PEOPLE, PUBS? No, it's not a world I know, it's not a bit NOW, it's old fashioned."

Julie went on to completely crush poor old Gozzers by suggesting, in the nicest way, that his questions were pointless, CRETINOUS even! She was only accusing him of being a VILLAGE IDIOT when to avoid thermonuclear embarrassment, Tony Parsons (thank God) stepped in with "There's tea up!" Somehow Gozzers weathered it all.

Let's leave the final words to Julie — this came after a contemptuous dismissal of radio and TV offers she's had.

"I want to write about my theories and my ideas about this country and politics. When you see old people of thirty and gone walking about saying, What is the big new trend? — there are masses of them on the *New Musical Express* — it's just about the saddest thing in the world. They should be interested in, well, if not families, politics. What's happening around them; local politics, big politics, foreign countries, politics. Yet they're just interested in what's the next record to play on their turntable."

— RAY LOWRY

For the benefit of our younger readers, this week's NME is guaranteed totally free of any music coverage by persons over the age of 30. Following a new editorial decree, the elders of the collective have been confined to writing on such non-musical topics as films, nukes, TV . . . and Julie Burchill.

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Album: REB 421, Cassette: ZCF 421.

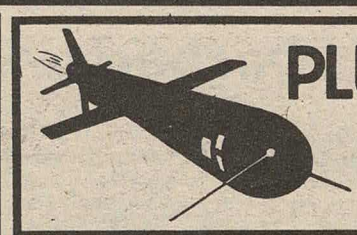
■ *From previous page*

wanted to stay that way: the kids being self-righteous about getting high and the social worker being equally so about the horrors of drugs (cannabis and heroin being discussed and lumped together as if they were comparable items). HEROIN KILLED THIS FINE YOUNG SINGER was the message and the programme ended with a readout of horrifying statistics. Is it worth it, they asked?

Well, I didn't know Malcolm Owen, though I saw him work a couple of times and liked a few of The Ruts' singles, but what emerged from the mini-documentary was that Owen's killer was not the demon smack, but his own inability to get what he wanted from the people around him. He'd quit whenever he got some attention and then go back onto it; the smack being both his means of claimng his pain and of dominating his companions. The effect was that it drove a wedge between him and his band and his wife and everybody else, compounding the problem until it killed him.

16 Up entirely failed to present any kind of relevant confrontation of the fact that lots of people like to shit out of taking responsibility for their lives by abusing alcohol, herb and the lamebrain range of agents like heroin, glue and barbiturates. Until people — including 'the young' — accept the notion of taking responsibility then there are going to be drug deaths and booze deaths and casualties of all sorts lurching around all over the shop.

Drugs are not — in themselves — 'bad'. It's just that the consequences of overdoing it with some of them are considerably less ghastly than with others. The drugs themselves are irrelevant. What's relevant is people's sense of control over their own lives, and ultimately, that was what distinguished the *Something Else* kids from *16 Up's* spudlets.



Don't drink the milk!

WINDSCALE reprocessing plant was up to its usual dirty emissions again last week.

British Nuclear Fuels Ltd (BNFL) insist that the 300-times-higher-than-normal daily release of Iodine/131 into the Cumbrian atmosphere was "not serious", while the Agriculture and Fisheries Ministry went one better by clearing local farm milk (acknowledged to be contaminated) as fit for sale.

The consumers, of course, will be mostly children. For the possible effects on them, *NME* contacted Dr Herbert Abrams, Professor of Radiology at Harvard Medical School in Massachusetts, USA.

Abrams agreed that, as described, the leakage was not large and that it was "immensely difficult to *see* the effect such doses have on the body". But he added: "My guess is that some of these kids are going to get Iodine/131 into their thyroids. I would not have had that milk on sale; I would have dumped it."

In the vicinity of the notorious Three Mile Island nuclear 'incident', the state Health Department has been forced to investigate what the *New York Times* cite as an "increase in thyroid abnormalities in Lancaster County, which adjoins the nuclear plant, and in five counties down-wind". Hypothyroidism, or deficient activity of the thyroid gland, can cause mental retardation, stunted growth or infant death. (Significant increases in infant mortality have also been noticed in the Three Mile Island area.

One cause of hypothyroidism *is* Iodine/131. Fourteen curies of it are officially said to have escaped during the Three Mile Island crisis, but because of "instrument malfunctioning" all the *actual* radiation release levels went completely unmeasured during the worst period of the 'accident'.

Meanwhile, British Nuclear Fuels are to investigate causes and environmental effects of the Sunday leak at Windscale. Another probe will come from the Nuclear Installations Inspectorate, which in April of this year reported "cause for concern" at Windscale's safety standards.

It was the Anti-Nuclear Campaign (ANC), however, that got reddest in the face: "The latest 'incident' at Windscale confirms that all nuclear technology is inherently unsafe . . . around Windscale, cancer rates are higher than the national average. How many people must develop cancers before Britain's nuclear dustbin at Windscale is closed?"

ANC were holding their Annual Conference in Sheffield at the very moment the re-processor was pouring forth its invisible radiation. A prime topic there was the struggle in Luxulyan, Cornwall *(Thrills 26.9.81)* against the plans for a nuclear power station there. The Conference assigned November 7 as a Day of Action on this issue; for information, contact ANC at P.O. Box 216, Sheffield (0742-754691).

And in London, several heavyweight Russians, Americans, East and West Europeans came together as International Physicians for the Prevention of Nuclear War, in a conference entitled "The Medical Consequences of Nuclear War in the Countries of Europe". Their concern was the result of a professional friendship between internationally-known cardiologists Bernard Lown of America and Eugene Chazov of the Soviet Union — who initiated the first such conference last March in Washington, DC. "Ours is an international conspiracy to save human lives — yours and mine," Lown told the press, "and we are involved because as a profession we are charged with the responsibility for saving lives."

In April, the IPPNW plan a UK congress at a Cambridge college. The whole point of their convenings, says a spokesperson, is to stimulate the development of similar, active *local* groups in each country.

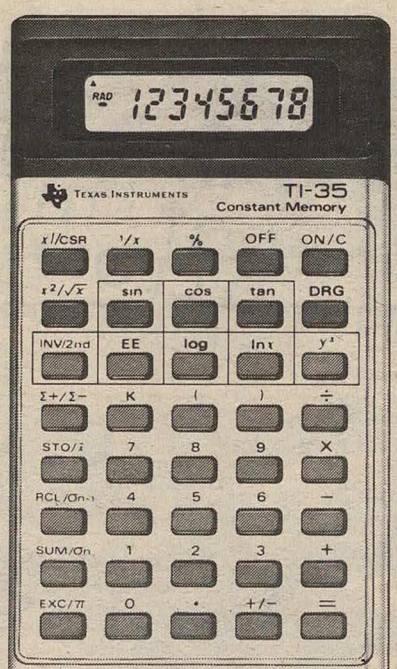
— ANDREW TYLER
— CYNTHIA ROSE

THIS WEEK sees the relaunch of CND's official organ *Sanity*— with a new layout and a snappy colour cover by noted 3-D political caricaturists Roger Law and Peter Fluck. Included within is a plethora of info and contributions from a broad spectrum of Britons, including E. P. Thompson on Eurozone Reality. *Sanity* is available for 40p from the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, 11 Goodwin Street, London N4 3HQ (01-263 4954).

The Lone Groover Benyon

I HAD THIS DREAM— IN TH' STREETS RIOTIN' KIDS WERE LOOKIN' FOR A LEADER.....
SUDDENLY ELVIS APPEARED IN A FLAMING PINK SATIN JACKET ASTRIDE TH' BARRICADES WITH HIS FAMOUS CURLED LIP AN' REBEL POSE.....
LEAD US!.. LEAD US! SHOUTED TH' KIDS—
WHAT DID HE SAY?
HE SAID... SURE I'D RILLY LIKE TO... UH....
....BUT..UH... Y'LL HAVE TO...UH..SPEAK TO...UH.. MUH MANAGER....
SO WHAT HAPPENED?
NOTHING MUCH—NO ONE HAD TWO MILLION DOLLARS ON THEM.

Grace Jones Pic: Anton Corbijn



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Madness Pic: Robert Sharp

it's the..

Stray Cats

new 45

COMING SHORTLY!

COMING SHORTLY!

You don't believe me...

C/W CROSS THAT BRIDGE

COMING SHORTLY!

COMING SHORTLY!

Produced By
Stray Cats / Hein Hoven

SCAT 4 PICTURE BAG

▶▶ SEE JUNGLE! SEE JUNGLE! GO JOIN YOUR GANG YEAH, CITY ALL OVER! GO APE CRAZY!

AND THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT..... Chihuahua Chihuahua
Chihuahua BOWWOWWOW WOWWOWWOW Chihuahua

NIL

LANCE D'BOYLE

RICHARD FAMOUS

PASSION AND POISON

PAUL DU NOYER takes a cup with **POISON GIRLS.** DAVID CORIO takes the pictures

VI SUBVERSA

"STATE CONTROL and rock and roll are run by clever men," sneer The Poison Girls, in a typical song of theirs: a song alive with loathing and bitterness.

"I denounce the system that murders my children/I denounce the system that denies my existence," runs another. And then again: *"The radio spews out grey death to the empty living room/The TV endless picture muzak plays to an empty mind . . ."*

Poison Girls, let's face it, don't make the sort of records you'd like to invite to your next party. Poison Girls don't wear zoot suits; their interest in salsa is probably non-existent. And they don't give two shits about appearing on *Top Of The Pops.*

Poison Girls are one of those stubborn groups who won't pay up and play the game. Defiant outsiders, they've got nothing but contempt for the pop process. In direct opposition to the new, cute breed of bands who'll break their necks and sell their souls to go overground, this gang spit out their refusal to be consumed. Because, they say, if true subversion means working underground then that's where they'll stay.

Vi Subversa is The Poison Girls' singer and primary speaker: wild red hair surrounds her head like licks of angry flame. Back in the fabulous '50s, Vi — who's now in her fabulous 40s — used to work as "a dogsbody" in the *NME* offices. She got to meet megastars of the stature of Dickie Valentine and Frankie Vaughan (but only one woman musician, Ivy Benson.) Whatever enchantment with show business that this experience may have instilled in her has, by now, worn off pretty thoroughly.

Much of what Poison Girls say — in songs, in "statements", in interviews — will remind you of their suburban Essex near-neighbours Crass. Not surprisingly, the two bands have, until recently, enjoyed a long association. The PGs' early releases — like the 'Piano Lessons', 'Hex' and 'Chappaquiddick Bridge' 12"s — all appeared on the Crass label, and the two groups played a total of 97 gigs together. Maybe their best record, 'Persons Unknown' (a venomous response to the 1978 "anarchist bombers" trial) came out as the other side of Crass's 'Bloody Revolutions' 7".

But that's all over. Apart from certain shared ideals, Poison Girls say the partnership was more for economic convenience: they couldn't afford to do much on their own. The new live LP, 'Total Exposure' (on see-through plastic, "nothing up our sleeves") is on their own XNTrix label. Poison Girls are: Vi Subversa, vocals, guitar; Lance D'Boyle, drums; Richard Famous, guitar, vocals; and Nil, the new bassist who replaces Bernhardt Rebours.

"By the 97th gig it was becoming clear that Crass's commercial success was obscuring what we were doing," they explain.

"For us, deciding to work on our own was getting back to a position where we're not comfortable any more," adds Richard.

Vi: "The analogy I make is that if you're a partnership and one partner becomes dominant . . . the classic example is a marriage. It became clear that we had to get out of that. I never wanted to be a wife — certainly not Crass's!"

I'm sure that Crass never wanted to become husbands, did they? (for his part, Penny Rimbaud of Crass does reject the wife-analogy: no power-relationship was intended.)

"Hmm, ask them about that. And tell me what they say."

It's no secret, of course, that the bulk of The Poison Girls' considerable following lies in the black leather, bum-flap 'n' bondage camp. Musically, though, they'd surprise anyone expecting the standard three-chord thrash. While those scathing lyrics (titles including 'Underbitch', 'Reality Attack' and 'Bremen Song') are the overriding focus of interest, the material is often subtle, even soft in texture, and always varied. Unlike, say, Discharge, they give an impression of taking pains over things such as melody and arrangement. Check, especially, 'Promenade Immortelle', flip-side of 'Dirty Work' on their 'All Systems Go' 45 (Crass Records, 1981.)

Richard Famous: "That's because we're steeped in influences. There's no way we could stick to the basics of punk music. The most important parts of our set are the really tender parts: the bits where we're taking risks, when we can hold the audience's attention to do something delicate."

Lance stresses the need for their music to encompass the whole range of moods and emotions. While frustration and rage may be vital driving forces, it would be a one-dimensional soul that never felt anything else, or the need to express it.

"My greatest moments," says Vi, "are the moments when I've done really tender bits, live, to quite ferocious-looking audiences, because what I'm doing then is to address that tender part in those people. And when that actually works, it's really moving."

Such acceptance is never automatic, however, particularly when you're not locked into this month's fashion. At the outset, mainly on account of the advanced ages of some band members, the group found that punk's 'anyone can do it' ethic had its limits — at least in the eyes of the audience.

Vi: "We're not one of the run-of-the-mill bands. We're not accepted as such and we never set out to be. For a long time people came and goggled at us, tried to dismiss us. So the first goal was just to assert our right to be there, and do it.

"From my point of view, the obscurity which lies in store for a woman past her 'first youth' was *not* what I was prepared to settle for. That's really important: you don't have to stop just because you're not in your 20s any more. I think there's a terrible wastage of people's passions because it's not considered right to say what you want once you're out of your 20s. It's all right if you're a teenager because people say you'll grow out of it, you'll settle down. And most people do.

"But it never happened to *me.* I never thought it was at all on to start dying when you're just beginning to get a grasp of what the possibilities are . . . Just as it's a positive gain for men to give up their roles, it's a positive gain for old people to give up their roles. And it's a positive gain for young people to realise they don't have to stop, that there isn't this kind of false death."

Poison Girls' aim, they say — and it's reinforced by volumes of mail from followers urging them to beware of "sell out" — is to seal the validity of their music by *living* it, to continue the message of the songs into their everyday lives. (The band's lifestyle might, I suppose, be described as communal.)

Although the group are presently touring under the CND banner, this philosophy of living out your beliefs (as distinct from merely mouthing them) leads them out of the political arena, rather than into it. They're suspicious of what they see as CND's authoritarian structure, or of any mass-movement that functions around limited goals, a leadership and a passive membership. They became disillusioned with Rock Against Racism, describing some of its non-musical activists as beery sexist hearties.

Vi: "I'm a bit sceptical about all this focus on the big issues, like The Bomb. Without denying the validity of all that, I'd like to change the focus to 'What would you like to change about your life *right now?*' Are you fed up being a 45-year-old mum and staying at home every evening? These are the sort of changes that can shift the power from *underneath.*"

Similarly, they've got little time for Right To Work campaigns, if 'getting work' means getting sucked into a repressive system of wage-slavery. Nil puts it this way: "I recognise that I've been on strike against the kind of work that was available, ever since I realised what was being demanded of me."

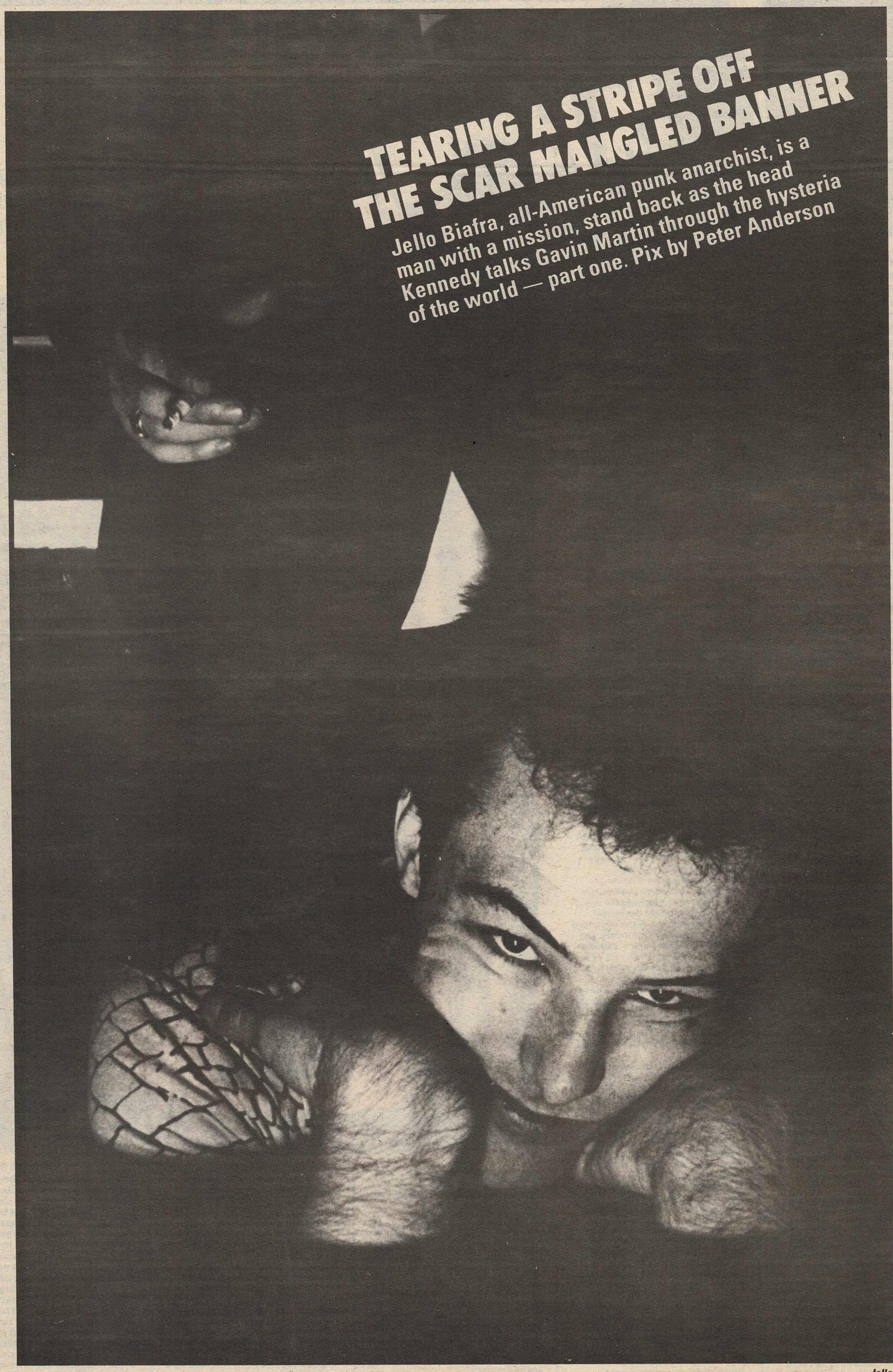
That's his story, anyway, and he's sticking to it.

Meanwhile, Poison Girls plough on. Vi did ask me, by the way, to try and redress the balance of their rather serious conversation by reporting the value they place on pleasure and sexuality — elements which always seem to get buried by the dialectics that dominate their discussions. And the fans keep writing in, with pleas not to "succumb to any major record companies . . . who have not, as yet, come anywhere near us!"

"The lesson is," according to Vi, "that people who co-operate can do anything. There's no limit to what you can do. We're saying that, and we're an unlikely bunch of people to be living and working together." Class, age, sex, colour — some of those categories might be natural, but "the *obstacles* are man-made. And what man can make, man can break."

TEARING A STRIPE OFF THE SCAR MANGLED BANNER

Jello Biafra, all-American punk anarchist, is a man with a mission, stand back as the head Kennedy talks Gavin Martin through the hysteria of the world — part one. Pix by Peter Anderson



Jello

FILMS LIKE *Swedish Virgins* and *Diary Of A Nymphomaniac* take a backseat tonight as Birmingham's Imperial cinema plays host to what the gutter press, city fathers and the Mecca Organisation would have you believe is a whole lot more harmful and perverted than fifth rate skin flicks.

Laydeez and Gentlemen, your attention please — they've been scorned in San Francisco, treated like lepers in LA, dreaded in Dundee. Let me hear it for the loudest, the brashest, the cleverest and the funniest punk band in captivity. I give you The Dead Kennedys!! An onslaught of potent cackles, ripfire threats and pure horror dedicated to the fading memory of the American dream, the sound of a hollow culture crashing to the ground.

In the dressing room, polite fun loving drummer Darren is sharing urinal intimacy with small studious bass player Klaus. As they hover precariously over a gradually filling paint pot the group's main madman Jello Biafra paces the dressing room in a doctor's coat and tie-dye T shirt. There's a marked exasperation about Biafra, who's determined the Kennedys should be cranked up to full malevolent intensity and slam straight through five new songs so that the audience has no time to let their attention stray or to start barking for old favourites. But he seems a little peeved, unsure if his urgency is getting through to his four partners.

For the first few songs any such fears are dispelled, Biafra's mighty voice carries the group and their absurdly knucklebound sound — mesmeric gutsy guitar, punched bass rivets and crude slamming drums — right into the heart of the crowd. Then, just when it seemed like nothing could stop The Dead Kennedys' crazy pyscho-drama from reaching its high pressure peak they hit overload and, bang, East Bay Ray's guitar amp gives up for the fifth and last time on their whistle stop British tour.

The next fifteen minutes see the stage filled with squatters rather than invaders, mostly drunken berks and publicity seekers with nothing to offer except apathy, indolence and ignorance. Biafra handles the hecklers with tact and a brave cutting edge.

"Look at this lazy sod," he says, indicating a rotund idiot who's deposited himself at his feet, "he sits on the middle of the stage and passes out as if he was at a Pink Floyd concert."

There's a lot of idiots trying to grab his microphone. One guy wants everyone to remember his friend, allegedly killed by 'the pigs' in Birmingham recently, but mostly they just want to sing a chorus of 'Anarchy' or shout obscenities at anyone who cares to listen. Jello gives as good as he gets: "It's funny how everybody wants anarchy but they also want to rule at the same time," he smirks meaningfully. "Well it's good to see the intelligentsia have come along tonight."

Eventually the amplifier is replaced and the stage cleared after the group has treated the audience to a minimalist (bass, drums and vocals) version of the epileptically mimed narcotic satire 'Drug Me'. The songs are half old and half new, not the sort of thing I'd want to listen to every day but 'Landlord' 'Too Drunk To Fuck' and 'Holiday In Cambodia' are classics of their kind, and new songs like the commendably straightforward 'Nazi Punks — Fuck Off' and 'I Am The Owl' are right up there with them.

> ***"Some kids just think swastikas shock their parents. They're not even shocking their parents because they've been brought up by a bunch of right wing assholes who've told them that it's cool to be a racist. We figure that if they're going to listen to punk music then they might as well really listen to it and understand it and realise that it's not just a bunch of racist crap."***
>
> **— Jello**

WHAT SETS the Kennedys apart from other punk bands is the intelligence of their songs which, while never losing sight of a basic punk motto — think fast, react — are crafted to go beyond the obvious, gobbling up facts and attitudes to see things through to their logical, often macabre conclusion. Onstage this can take the form of an improvised pre-amble before the songs, the brushed denim secret police of 'California Uber Alles' and Governor Jerry 'Linda' Brown are forgotten as the group's debut single is preceded by an imaginary dialogue between Margaret Thatcher, Alexander Haig and Ronald Reagan. The song itself now goes: *"I am emperor Ronald Reagan born again with fascist cravings ..."*

"In the States there's a lot more of what is called slam, dance and crash from stage invaders. They get up on stage and quickly dive off, rather than just sitting there like a bunch of bozos. You do get a bunch who try to jump on other people when they aren't looking, but generally it's a lot of fun."

Biafra is togged out in his winter wear happily exchanging news and views with a collection of fans, some of who have been following the group for the past three evenings, sleeping in the bus stations and eating very little to keep expenses low. Everyone is on their way to the second gig of the evening, across to the city centre Cedar Club where Discharge are playing. Biafra is an avid record collector and right now he's overawed by the outpourings of numerous US and British third wave punk bands. On the one hand he's just released 'Let them Eat Jellybeans', a compilation of groups that would otherwise never be heard of outside their home town, on The Dead Kennedys own Alternative Tentacles label, and on the other ... well, there he is right at the front of the stage for the Discharge performance, pushing, pogoing and grappling with the best of them as the angry cleansing spirit of Discharge fires through their mini meisterwerk 'Does The System Work'.

JELLO BIAFRA — no one could ever pronounce his real name so he changed it — moved to San Francisco from Colorado about five years ago. Before forming The Dead Kennedys he'd been an insurance salesman, an actor and a journalist. The latter he did for enjoyment, and I imagine he was very good at it. He gave it up because "it became a bit too much like school, I ended up doing all my copy the night before the deadline." Since joining The Dead Kennedys he has made a marked impression in an election for the mayor of San Francisco, part of his manifesto being that all businessmen would be made to wear clown suits. He's also had his group banned from all the predictable places. That's undoubtedly because in the great big world of American rock 'n' youth culture (not so much of the great) the crazy jabbering mad eyed anger of Jello Biafra is something to be thankful for amid the witless bluster of The Ramones, Springsteen, Blondie et al. The Dead Kennedys are one of the few American groups that give any clue towards the mass disaffection which the young people of the country must be feeling in the wake of Reagan's war-mongering.

The group aren't afraid to attack idiocy in their own ranks either; with the superb, subtle as a flying mallet rant 'Nazi Punks' they shame many of their English counterparts. In view of recent events aren't they wary about playing the song in Britain?

"No, not at all if something needs to be said we're not going to shirk from it."

Do you get Nazi rabble in your gigs in the USA?

"Many of them don't know what it means. They just think swastikas shock their parents. They're not even shocking their parents because they've been brought up by a bunch of right wing assholes who've told them that it's cool to be a racist. We figure that if they're going to be punks and listen to punk music then they might as well really listen to it and *understand* it and realise that it's not just a bunch of racist crap."

"What about Oi though? That's racist isn't it?" asks a fan from London.

"Some of it is and some of it isn't. I haven't seen an Oi gig over here and I haven't met any of the bands. On the Oi album I liked Peter And The Test Tube Babies and Garry Johnson because they seemed to be bringing other influences into play besides HM punk.

"I think we're probably closer in our thinking and where we're coming from to Crass, and maybe even Discharge, than we are to the so-called Oi bands. We are not afraid nor are we ashamed of being political. Even 'Too Drunk To Fuck' turns into a political song because of all the self proclaimed moralists and church groups who tried to get the song banned over here. Incidentally they gave us free publicity and our first hit single, which I thought was funnier than hell."

'Too Drunk To Fuck' is The Dead Kennedys' only single realease this year, along with 'Bleed For Me' on 'Urghh — A Music War' and 'Nazi Punks' their contribution to the 'Jellybeans' compilation, the only new music from them this year. It's perhaps the most powerful record they've made, a special mix of molotov guitar cocktail and sterling production which certainly sees off the most celebrated moments of the Stooges. It is also a very funny record.

Biafra smiles slyly from behind the brim of his pint glass.

"Far from being offensive I think it was an educational song. It's exactly the sort of thing that your mammy or Sunday School won't tell you about. I think the people banning the record are the people that *it's* happened to.

"What I find really funny is how we can distress people who haven't even met us. One of the things that keeps us going is that we're really anti-social people, and though we do have big audiences here and we're considered mainstream we do enjoy annoying people, getting under their skin and forcing them to think."

THE NEXT Dead Kennedys release is an eight track 'anti-church' EP (as yet untitled) which will provide the link between their rushed and misproduced first album and their second album which will continue the psycho-delic strain of 'Holidays In Cambodia'.

"America has all these right wing church groups at the minute that put Reagan in office. They're called the Moral Majority and they're run by Gerry Falwell who's a television evangelist who rakes in 50 million dollars a year. He's going political at the same time and he's got his hooks into Reagan and all these conservative money organizations who run ads against liberal politicians all over the country. When George McGovern was running against Nixon they put posters saying George McGovern is a babykiller because he was for legalised abortion.

"This is the way the MM thinks. They aren't nearly a majority nor are they in any way moral but they are a force that must be crushed.

"They're as scary in our country as the NF is in yours, probably more so because it is all older people who have put their money behind it. Insurance companies have put money into it because if women don't get equal rights then they don't have to pay them full premiums. This is what has helped create what is known as The New Right.

"The Moral Majority want to force Christian prayer in school, bring a police state into play, with unlimited surveillance by the FBI and the re-introduction of the treason laws, meaning guess who'd be the first to go? They want to make abortions illegal so that you'd have to go to Mexico with rusty knives in the basement to get rid of unwanted children.

"We have a song on our EP called 'Moral Majority' but we played in Glasgow and no-one understood it. It's something that people have to watch because I've never seen a 'Christian' bible toting religious cult turn so blatantly fascist in America. They don't use swastikas, they use crosses and bibles so that a lot of people haven't caught on to them yet."

Just like the 'Reverend' Ian Paisley, Jello and guitar player East Bay Ray were recently ordained at a college in America where they more or less sell the certificates over a counter. The good thing about this is that as men of the cloth they can't be considered for drafting. While Biafra's interest in politics far outweighs his interest in religion, the former stretching to back to when he was about 5 years old and began passing up on the cartoons so he could watch the news, he has flirted with certain spiritual phenomena.

"When I was in drama school I had some really good instructors and directors who thought nothing of giving kids parts that were difficult for Broadway adults. I had mostly 'method' directors, where you build the character from within and find out what makes them tick, rather than a 'technique' director who makes you take so many steps breath, step back and speak etc. I don't relate to that at all.

"Method acting comes into play with our performance and sometimes it really sinks in and we're totally demonic and possessed, like our Liverpool show this time. In the ha ha to Adam Ant department I went to a Sioux wardance where there are definite forces going on that are not scientifically explained. I couldn't put my finger on what it was exactly, but it was definitely a very uplifting experience for me.

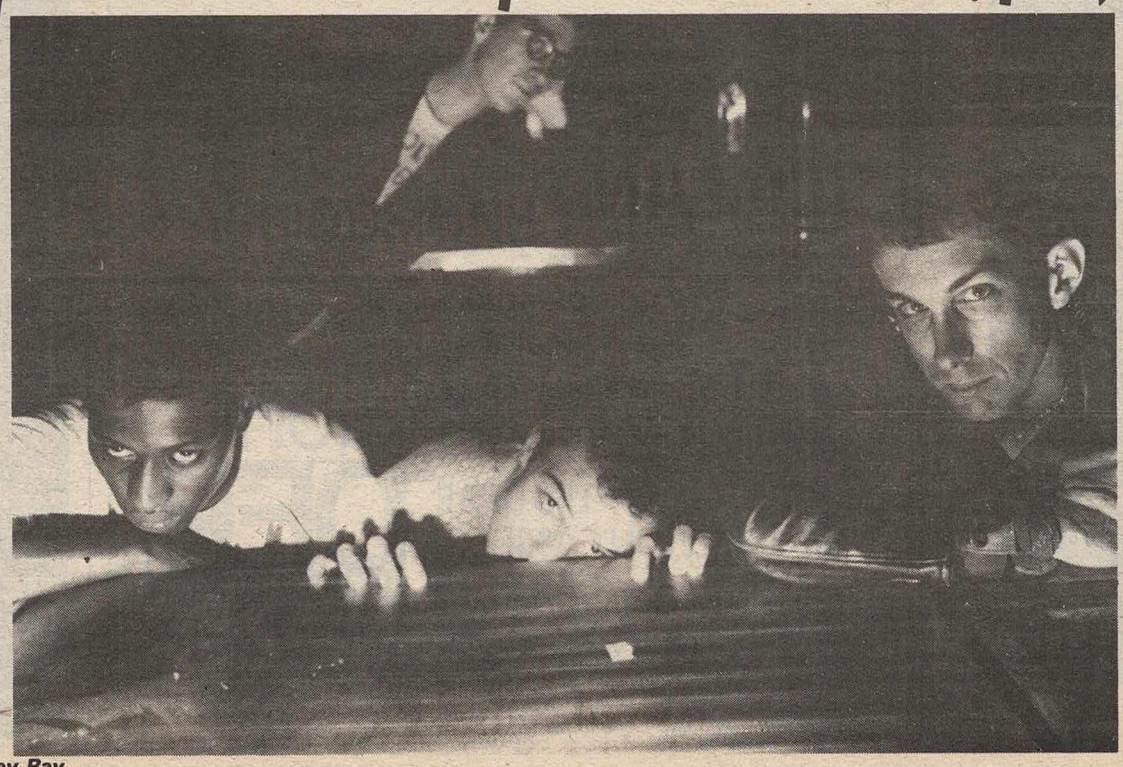
> ***"The Dead Kennedys are not here to cash in on the Kennedys' name . . . what the name represents is the downfall of the idea that everything is getting bigger and better. You just have to look at the difference between people like Eisenhower and Haig; Eisenhower was genuinely elected President and his last statement to the public was, 'Beware of the military industrial complex'. Haig will ask people to embrace it."***
>
> **— Klaus**

"I also do relaxations that I learned in theatre classes and try to apply them to medicine and to get rid of colds. I got rid of a knee injury that way which I got diving offstage and going kneecap first into a monitor. It's something I've barely touched on but I'm keen to explore when time permits."

BEING ON THE ROAD with The Dead Kennedys is an amicable enough proposition. The other members might not say much but they are accomodating and keen-eyed observers. Three of the group wear Clarke Kent glasses offstage — guitar players East Bay Ray and Micro Wave along with Klaus Floride, who looks like a younger, healthier Elvis Costello. The band's latest recruit is drummer Darren who comes from Chicago and previously played with The Aliens, backing band to famous acid casualty Roky Erikson, and Damen still keeps his 'arm in' playing with The Speedboys, a local San Francisco group, when The Dead Kennedys aren't in action. The group emphasise the fact that they are all reclusive and separate characters and it's a fusion of all their outside interests which brings about The Dead Kennedys' ravaged vision of America.

In addition to Darren's drumming outside the band, East Bay Ray produces a couple of local bands and experiments with synthesisers. He's a big fan of various German electronic musicians and is on the look-out for a suitable synth player for the Kennedys. Biafra runs the American end of Alternative Tentacles' operations and a local radio show, while coy Klaus (he won't tell his age) keeps a travelogue of tapes from each town the group visit for an as yet unrevealed purpose. He has his own very strong views on The Dead Kennedys as I found out when I asked if they were out to shock their listeners.

Klaus: "We don't want to shock people for the sake of shocking people. We're not like The Plasmatics; we want to shock people into thinking. The Dead Kennedys are not here to cash in on the Kennedys' name or to cause them more grief — they've had enough grief already. What the name represents is the downfall of the idea that everything is getting bigger and better. You just have to look at the



L-R. Darren Klaus Jello East Bay Ray

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DEAD KENNEDYS

◗ CONTINUED

difference between people like Eisenhower and Haig; Eisenhower was genuinely elected president and his last statement to the public was 'beware of the military industrial complex'. Haig will ask people to embrace it."

The last time an American musician was asked for a reaction to the shooting of President Reagan in these pages he claims to have been in tears upon hearing the news. So was Jello Biafra, though for different reasons.

"I was staying with friends in Orange County and I'd just fallen asleep when there was a banging on the door and someone was shouting 'Biafra, Biafra get up, Reagan has just got shot.' My initial reaction was 'Let me sleep', but eventually I got up and we sat in front of the TV and laughed like it was a Marx Brothers movie."

Do you support terrorism?

"People who don't want to obey an army sergeant and just want to have fun with guns are no better than anyone else, much worse probably. But I'm all for *cultural* terrorism, trying to create change through art rather than physical violence."

This 'art' you talk of, is it misunderstood?

"People who don't want to use art as a weapon aren't artists at all. You've got to want to inflict something on someone, be it positive or negative. Rather than just trying to entertain, to please and to sell. In no way is that art."

Biafra eschews all forms of drugs, mainly because he's seen so many musicians throw away their talent on stimulants.

"As a music fan that bugs me a lot. Coincidentally or not, one thing I've noticed since Reagan came to power is that there's a lot more speed and a lot more heroin and a lot more of everything dangerous available and being fed to the punks. In the suburbs there's suddenly all these people taking acid. I think it is totally planned in order to torpedo another youth cult before it starts, just like acid and pot torpedoed the hippies before they could overthrow Nixon."

Of course there are far more subtle and widespread ways of controlling and influencing youth so that they become fodder for the state's insatiable cravings.

"It only dawned on me about a year ago that everyone I know had a real bitch for a second grade teacher. I think that's the year they try and break your spirit and make you conform and learn the rules to obey rather than ways to create. I think the fact that they emphasise planning and de-emphasise creativity explains not only why idiots who go through art school adding crudeness to childishness get labelled as geniuses, but also why they've managed to produce a race of idiots. The American school system is a very vicious instrument of corporate control."

JELLO BIAFRA may sound like one of life's great paranoids — maybe he just sees things as they are and ploughs on regardless. There can be no doubting the validity and good sense of The Dead Kennedys as a subversive thorn in the flesh to both American society and its behemoth-fuelled rock industry. They aren't strangled by guilt complexes, but their accomplished comic stripped razor edged dynamics make no secret of past crimes. Above all else they say: GET UP, DON'T BE STUPID AND THINK FOR YOURSELF.

"'I Am The Owl' is about Watergate criminals who come out of retirement. It's sort of a composite of several dirty tricks that have gone on over the years by the FBI and the CIA. There's a line about LSD, it's about this guy who was the leader of a gang of semi-thugs. They fed him full of acid and let him loose on a freeway where he just wandered around til he was knocked down. They tried to hush up and pretend it was a great mystery, but a friend of mine has a father in the police and we got to hear about how they sat around drinking after hours congratulating each other on getting rid of this local annoyance."

'Keyhole Factory' is about this chemical factory owned by Allied Chemicals in Virginia and how they've manufactured toxic chemical spray and dumped the waste in Chesapeake Bay which is now closed to fishing. The people who worked there were given no masks so they breathed all this shit into their lungs and started to get double vision, become impotent and get all gnarled and spastic. The company offered them all spectacular Hot Rod cars if they didn't say anything but by that time everyone was too gnarled and spastic *to even drive.*"

Aren't there lobbies and outrages about this sort of thing?

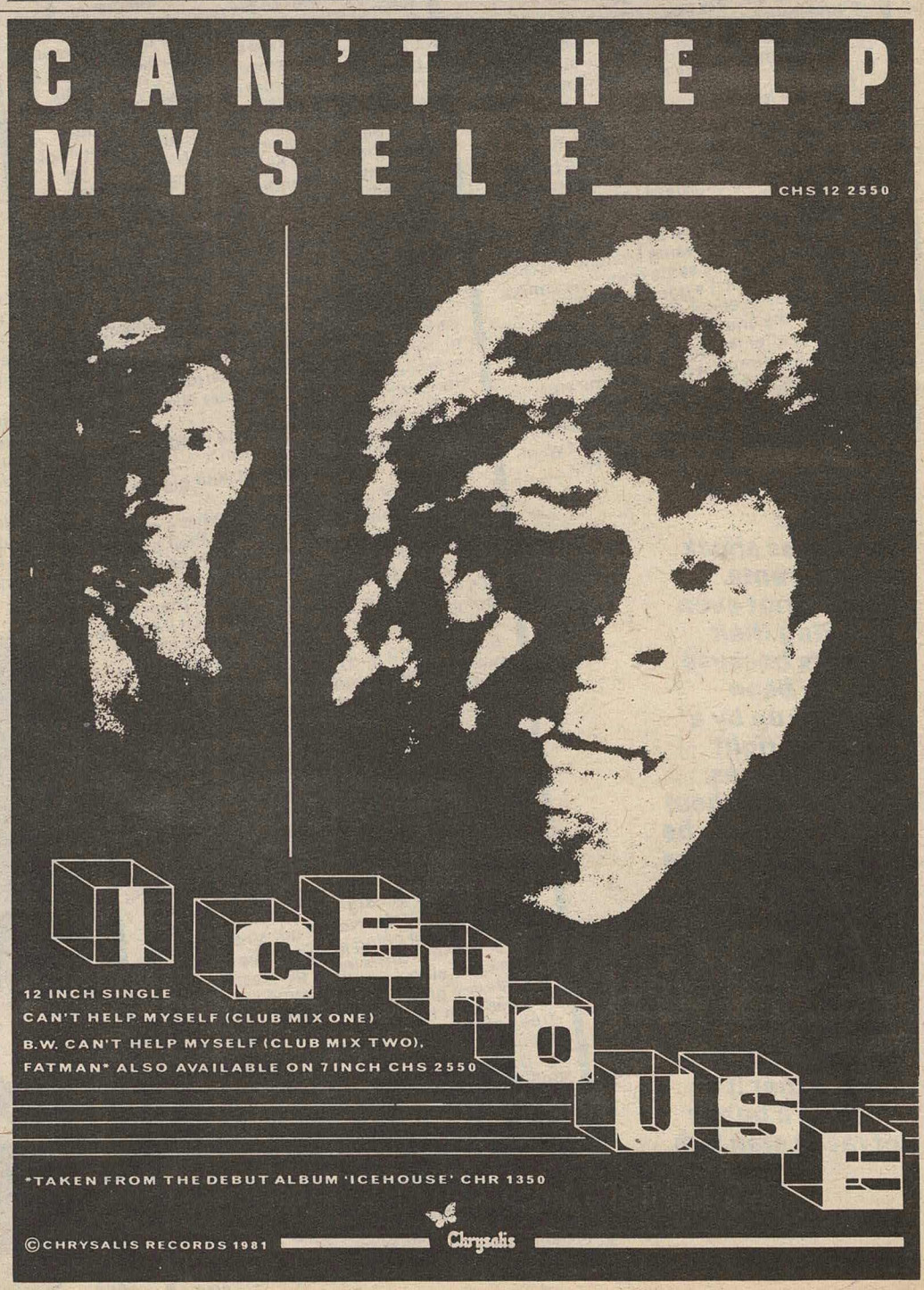
"There are lobbies against it, but the lobbies of the chemical industries are much stronger because they have much more money. The US government is pushed around by lobbying groups on the far right."

In the Weimar Republic a lot of big companies financed Hitler's rise to power and a lot of them are still very successful today.

"Something that's very scary is that General Motors sued the American government after World War 2 for bombing some of their factories in Nazi Germany which had been kept open during the war. *And they won.*"

Don't you think it's ultimately futile straining against the power and cut throat tactics of these bodies?

"It takes time. I just hope, unlike the '60s — where people made a definite dent and then gave up, turning out to be almost as conservative as their parents — that everyone keeps pushing this time."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by paul morley singles

In the beginning there was a sum of misunderstandings. . .

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

A.B.C: Tears Are Not Enough (Neutron/Phonogram).
And then there was the light. What is right and what is wrong? Stand in the romantically glamourised glare of A.B.C.'s first recording and GET READY TO BE MOVED. You better hear me out: listen here, loosen those limbs, crack a smile, feel refreshed and be renewed. 'Tears Are Not Enough' is *sensational*: an expensive and expansive affair of the heart, an emotional elevation for you and your enemies. Society just won't be the same again!

Consider:

ATMOSPHERE: yes it shows its feeling.

DEXTROUS INTIMACY: yes it says things worth believing.

PERSONALITY: it's an aggressively artful anthology of 20th Century music presentation techniques.

LIFE AND SOUL: yes it is a 'political' alternative.

LOVE: it's something worth sharing; spoil yourself.

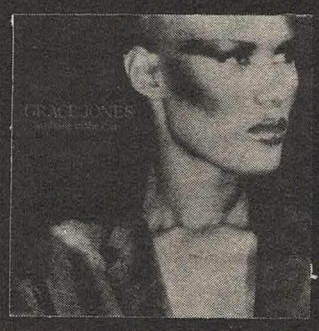
INDEPENDENCE: it destroys a few barriers, as if by the way, for some ways have to be challenged.

Now all that is considered you can really get involved. A.B.C.'s technique and style is a symbolic, even parodistic, homage to popular imagery and the attributes of mass culture, impregnated with the intoxicating juices of love and pain, sex and dissension. They're a vital combination of a formal show business flash, resourceful and resolute efficiency and devious deadpan humour. They're tight, they fight, they're positively professional.

'Tears Are Not Enough' and the second side 'Alphabet Soup' search for important ironies, confront the seething contradictions and assault the senses in joyous opposition to the mechanical soullessness of daily routine and the cruel restrictions of conventional expectation. They represent their feelings about an impersonal, corrupt and intolerably tense world through an immediately comprehensible, thrilling dance music that treats language and sound with respect and vitality and which is an explicit rejection of guilt and superstition. Funny, but frankly I consider that this is as political and liberating as entertainment can ever get. A.B.C. say yes to life; A.B.C. are not so much a fusion as a displacement. Enhance life through action and transition. . .

Furthermore: 'Tears Are Not Enough' is exceptionally articulate; 'Alphabet Soup' is an exhilarating introduction to the players and their habits carried and transformed by some basically blasphemous bass creativity, and the 12" is an epic exaggeration of the 7" 's dramatic movements. Buy it: it's no gamble. (Whisper it softly: could I lie to you?)

It's a hit.



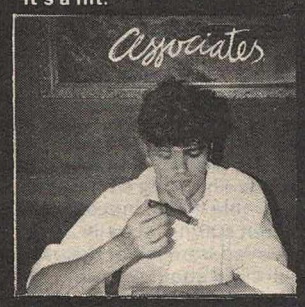
FOLLOW THAT, THEN

GRACE JONES: Walking In The Rain (Island).
And then there was suspect allegiance. The air tightens. Grace Jones is not particularly polite: her industrial executors preserve an ambivalent anonymity and determine a calm certainty. The product of the association between master interpreters and mistress Jones — inscrutable artists and heathen aristocrat — has always unexpectedly been a compelling point of entry into a place on the brink of ecstasy. Shifty, shifting, strictly kinetic.

Grace Jones is not particularly polite: she spites our anguish, and that does tend to give offence. Grace Jones is not particularly probable: still, the theatrical idea is very powerful. Pure unadulterated vanity, a resentment of most if not all matter. 'Walking In The Rain', remixed from the LP by Chris Blackwell, is on a couple of levels a circumstantial distribution and development of sounds and rhythms paradoxically enlivened by Jones' deliberately deadened vocals. Far fetched shadow-play: heavy petting for those in the melting mood.

(To be idle, selfish and useless: that is, to be beautiful and free and happy.)

It's a hit.



THE ASSOCIATES: Message Oblique Speech (Situation).
And then there was emotional credulity: some matter for investigation. The Associates are inspired. So sure, so unforced, so prolific, so constructive, such a strong, strange conflict between the Moving Inwards and the External Associations.

The Associates have no intention of restricting themselves: the idea is to own up. Throughout the year they've been producing a considerable amount of music without any fuss and without expecting any favour: some has hit whatever, some has missed, but all of it is an important gesture towards some timeless identification of style and retribution. They seem quite content to make some extraordinary suggestions: 'Tell Me Easter's On Friday' remains a chilling, classic performance — in the hope that a few swaying and troubled figures connect with the cumulative effect. At the heart and soul of it all is stubborn self-belief. Quite right.

The Associates — Billy Mackenzie and Alan Rankine — are an actual alternative design, their music has genuine experiment without dwindling into dulling, defensive abstraction. Instrumentally they are one of the most exciting and innovative groups of recent times, notably in the transposition and re-definition of experience and mode: vocally they are superlative.

'Message Oblique Speech' is spirited, adventurous confirmation that The Associates are reaching in so many directions at once: one intense vision after another. An outside eye, a harder edge, a mainstream producer could be introduced to compound the undaunted if unusual commercialism of their music without any of their bare purity being compromised. Then maybe I could say of an Associates single, taking into account their defiance. . .

It's a hit.

HAMMER: HARDER. HA!

THIS FAR INTO a week's releases we reach the convenient categorising. A Sign of The Times. If it's easy to pin down or peg in, be suspicious. **U2** and **Wah!** share the same prison. They sleep together. They both want to be in touch with the miracle of what matters: it's a straight rejoicing, a single opening.

It's certainly not snobbery that causes me to reject **U2's 'Gloria' (Island)** and **'Somesay' Wah! (Eternal),** but curiously just routine indifference. By committing themselves to the concern that the central rock process can still approach problems and involve emotions with the descriptive vigour of the golden ways the two groups neglect to develop their language or alter their requirements. They drown themselves in what have become desperately corny dynamics: adrenalin flows, but memorable information doesn't, or at least it becomes all pounding sound and hard luck slogans and little else because such consistent consenting orthodoxy will always eventually begin to lose it's excitement and end up not much of an invitation.

What was appealing about such groups initially was

FLIPOVER

23 SKIDOO: Last Words (Fetish).
And then there were splinters stuck into the tongue of reason. When the game label 'funk' was used by wise fools and sad eyed theorists to help suggest the bold mood of the mingling mangling Skidoo music a little harm was done. Interested partners looking to fit 23 Skidoo in with the more theatrical images of funk will not have much of a poetically pleasant time. 23 Skidoo are not crisp and they do not crunch and they don't pretend to be healthy.

Start from scratch — well, bear in mind the eliminations and discriminations of '60s Velvets, small band Carla Bley, Brian Eno, Steve Reich, John Martyn, Cabaret Voltaire — when settling down for a dogged 15 minutes of scrambled energy and gambling scrambling with Skidoo. It's no good trying to be reasonable when discussing 23 Skidoo — they're too tactile, treasonable and tormenting to be easily definable.

To put it this way, if it's something casual and acceptant that pleases you then the obsessive, accursed 17 minutes of dense rhythms and insolent effect on this 12" will no doubt seem an ugly kind of endangerment. It's certainly a petulant perversion of ambient exoticism and it's definitely a militant mix up of the rapturous and the rancourous. At first I was disappointed that Cabaret Voltaire's Stephen Mallinder had not given the sounds a shielding glammy production. Now I can appreciate that the poison aim was to effect a dissolution of time and consciousness through an intertwining of repetition and primitivism. The music on this obstructive disc is insidious and of course it's this kind of tranced music that can lead to a recharging of spiritual batteries.

It's a. . .rival benefit.

ORANGE JUICE: L.O.V.E. (Polydor)
And then there was sweet ice on a crumbling cake. Orange Juice enter the dragon of a major label and use the love signals of an alien composition, playing it safe and straightforward in order at last to be a sparky happening in the homes and hearts of all those people who never even read the news pages of *NME* let alone the light and lonely corners. The group come close to reducing the gravity and dignity of Al Green's tender elegy into a pantomime pout: that isn't the worst thing they could have done, by far.

When being boisterous, energetic or just plain and simple likeable Orange Juice still exert a strange melancholy that takes us closer to certain sources of sadness than could ever seem plausible. They can seem silly and still hint at tears and tearing emotions. The Juice ran through 'L.O.V.E.' with strategic gracelessness, or is it a distressed grace, and by decorating their typical fine lark with ultra competent backing vocals and highly slick bass there's a comic defectivenss that lingers throughout the version.

It's touching, you know. Pathetic or pathos or patchy or precarious — the usual order of the Orange, a limited arrangement but insolubly attractive. I wonder if they'll make the charts in time to join Altered Images, because after it has all been considered. . .

. . .it's a hit.

BOW WOW WOW: Chihuahua (RCA).
And then there was sensation and escape, bump and grind, difficulty and trouble. Bow Wow Wow are once, twice and three times removed from that decoy, reality. A cheap sensational novel sexcretion formed out of facetious and fancy cynicism couple with an evasive and depraved absurdity? Yes, and something more than that. It's almost as if Bow Wow Wow are Malcolm Mucklaren's frivolous souvenir of uneasy but amusing times, Yes, and something more than that. Malcolm Goldfinger's knowledge of the ambiguity of interpretation of any stimuli intensifies and contextualises his culturally heroic confidence: the trick of this confidence is what he can get away with in representing through an almost degrading depersonalisation the essential hypnotising energy of entertainment and the simplistic exploitation of it as a commodity.

Malcolm's exploitation is obviously not so simplistic: before anything else he likes to destroy all concerted attempts to be civilised about any of this. He's beginning to play on Annabella's perceived role as puppet with major malice, and getting Bow Wow Wow to define in their songs their own instant art history whilst simultaneously discovering new angles from which to approach the post-rock inconoclasm.

So the *sounds* are smashing and very smart and never modest: and the signals, the implications, the impudent suggestions are extensive. Bow Wow Wow are some test of affinity: Wow are some twisted incentive.

"And I'm 15 and a fool can't you see
So don't fall in love with me
I'm a rock'n'roll puppet in a band called Bow Wow Wow
I'm a horrible idiot can't you see
So don't fall in love with me"

There are those who could get very angry very soon. Malcolm himself is happy to embarrass the conspiracy. Bow Wow Wow is a useful comment on 'control'. Yes, and something more than that. As a song the second half of 'Chihuahua' — you are what you are what you are what you are — is near perfect. The bass will break your heart and Annabella *sings very well indeed.* It is their third super single of the year: now there is a sweet and simple statement. I have very little self-control, and remembering that it's just what Bow Wow Wow need to be well and truly an irritation to the nation, I'll say that. . .

. . .it's a hit.

That's rich.

PLAY ON

perhaps a naive mischief, a spontaneous doubt, that could occasionally manifest itself as something irresistibly transcendent. This is inevitably lost and it hasn't been replaced with any pattern of disruption. It has become blind belief in a set of actions and associations that are losing their force, their importance, in this new age of acceleration and expendability.

U2's and **Wah!'s** decisive optimism cannot be denied but the music's fundamental immobility dilutes the passions. A lot of musical movement/activity doesn't necessarily indicate that the communication is spectacularly soulful or insightful. **U2** and **Wah!** seem to be wasting a lot of energy.

I am not asking you to hate these groups.

PART ART. WART HISS. MISS SLAP. TAP STRAIN. A STAIN.

Pedal sound perfection over won't. Excessive in replenish, why, squander must seam pass year glow maybe store lament no-nonsense love economic it passage sold burst I source present once, without. Sleep thank study why recess than break spare put I, why? Ideals, customs, idiots, customers, inside, costumes. **Virgin Prunes 'A New Form Of Beauty' (Rough Trade)**: fatigue faint fallacy, is it friendship or or is is it farce?? **The Virgin Prunes** free stance has been celebrated as some sort of 'threat', but really surely their gagged fagged nonsense toil is about as disconcerting as a collection of unconnected words and completely lacking elements of recreation or stimulation. The way they disorganise sound is pretty neutral: the way that they decode The Song simply miserable. Plain, indeed, stark but not staring, equally removed from joy or despair — around about boredom, in fact, in the act.

The Birthday Party also sound extremely tactful to me.

The juggling and struggling called up from the armed deep during **Happy Birthday'** and **'Mr. Clarinet' (4AD)** has a more carnival abnormality than **The Virgin Prunes,** but after it's all over I'm not thrilled or wounded or curious and certainly not liberated. I just feel that I've heard some noises, and I don't feel that they're rooted in an authentic crisis of feeling or a passionate recognition of uncertainty. Am I biased for some unholy reason? Undoubtedly, but I can't get away from that.

Nor are **The Mekons** making much of a sign to the gods on **Sporting Life' (CNT)** — the music seems a reflection on some of the sleepy compromises of ordinary life, a tame description of various form of pollution. I cannot see it being the music of anyone's dreams: nor, at that, anyone's nightmares.

Honestly, I'm not advocating wetness. In this dwindling dying world I adore as much as anyone speculation or dislocation, but these contrasting characters seem in their way to take as much for granted as **U2** and **Wah!** It's all blather, no bother, and I can't see any of this affecting or infecting anyone's state. Consider **The Associates** who both explore and draw in, and whose music contains the metaphysical menace of say Pinter's *The Birthday Party* as well as the provocative accessibility of say Japan's 'Art Of Parties' Am I biased for some holy reason? Indisputably I accuse myself. I recommend it.

SMASH

I'm told that to retrieve **Chron-Gen** and **Discharge** from the traps of Oi and settle them down into a social context perhaps created by MC5 and The New York Dolls (take it as 'high energy rock' politicised by cogent self-determination) is to see clearly the revisionist vitality of their benighted acts. I don't know about that.

The quacking Oi misguidance was a fatuous exaggeration of the chained punk groups maladjusted 'political' vagary. Shake away the prejudices attached to these scores by Oi and they still don't convince on any level but the lowest one of resistance. However paranoic and degenerative, familiarity bleeds into banality.

Discharge's 'Never Again' (Clay) is the kind of single screwy rock critics can adopt as a pet, and its screams will be comfortably harvested by the converted. Ultimately it's a demented shriek into oblivion, a queer collision of unsound sound and depressive platitudes that will inspire nothing but the perpetuation amongst some of the hysterical reasoning that such conformist and mythically minor horror shouts is an enlightenment or a contribution to new values. Such a derangedly narrow re-arrangement of so few possibilities can never lead to anything profoundly informative or exhilarating. I can't see that **Discharge** are doing much to outsmart the forces of oppression.

Chron-Gen's 'Reality' (Step Forward) is just a terrible song. They sound well scotched by the slumbers of dogma. There's more life in a gob into the gutter.

MIRROR. SPARE ME

After playing the songs **'Joan Of Arc'** by **Orchestral Manoeuvres (Dindisc), 'Transit'** by **The Lines (Red), 'Communicate'** by **ATV (IRS), 'Dancin' Doctors'** by **The Freshies (Pinnacle), 'Searching For The Only One'** by **The Frantic Elevators (Crakin Up), 'Cold Spell Ahead'** by **The The (S.B.L.)** and **'Target For Life'** by **Our Daughters Wedding (EMI)** I don't have the overwhelming urge I suppose I should have to play any of them again. I feel beaten by all the familiarity, or cheated by all the sluggish pleasantness. I'd delete them immediately.

I expect — yes, I do — more from **Orchestral Manoeuvres,** but they appear to be spitefully set on becoming the witless stainless wimps enemies erroneously used to suggest they were. I think they've gone mad.

Playing **The Frantic Elevators** unhappily for them happily for me makes me remember that The Distractions' LP 'Nobody's Perfect' is a lost great if ever there has been such a thing.

Hearing **Our Daughters Wedding** — just the once, of course — reminds me that The Human League's 'Dare' is a great occasion and something that will never be lost. Hearing **The Freshies** puts me into misery, and songs should never do that. Ask **A.B.C.** Furthermore, play **A.B.C.** Now they're thorough. Am I through?

Just a little more of your time. I have cheerfully mixed feelings about **Pigbag's Sunny Day (Y),** which sounds very clean and enriching, **Chaz Jankel's 'Questionnaire' (A&M),** which is enticingly refined, and **Toots And The Maytals 'Beautiful Woman' (Island),** which is a severely sincere invocation. No trash here. I'll play them all again — something inside me moved! I recommend movement.

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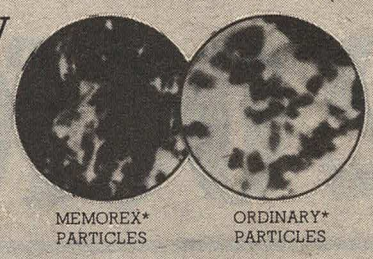

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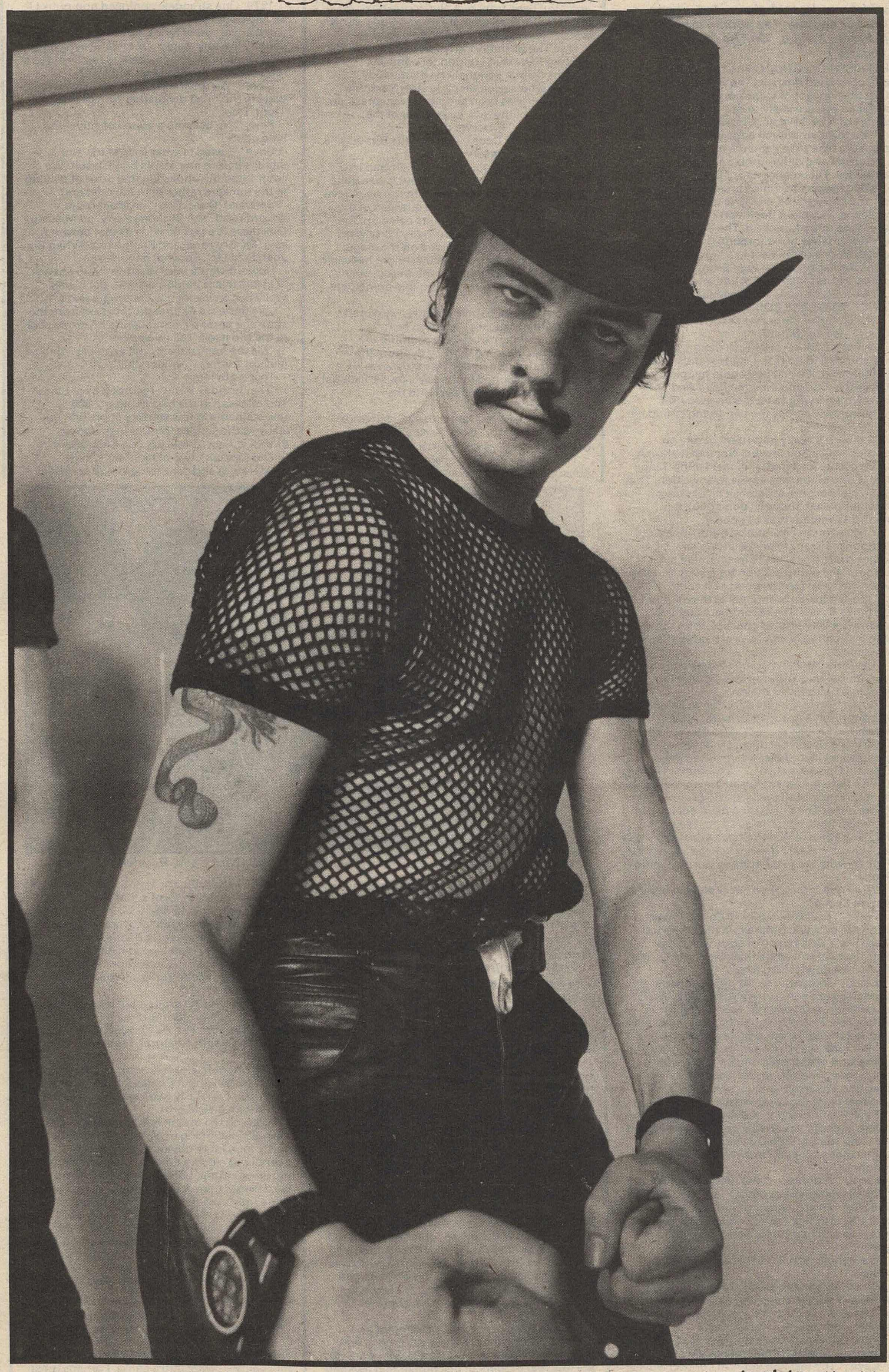

PLEASURE HEADS MUST BURN

A Manhattan melodrama starring THE BIRTHDAY PARTY

BY BARNEY HOSKYNS

PIX JOE STEVENS

"It is by no means astonishing that the public was stupified at the sight of its ignoble double . . ." (Alfred Jarry)

"I've got nothing against the band, but maybe next time they shouldn't take so many drugs." (Overheard backstage at the Underground)

IT'S A CHILL, exposed night in New York City. The East Coast has only just recovered from a week of torrential rain, and winds sweeping up the island's avenues from Battery Park to the Bronx threaten more.

But the show must go on, and at a swanky rock disco in Union Sqaure called the Underground it's only just beginning. Strutting their stuff to English imports like 'Planet Earth' and 'Don't Say That's Just For White Boys' are second-division preppies and neatly-pressed executives from Hoboken. They are trying to get their dates drunk.

The Underground used to be a fairly cool place to hang out. When Spandau Ballet played Jim and Rudolph's Modern Classix nite in springtime it became *the* cool place to hang out. But Jim and Rudolph have split to renovate the starfucking shrine of Studio 54, and the cool crowd have followed them.

This Wednesday night is flowing by pretty amorphously when suddenly, at one o'clock, the lights on the club's floor scatter back to their source and the sound dies. Everyone looks round, seeking the cause of this interruption. Without the disco their plans are ruined. Instantly their faces drop in disbelief. Onto the stage are climbing five . . . five . . . but words give way to alarmed grimaces; let's just say five very undesirable aliens.

One, festooned in split-crotch gold-lame drainpipes, his bruised, labial features twitching through black flames of hair, appears to be the singer. Another, busy strapping on a bass guitar like a giant dildo, sports a fishnet vest, a Stetson, and the sort of moustache you might cultivate if you were shaping up to hustle some meat on Christopher Street. Perhaps most disturbing of all, a kind of gangling, psychotic hillbilly, squeezed into a ridiculous suit out of some garment district garbage can, is fastening on a guitar like he was about to run through a rehearsal for the *Texas Chainsaw Massacre.*

Hyperboles aside, it's not quite what the management was expecting. But then it wasn't this management who booked these perverts, it was Jim and Rudolph. Hell, they haven't even played a note and already half the crowd is filing out.

A single drumbeat portends ill, and next moment all the worst premonitions are justified. Cranking out of the guitar amps comes this murderous death-rattle, like the gaze of Medusa freezing in their steps the few foolhardy adventurers who dare to look. The bass, lurching obscenely into the foray, scrapes and shunts in subterranean seizures. St. Vitus's Dance here we come!

Finally, his body doubling up in unholy convulsions, the macilent wreck of a singer starts to spit and fume . . .

AMERICAN HEADS WILL ROLL IN TEXAS!!!

Hmmmm . . . like what *is* this? Some turn away in nervous laughter, others comb their scattered brains to remember where Pigbag — polite, groovy little Pigbag — are playing. The rest suck on straws and pray it's over soon.

"I mean shit Daryl those Sex Pistols were one thing . . ."

When the song ends, however, an ugly pause ensues. Something's wrong with the guitar. There's trouble stirring. Seconds later, there's this ashen-faced nut behind the keyboard shouting in his mike, very loudly but very slowly, again and again and again: "WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU BASTARDS? . . . WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU BASTARDS? . . . WHAT'S THE MATTER? . . ."

It's a party-trick that fails to amuse the management. After the second song, 'Zoo-Music Girl', someone's climbing on the stage and telling them their time is up. Hardly registering the request, they thunder into one last, most outrageous exhibition of carnal mayhem and disappear.

This little scenario is roughly what The Birthday Party call "a really great gig". I mean, how degenerate can you get?

WHEN YA WALK OUTA HERE
WHEN YA WALK OUT
I GOTTA FILL UP THAT SPACE

CONTINUES OVER

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY

OR FILL UP THAT NO—SPACE ('Cry')

"There is no empty space in nature which we do not believe that, at one time or another, the human mind can fill. (Antonin Artaud, 'On The Alfred Jarry Theatre')

IN THIS APOLLONIAN climate of cold design and concealed despair, The Birthday Party take the concept of stage performance about as far as you are likely to see it go. Live, the songs of Nick Cave and Rowland Howard are driven to an emotional edge where pain and pleasure fuse — in cathartic madness for the performer and dithy-rambic joy for the audience. Their concerts are feasts of energy, chaotic spectacles which break the surface of art and carry sound and lyric to ultimate violence. If Captain Beefheart or Pere Ubu seem too quirkily surreal, The Birthday Party in performance burst through the constrictions of intellect to a "raw power", that original sin which Iggy Stooge so rightly perceived as "laughing at you and me . . ."

"A man who believes is peculiar, BUT SINCE SOME ARE BORN PLAYACTORS . . ."

The Birthday Party do not suffer from delusions of grandeur.

"I mean fuck it," says Nick Cave, "what we're trying to do is the biggest-musical cliche in the world. It's just that some people forget the cliche. Can you imagine Echo And The Bunnymen trying to let themselves go?"

He sprawls across the bar, trying to find his drink.

"I think it's really important to rely on cliches — like Suicide did. Not that it *sounds* like a cliche. As a matter of fact I think 'King Ink' is one of the best songs ever written. That song can become so intense it puts me on another planet, though I don't think the recorded version is at all good."

" 'Prayers On Fire' stinks, quite honestly," announces Tracy Pew, the group's super-macho bassist. "The engineer slept through the entire session for a start. But then even 'Release' isn't as good as it could be."

"It's just too conventional at the moment," resumes Cave. "The record, as a cultural event, is a very limited concept. With the cover and everything, it can be much more than just the music."

The Birthday Party come to shake us out of our inhibitions. They militate against the sedative boundaries of Pop.

Cave: "There's a real need for an intelligent but aggressive group in London. All the treasured groups are just so softcore. At one time there was a real upsurge of new young groups and incredible records like 'She Is Beyond Good And Evil' . . . you know, The Pop Group before they sacrificed the music for that soapbox, toilet-roll politics. The groups that came out of The Pop Group have got back to primitive funk, which is good . . . I saw Rip, Rig, and Panic at Action Space and there was a real directness and irreverence, as opposed to Pigbag, who are just happy to be convincingly funky."

What about their own bacchanalian night at Action Space?

Pew: "The last two gigs in London have been the best yet. Before that the audiences were like a little bunch of eggs with faces. They lost control when they were told to, like Pavlovian dogs taking a leak."

Cave: "Compared to the gigs in Australia, especially in Sydney, they're nothing. You remember when that girl was slicing me up with a key, Tracy? In Australia, you really feel you're turning decent people into monsters.

"But look, we're not setting ourselves up as some kind of demonic force, it's just that things are generally more successful when they become blind and unconscious, when you feel anything could happen."

Pew: "In England that doesn't happen very often, because you media people have turned kids into robots, little UB40's . . ."

So what's kept you from the threshold of madness?

Cave: " 'Funhouse', the two Suicide albums (also the new live cassette) . . . 'Slates' by The Fall. The Fall are a great group. 'Slates' is one of the best things I've ever heard. It has a violence and humour which is offputting to sheep."

Is a popular music culture an important thing?

Cave: "When the history of rock music is written — which, since it's practically dead, will be soon — it'll just be remembered as a sordid interruption of normality."

Pew: "Rock will be remembered as the anus of culture. Not Del Shannon but Iggy Pop."

Cave: "The last two years in London will be swept under the rug. This I can tell you: THE LONG FRINGES WILL NOT BE REMEMBERED.

"The point is that the creative process is not some fucking craft. WE'RE A LIVING MUSICAL CLICHE."

"Who would care to contribute to a culture that cannot be satisfied no matter how much it devours, and at whose contact the most vigorous and wholesome nourishment is changed into 'history and criticism'?" (Nietzsche)

"I just don't wanna go, out in the streets . . . these people give me the creeps . . ." (The Bush Tetras)

NEW YORK SUFFERS terribly from its reputation and consequent sense of duty. It has convinced its spoilt children in their chic little headbands and PX offcuts that the entire point of their lives lies in snorting excessive amounts of cocaine, staying up till 8 in the morning imbibing nauseous, overpriced cocktails, and taking non-stop taxis from one club to the next. All, of course, in the name of Fun and Style. But it doesn't feel like fun, it feels like a routine.

That The Birthday Party have been the most exciting live act in London for some six months cannot seriously be doubted by anyone who's seen them. In New York this excitement was seen simply as transgression, in the case of the Ritz, incitement of the audience to a "PiL-style riot".

According to Cave, however, the Ritz was "a really boring, conservative gig."

True, at several junctures he climbed into the pit of zombies below him, but it was quite obvious that to provoke them to riot he'd have had to set fire to them. Three quarters of the way through the set, the lights came up, the disco came on, and The Birthday Party were quietly and efficiently shoved off the stage.

This sort of treatment, which might have left anyone else permanently embittered, only seemed to strengthen the group's immediate taste for America.

"If our natural path is disaster," groaned Mick Harvey stoically, "then so be it."

Drunk on culture schlock, roaming the streets and sleeping with TV eyes on, the "boys from down under" (as they were so tastefully described in the city's music listings) swallowed the pill and survived the comedown.

"What would you rather be in," demands Rowland Howard, "Dolly Parton's backing band or — *an English new wave group*?"

The others sense the answer within the question; it doesn't brook reply.

Left to Right:- Phil Calvert, Tracy Pew, Mick Harvey, Nick Cave, Rowland Howard.

"Yep!" bawls Tracy Pew, carefully adjusting the angle of a new Stetson and ignoring the question, "that gig at the Underground was one of my all-time favourite gigs."

"I don't live this life for me, In Orstralia land so free . . ." (The Saints, 'Orstralia')

"Oh! Yer! Oh! Yer! What A Wonderful Life Fats Domino On The Radio" ('King Ink')

AT THE ROOT of Australia's open rock revolt, its avowed overthrow of Western chic and transatlantic pussyfooting lies a) the experience of pure boredom down under, and b) one all-important testament: 'Funhouse' by The Stooges. Long deleted in this country, practically unheard-of by Britain's post-punk youth — kids who will swear by crap like 'Lust For Life' and 'New Values' — this apocalypse of Middle America, with its unrepeatable anthems 'Down In The Streets', 'Loose' (of which The Birthday Party do a version), 'TV Eye', and '1970' (from which Radio Birdman took their name), is very simply 'the greatest rock'n'roll record ever made". The Saints knew this when they recorded two of the other "greatest rock'n'roll records ever made", 'Stranded' and 'Eternally Yours'. And lead Birdman Deniz Tek, who was born in Detroit and brought the word of Ig to his predestined true believers, the forgotten street rebels of Australia, knew it before anyone.

Despite the extraordinary contempt and derision Birdman have since suffered, it was the group's first tour of Australia which set off the few real triggers of discontent that awaited such a call to arms. The Birthday Party, whatever they may say to the contrary, bear the memory of seeing Birdman for the first time as powerfully as anyone. As a rather average five-piece combo called The Boys Next Door, all of whom, excepting Rowland Howard, had been playing together since third form in high school, their conception of music was radically changed by the experience.

Within a year they had effectively established themselves at the centre of Melbourne's "alternative" music scene, though some difficulty lay in getting people motivated.

"It took us about three years," says Cave, "to get a group of about 50 people together and for them to convince another 300 or so that it was all worthwhile."

"Yeah," snarls Cave, "all those fuckwits picking up girls who used to throw glasses at us . . ."

"Actually," whispers Howard in another time and place, "we were regarded as a bit of a bloody joke."

1979: One strangely confused pop-punk LP as The Boys Next Door, called 'Door, Door'. Great cover, great lyrics, but songs and sounds like any Anglo-American powerpop hype. A spite marriage, if some relative idea is required, of The Ramones and XTC.

Cave: "We went through a year in Australia playing the most disgusting kind of shit. Like 'Door, Door'."

Pew: "We became a bunch of snivelling little poofs."

Cave: "I used to wear frilly shirts and pigtails before any of this English shit. We committed the unpardonable error of playing to the thinkers rather than the drinkers."

Between 'Door, Door' on Mushroom Records and 'The Birthday Party' on Missing Link there is a gulf as wide as that between, say, 'My Sharona' and Beefheart's 'When Big Joan Sets Up'. So what happened?

Howard stares into his drink for an answer. "I guess this is hard to believe, but it was really just a case of natural progression."

Like there's a natural progression from the state of a person's mind before he drops acid to the trip itself. Tell us another.

"It's the honest truth," he protests, "things just got a little . . . wilder, that's all."

That's obvious.

'The Birthday Party', recorded back home and released at the beginning of 1980, is unobtainable in this country at present but features the singles 'Mr Clarinet/Happy Birthday' (just re-released on 4AD) and 'The Friend Catcher', two of last year's most invigorating and disturbing single releases, plus the extraordinary 'Hair Shirt' and a manic version of Gene Vincent's 'Cat Man'. If you see it, you know what to do.

It's on this album that perennial influences such as The Stooges and Beefheart and more recent ones like Pere Ubu and The Pop Group begin to coalesce in Cave's and Howard's songwriting. The result is unique and unmissable.

By this time, the group had been so inspired by the weird sounds imported from possible goldmines abroad they decided it was time to leave. Their sights naturally settled on England.

Both find this idea hilarious. I venture to ask how they feel about England after having lived in London for nearly two years. Cave clears his throat with an evil grin.

"Coming to London has been one of the most disillusioning experiences of my life, partly for a lot of obvious reasons like everything closing down at eleven o'clock, but more important, because when we came here we thought here at least people were doing more than standing around twanging their guitars. I was really shocked. When we arrived, we saw this package show at the Lyceum, with Echo And The Bunnymen, A Certain Ratio, Teardrop Explodes and so forth and . . . well, I've never been able to take English music seriously since. It was horrible."

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY arrived in England just as the last, perhaps most intense vestiges of punk energy were burning themselves out. When The Pop Group split, the whole thing — the anger, the revolt, the sensuality — went into a coma. Perhaps most unfortunate, the influence of brilliant groups like Joy Division and brilliant individuals like Daniel Miller was partly responsible. They inadvertently changed countless bands and musicians who were incapable of absorbing and using that influence to any effect. The Birthday Party, in dismay, had to watch this almost inevitable breakdown unfold.

By 1979, a new but fatally unclear concept of "Pop" had taken hold of the nation's alternative music scene, and today this meta-pop has become the actual state of pop, an ideal for some, a living death for others.

Certainly there's no reason why inoffensive "pop" music as produced by electronic groups like Depeche Mode and Soft Cell shouldn't co-exist with an aggressive alternative to chart music. But what the Spandau hype has done is to brainwash people into formulating a nouveau-glam capitalist ethic which, to put it bluntly, stinks. The music, cushioned in a kind of feebly opulent production is the pure expression of this ethic, an ethic of adaptation to an environment that ensconces one in plasticine beauty and soft, smooth luxury — the environment of nightclubs, fashion shows, and video.

Of course there will, and must, always be fluctuations in the state of musical angst. It's not something that can be topped up when depleted. But why does England have this hangup about real musical violence — that is, a music that is neither Saxon nor the UK Subs, that has soul and dirt and physical desire?

In the end, one can only conclude that it has something to do with the stranglehold the music press has on youth's cool minority. After all, look what happens to a band when it refuses to co-operate. Look what happened to The Saints when, like a circus animal refusing to play dead, they wouldn't play "punk".

Fortunately for The Birthday Party, they've taken the heritage of The Saints into another dimension, and won the kind of critical approval whose terms simply don't apply to the likes of Spandau Ballet. 'Release The Bats', a "voodoo rockabilly" anthem which knocks The Cramps into the shadows of complete insignificance, saw three weeks at the top of the alternative singles chart. 'Prayers On Fire' has been in the indie LP charts ever since its release. And attendance at London gigs has been growing all the time.

After the year of "Pop", 1980 — a miserable year spent trying to fit in with the new nonchalance — The Birthday Party realised the only solution was . . . TO ATTACK.

"MY BODY IS A MONSTER DRIVEN INSANE, MY HEART IS A FISH TOASTED BY FLAMES." ('Zoo-Music Girl')

A CONCERT BY The Birthday Party — Nicholas Cave (vocals), Rowland Howard (guitar), Mick Harvey (guitar, keyboards), Tracy Pew (bass) and Phil Calvert (drums) — can break and dissolve the semantic frame which supports this language. In it you can forget for maybe an hour all the other names and categories that flood forward in the name of Pop to imprison your emotions.

Have we not all secretly yearned, since the deaths of those beings whose bodies, while they could not contain their own desires, diffracted and melted ours in the passing heat of their majesty — the bodies and voices of Hendrix, Joplin, Curtis — for that pure incandesence of being wherein we might at last yield up the barricades of knowledge?

What we must lose now is this insidious, corrosive *knowingness*, this need to collect and contain. We must open our brains that have been stopped and plugged with random information, and once again must our limbs carve in air the patterns of their desire — not the calibrated measures and slick syncopation of jazz-funk but a carnal music of total release. WE MUST MAKE OF JOY ONCE MORE A CRIME AGAINST THE STATE!

Is it possible for the tirelessly rational system which is "popular" music ever to GO BACK ON ITS WORDS? Or has this music become so cogniscant and inter-referential that all desire for escape and release has been extinguished? Will we never be "lost in music"?

These questions *must be asked*. For if music is no more than a cultural reference-point, THEN IT IS NOTHING.

From the spirit of this tragedy must come the birth of a new music — a music whose warning signals have already been received: 'Transmission', Birdman's '194', The Saints' 'Night In Venice', and 'King Ink'.

Of course we may continue to display ironical love for such advanced cultural artefacts as Prince, The B-52's, Michael Jackson, Disco (though not Chic, who have overstepped their mark), The Rolling Stones (the playing on 'Start Me Up' is among the year's great performances), or even such kitsch diamonds of MOR dance production as Dollar's 'Hand Held In Black And White'.

Naturally we shall not forget The Drifters, 'Astral Weeks', Etta James, Spector, 'Liar Liar' by The Castaways, 'Jeepster', and all real SOUL music . . .

Nor shall we allow history to bury the names of Alex Chilton and Arthur Lee . . .

In fact, we shall try to remember as much great music as it is possible to do.

But what we will banish from memory is the whole heap of trash that is held in power by fools and phonies: REO Speedwagon, Bruce Springsteen, Lionel Ritchie, Fleetwood Mac, Paul McCartney, Debbie Harry and, worse still for the sycophantic love bestowed on them, Spandau Ballet, A Certain Ratio, Linx, August Darnell, The Teardrop Explodes . . .

"Oh wretched ephemeral race, children of chance and misery, why do you compel me to tell you what it would be most expedient for you not to hear? What is best of all is utterly beyond your reach: not to be born, not to *be*, to be *nothing*. But the second best for you is . . ."

I cannot finish the quotation. You must excuse this torrid rhetoric — angry, confused and above all, perhaps, misplaced — as the only possible substitute for the bitter silence of my tears. As this last sentence commences, a voice breaks in all the pain of its suppressed longing . . .

So in the words of 'A Dead Song':

HIT IT! WITH WORDS LIKE
THOU SHALT NOT
THE END

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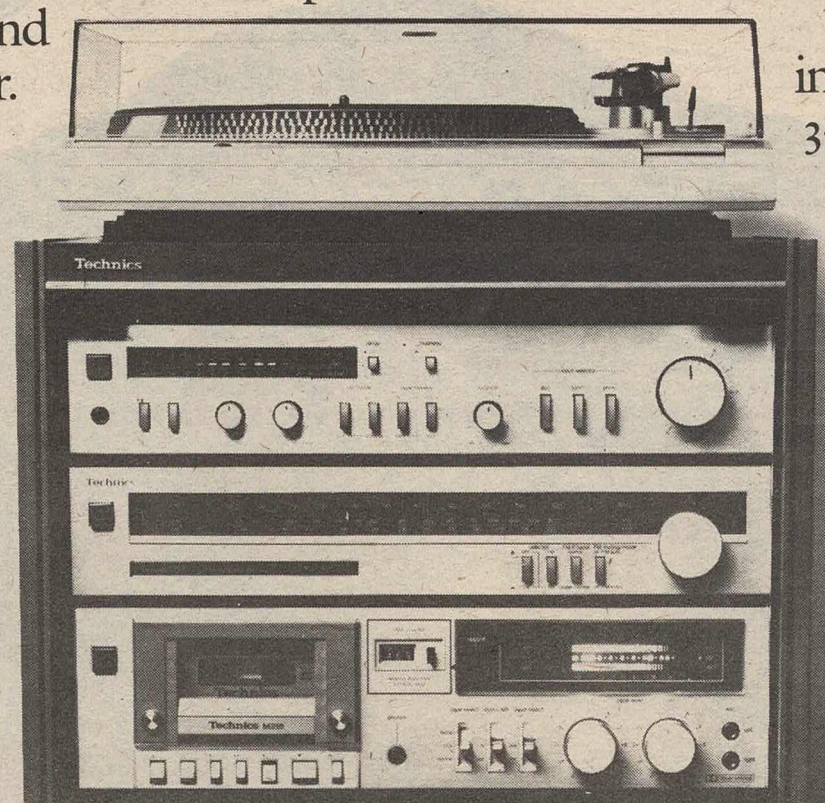

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BOWIE'S BACK PAGES

FEAST YOUR attractively mis-matched eyeballs on this wondrous assortment — taken, sneak-preview style, from the upcoming book *David Bowie: An Illustrated Record*. Written by *NME's* Roy Carr and Charles Shaar Murray, this voluptuous volume provides the definitive guide to Bowie's career — including completer-than-complete discography, critical evaluations, facts both trivial and profound, and lots of colourful pictorial evidence (ever see him in his 1968 ice cream commercial? You will ...)

David Bowie: An Illustrated Record is published by Eel Pie Books at £5.95. Watch that man.

Ziggy in Soho 1972

Decca Recording star, Davie Jones 1964

CHANGES EIGHTEEN BOWIE

King Bee | Polo | Manish | Mod | Harlequin | Oddity

Hunky | Dory | Aladdin | Pin-up | Doggy | American

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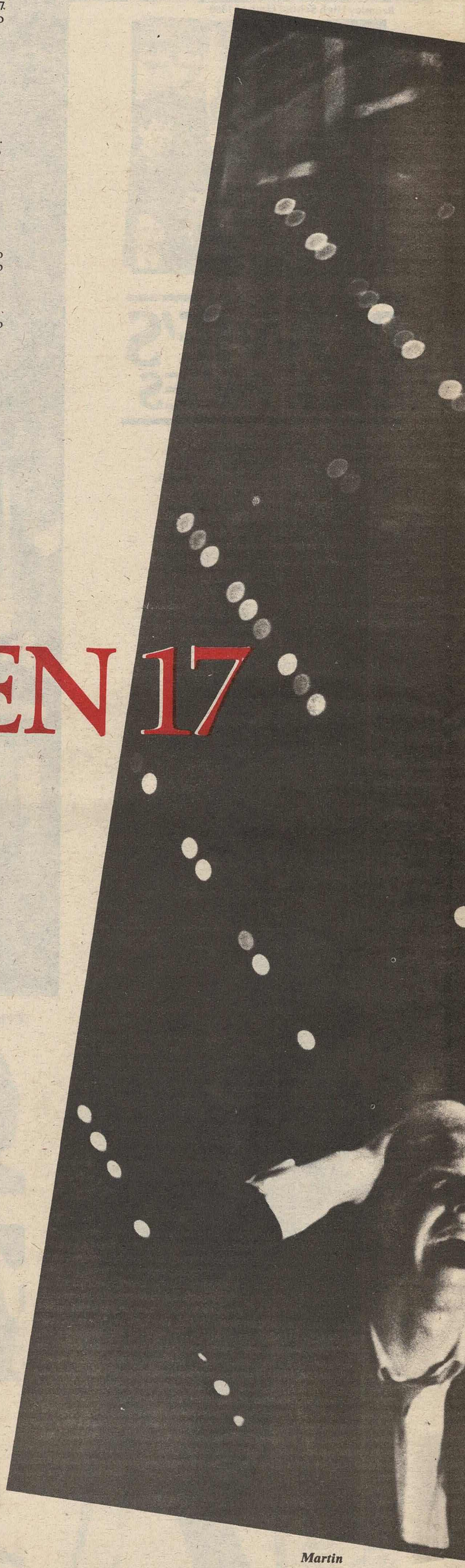
HEAVEN 17

British Electric Foundation — we ask the question: are the personnel political? Glenn Gregory, Ian Craig Marsh and Martyn Ware represent the company's case for businesslike autonomy and dart from disco deck to the heavenly Ultratheque, dodging dogma as deftly as they dance. Their aim . . . a foothold between design and demonstration. Their route . . . from penthouse to pavement and back again. Their life . . . the contradictions of suiting sober theory to the lightheaded tensions of an industrious night time. "If you can't stand the heat . . . get out of the foundry!"



Martin

Glenn

by Ian Penman

FIRST

AFTER a week in which I gambled and won, gambled and lost, slept a lot, accepted a lift, started to re-read some Nietzsche, stayed awake to re-watch *Sweet Smell of Success,* drove to Heathrow, flew up to Glasgow, decided to buy a pullover and walked around and around in the rain (was it raining?) I finally met the three big-grinning boys of Heaven 17 and the sombre minds behind British Electric Foundation and . . . we'll finish later.

We met in the mini cafeteria of a Clydeside radio station, the first side-line stop of a ridiculously crushed-cruising paced "disco appearance" (don't worry: it's nothing epistemological) (yet) micro-tour. The three well-suited boys of H17 are to enter and enjoy the clubs (that's the way: that's no performance) and almost as an afterthought use their present voices to sing over pre-recorded backing tapes of three tracks from their Top 30 LP 'Penthouse And Pavement': '(We Don't Need This) Fascist Groove Thang', 'Soul Warfare' and 'Play To Win'. And chat and distribute and look on top of one particular world.

This involves discos or superior clubs and not especially (or at all) the rock-evolved ones, just the unselfconsciously in-touch or hi-tech ones . . . ones tough from years (not just this year's pseudo — and why not? — socialite-up rev-olt) of dressing up chatting up getting up staying up snapping up. The make-it-work ethic: make the most, take the most, play to play. It's nothing new, but can still be shocking. Class soul fare. Desire and demand.

SECOND

This swift club consciousness is a small part of, a quick position in what H17 . . . no, there's no explanation.

THIRD

H17 have no precedents. (They share their responsibilities).

BEND

Most of what I seem to do with my weekend with H17's plain sailing trio is move.

We start by moving from the unnaturally quiet radio station (a few local MPs laughed loudly, that was it) into a densely smokey Glasgow bar and sit and listen to Garry of Unicorn Leisure — who own and proudly operate the three clubs we later lap up — as he delivers an admirably aggressive, admirably overstated, admirable, admirable sermon on the ineptitude of most club organization: the clumsiness, the clamminess, condescension, always aim for the lowest common denominator. London! he squeals. What a waste-land! We all agree when we can get words in between his. I'm beginning to warm . . . no need to explain.

Glasgow, says Garry a little later when we're all standing in a take away pizza parlour taking a waiting look at shiny youths slinking by, has always been a dancing city.

BEHOLD

Glasgow seems to breeze on an uncommon ease. There seems to be a club or two and a good or gaudy looking restaurant on every other street. This is obviously an impression heightened by the speed of our stay, but still . . . can' we believe a bit?

Ooooh. We all gasp. What? Watching Ultratheque come alive.

Ultratheque, we all agreed in whispers and moans, was the best club any of us had ever been in. They'd only just opened the doors: no staff, never mind revellers, but still . . . no competition. Ten times better than anything in New York EVEN! I grasp. What is it? Well, I can say its pillars splendour lasers lights mirrors mirrors mirrors mirrors space design functional-flash the *loveliest* LADIES (Garry takes particular pride in showing us before people flock to occupy it) but you just won't know. I don't.

It's a jewel, perfectly provided for, sumptuous, immaculate, details like you'd wake up from, delicate staff, every drink under our sun cheaply . . . and before you ask it's only £2.70 entrance on two nights a week and £2.00 on the other. Glasgow, you're spoiled. (I just said that to fill Gasbag with letters: don't be so literal). It's not a matter of whims and trivia and . . . if you don't know it's not worth the explanation it would take.

BRIEF

Line of chance, line of hips, line of movement.

HARD TIMES

After full scale confrontation with the take away pizza parlour, a squealing tyre drive and rushing down a hill, H17 get half an hour or so to eat and look neat in someone's flat. It turns out to be the only really relaxing break anyone gets — slumped in front of a TV unfolding detailed information about lost jobs, vacant lots, factories TO LET . . . and Scotland, and Glasgow (although this had been the case long before 'recession' became a catch-all code word) look much worse than most.

The first engagement is a walk away, in a club called Maestro's — downmarket from Ultratheque, it looks much better than many. H17 run through the routine with hardly a hitch, and are just moving onto the dancefloor or pushing back towards the bar when we're all whisked off to Ultratheque.

CHIC

It's true, I think, floating into Ultratheque — *one only desires as a function of the machine wherein one is contained.* Contours, contortions, cocktails . . . Ultratheque's gleeful audience, dancing to and with the best, appear to be a lot less desperate than a lot of London's nightlife. Maybe, I think, it's because we're desperate . . . for something like this. (It could also be something sociological to do with London being made up of so many nomadic tribes, immigrants from Norfolk to Naipaul, cliques: divided.) Glasgow features a discreet integration of cool — the hi-fashion pose and the weekend pick-up mesh personably.

A girl with a wicked grin pinches my bum. H17 sprint through the routine with shouts and extravagant gestures and are just being dragged onto the dancefloor (runway? op art showcase? hallucination?) or spinning around the bar when we're all stuffed into cars for a one minute 60 mile drive to Edinburgh. By this time — club and appearance number three — it's about 2am.

NON STOP

The Edinburgh club is blaring unsurpassable old Motown — we all go gymnastic and H17 gallop through the routine without a twitch of self-consciousness. 'I didn't know whether it was day or night! — I started drinking everything in sight!' We're all getting ready to exit with the local clientele when the club manager announces he shall open another mini club upstairs for our rapidly increasing little entourage. Two Fire Engines man the record deck, people from Fast offer anyone jobs, and everyone tries to outdo everyone else's ridiculously energetic dance style. Two local cops settle in — hats off lads, a wee drink perhaps? — and watch our interpretations of Gibson Brothers, Kraftwerk, James Brown, David Bowie with bemusement. Everyone gets soaked and shouts: "*Hard* times!"

CAUSE

The afternoon after, one H17 voice has gone altogether and all three bodies feel diminished. "It was when we were all shouting along to Gibson Brother's 'Cuba' . . . remember? I didn't stop for *14½ records.* Oh God . . ."

That night the three baggy H17 boys have a club in Manchester and a club in Liverpool to rip through; they've overscheduled — overindulged — themselves, and alterations have to be made. The appearances are maintained, but no singing only miming, if at all. We have plenty of ideas — like, maybe play someone else altogether and just have them dance to it! — and they're duly noted for the future.

HEAVEN 34

The meaning of our lightheadedness. The greatest recent event — that "rock is dead", that any belief in the *mythos* has become unbelievable has already cast its first immaculately conceived shadows over us.

Walking into Ultratheque I knew that this was so. It's probably much truer of the provinces than of London. In Ultratheque it was so easy to feel unconfirmed, unconfined, unselfconscious and dying to get to work. That night was going to be an event: shattered, shattering . . . shadowy. (Shadows everywhere: bright white shadows, red shadows, transparent shadows, as well as all the usual dark, secluded, sniffling shadows.)

Walking into Ultratheque you are entering no mere nightclub, but a nightlife machine, scrupulously organised and sensually operated. Night shifts (into what you want it to.) I realised how far the bulky entrepreneurial monsters and fixed-fashion werewolves of the capital had scoured the fun out of staying out in London. I will be straying out in future . . .

HUMILITY

There are those around us, of course, who say — who SHOUT when *sober,* and haven't we learnt to distrust *that?* — that our concentrated skirting against the edges of today's long overdue and perhaps revolutionary emphasis on leisure instincts and pleasure technologies is somehow a disgraceful crime, given the current social-political climate.

— "You sober people who feel well armed against passion and fantasies and would like to turn your emptiness into a matter of pride and an ornament: you call yourself realists and hint that the world really is the way it appears to you."

You loud mouthed people who take prisoners with your 'examples' — you know, "I know x number of people who are unemployed or who couldn't afford to . . ." The trouble with this sort of out-burst is that it allows for the equally meaningless opposition response — "I know x number of friends who *can,* who *do,* who . . ."

Take those ridiculous hoarsemen of the emblematised apocalypse, The Clash, talking to their captive audience in the *NME* last week: as if the rock (what?) industry had a monopoly on extravagance and dubious deeds, and as if they themselves lived in a *Play School* world of politics where the social picture outside varied according to which shape of window you chance to look through. Yeeuugh! Get out of the playpen, *men.* As if you only have to play Music Type 'A' to galvanise Audience Type 'B'. As if . . . contradictions didn't exist.

Hold on to your contradictions: cherish them. Nurture them! Contradictions. (Does Mick Jones consider his Eileen Fowley LP any less a comparative 'indulgence' within our rock industry economy —

photos Anton Corbijn

Ian

TRAVELS THROUGH DESIRE AND DEMAND

economies of money *and* personality — than a new baggy suit or a cocaine receipt? Does he have a sneer for that fairly substantial section of the paying public who choose not to spend their cash on an Eileen Fowley or Clash LP but spend it instead going to a go go?)

Do you want to know what I think? I think that sober shouters like The Clash are stinking jealous of the uncluttered movers like Heaven 17, Specials, Beat who've seized the MOMENT and the moment's language and mode and resonance . . . with HUMOUR and a personal dab or dub of political humidity . . . without the metaphoric sweat or slog or slogan, without platitude or Art attitude.

You have to keep up with the fragmented state things are in — not just keep on about it with a moan and fall behind.

ONE

Appropriately enough, we try to interview on a train. This is comprised of the usual things: stops, starts, doldrums, gossip, japes, evasion, indecision, drinks, carry on. As the crow flies?

The first words on the first tape are spoken by Glenn Gregory; cut from the middle of a sentence. You're welcome to them:

". . . there *is* no ultimate truth."

TWO

"Martin gives Manchester *the thumbs down*. Is it *grey?* It's grey. Yeah, Sheffield's a pretty dull place . . . there's not much to do there, really. On Wednesday night there's one club called *Pennys.*"

Where did you all learn your dance steps?

THREE

"Where did we all learn our dance steps? Well, Ian doesn't do any. Ian never dances — Ian has never ever danced."

Is that correct?

"It most certainly is."

"Ian Craig Marsh has never ever danced in his entire life."

THEORY BEHIND

Was this disco-appearance micro-tour planned . . . at the drop of a hat?

"It has not been planned *at all*. Oh come on — the idea was quite a while ago, but as regards . . ."

". . . it *was*, it was planned six weeks in advance. The details weren't sorted out but that's just by the by. What Ian's talking about is the actual . . . *theory* behind it."

"But we had no idea what we were gonna do once we got up there until last night . . .

"We were gonna get up there and *sing!* and look as if we were having a good time! That's the idea.

"Did we succeed — did we look as though we were enjoying ourselves?"

Yeah.

THEORY BEYOND

Wasn't this disco-appearance micro-tour originally supposed to be sponsored by Ricard?

"Ricard said they could do it, they would do it, all those companies would do it . . . and Ricard agreed to do it. But because they have to go through so much red tape at their end — in deciding how much budget they've got for various things each year — it takes them months to come to a real decision on paper to say *Well, here's the cash;* it has to go through so many people and we needed it done in quite a rush. But in the future — if we organised it far enough in advance they certainly would be interested."

What does that entail: instead of the record company paying for everything . . ?

"Yeah, yeah, and we just have to wear PERNOD on the back of our shirts and get lots of bottles of Pernod wherever we go . . ."

"And also there was the idea initially that — say it had been Pernod, there would have been free Pernod drinks for people in the clubs at certain times, which I think would have been quite good . . ."

MOSCOW MULE

Vodka and ginger beer, shaken not stirred

THE SIP

The Richard Burgess . . . "attempt at the album was unsuitable for Hot Gossip's image, and they were desperately scrabbling around for some way of salvaging the situation. Carol Wilson at DinDisc just happened to have heard 'Penthouse And Pavement' — they played it to Arlene, who really liked it, plus in the past they'd all been Human League fans anyway, early Human League material. So their album was put together comprising three old Human League tracks, a couple of tracks off our album — 'Soul Warfare' and 'Geisha Boys And Temple Girls' and a few other covers, a Sting song and Talking Heads' 'Houses In Motion'."

Sounds like The Grace Jones . . . method.

THE NEXT LP

. . . is called 'Music Of Quality And Distinction' and is cover after cover over cover. Many vocalists and mini marvels — but "just number one in a series, not just a one off" — including Glenn Gregory, Sandie Shaw, 'Perfect Day', 'Wichita Lineman', 'Be My Baby', Pete Shelley's 'Are Everything' (already heard on the other side of 'I'm Your Money' recently), 'It's Over', 'You Keep Me Hanging On', 'American Trilogy', 'There's A Ghost In My House' and . . . oh, 'These Boots Were Made For Walking'.

The next British Electric Foundation LP is, then, quite "melody orientated".

THE PENT . . . MENT LP

"Well originally it was a satirical comment on the aspirations of the middle class to aspire to working class roots that they'd never had in the first place . . . and the opposite of that, which is fairly obvious. The truly working class people not worrying a toss about credibility or inverted snobbery but just actually wanting to improve their lives. Alternatively, it could be a load of rubbish.

"The idea of it being a "concept album" is a load of rubbish, but there is some sort of theme running through it."

Or spilled over it accidentally.

CONTINUES PAGE 65 ▸

The French Lieutenant's Woman

Directed by Karel Reisz
Starring Meryl Streep, Jeremy Irons, Leo McKern, Lynsey Baxter and Patience Collier (United Artists)

Meryl Streep as Anna as Sarah Woodruff in The Masque Of The Red Death (Are you sure about this one? — Ed.)

Lust never Streeps

or, how Harold Pinter got to grips with some Fowles language and managed to write the script for the unfilmable film of the decade

AS IF you didn't know, *The French Lieutenant's Woman* opens in London this Thursday. It already looks a clear winner in the year's best-hyped film stakes, after a media blitz of special previews in the press and on BBC2's *Newsnight* in recent weeks; and if this means good box-office business, there's also an imminent danger of overkill. After such a fuss, people may well be disappointed, however good the film is.

A second effect of the publicity has been to highlight attention on the John Fowles novel on which the film is based. Even those of you who have not read the novel have probably read about the difficulties it presented to the film-makers: how *The French Lieutenant's Woman* is a 19th century love story told by a 20th century narrator who constantly interrupts the story to place his characters in the wider contexts of a Victorian culture which, in turn, he compares with our own; and how it is a novel with *two* endings.

The emphasis on these problematical aspects of the book has meant that, in early discussions, the film has been judged in terms of the book, in terms of how well (or not) it has solved the problems presented by the book, how well it works as a film-of-the-book rather than as a film in itself.

This is understandable — I was totally unable to disengage my knowledge of the book from my watching of the film — but I suspect it means that people who haven't read the book are watching a completely different film to those who have.

The story of *The French Lieutenant's Woman* concerns Charles Smithson, aristocrat, amateur scientist, ardent Darwinist, fiancee of the pretty but spoilt Ernestina Freeman, and his extraordinary relationship with Sarah Woodruff, an ex-governess who, betrayed by her French lover, lives as a virtual outcast from the narrowly moralistic circle of a respectable Lyme society that is only too ready to consign her to the brothel or the asylum. The couple's burgeoning love is a tangled affair of repressed sexuality, self-deceit and desperate passion that has to struggle against the very foundations of society and language before it can express itself freely.

In the novel, this struggle is largely an interior process: Fowles describes his characters trying to be honest with themselves and each other, silently grappling with a self-awareness that not merely defies convention but the whole weight of received wisdom. In the film, the interior processes are made visible in facial expressions. And while the novelist's prose perhaps allows more complexity, the performances of Meryl Streep and Jeremy Irons give the film an intensity that is at times riveting — she all neurotic jerks and passionate glances, he the stare ahead, swallow hard and stiff upper lip type.

Streep is magnificent; able to invest the simple act of untying her hair with all the emotional charge of a love declaration. Her impeccable English accent impresses, but it is her face which dominates the film; a startled, often startling, register of fleeting emotional subtleties.

Fowles' convoluted love story is brilliantly condensed in dramatist Harold Pinter's screenplay, a model of the succinct. But the contextualising and the alternative endings are less surely rendered. Pinter and director Karel Reisz *(of Morgan, Isadora* and *The Gambler* fame) devised the strategem of a film within a film to maintain a distancing effect comparable to that of Fowles' style of narration.

So, *The French Lieutenant's Woman* is actually a film about the making of a film of the novel; in which we see the leading lady, Anna (who plays Sarah Woodruff), and the leading man, Mike (who plays Charles Smithson), having an affair that acts as a kind of dialogue with the affair between the characters they play.

This sub-plot of Mike and Anna's affair, skilfully intercut with the original Charles/Sarah story, allows Pinter to play all kinds of teasing games, creating a packed minefield of echoes, parallels and ironies. You can get lost in here for hours, noting that Anna's boyfriend is *voila!* a Frenchman; wondering if Mike's empty marriage to Sonia reflects how Charles and Tina would have been; puzzling whether Anna's remark to Sonia — "I really envy you" — refers back obliquely to Sarah's "Why was I not born Miss Freeman?"; as well as clocking up all the more obvious contrasts, and similarities that Pinter finds between Victorian sexual mores and our own.

If the sub-plot has a flaw, it's that it doesn't quite stand up on its own, but becomes a little too cryptic and elusive to balance the main plot; a fault which becomes evident at the end.

The ending — or endings — is in fact the film's weak spot (with Carl Davis' dubiously treacly score). The idea of assigning the novel's two endings — one to the main plot, one to the sub-plot — is fair enough. It's just that both endings have been made rather cursory. The Mike/Ann story becomes contrived at the last; but, most disappointingly, the Charles and Sarah story climaxes on a lame confrontation, the one occasion Pinter overdoes the cutting and loses a lot of meat and motive from the scene.

It *is* only at the end, though, that the film falters. Up until then, Pinter and Reisz maintain a discreet balance of sexual passion, emotional distress and mordant wit that is fleshed out superbly by Streep and Irons; by a trio of excellent cameos from Leo McKern, Lynsey Baxter, and Patience Collier as the dreadful Mrs Poulteney; and by Freddie Francis' ravishing cinematography which, especially in its views of Lyme's luxuriant Undercliff, recaptures a Pre-Raphaelite sensibility.

You must make up your own mind, of course; but this review at least can have an unequivocal and happy ending. *The French Lieutenant's Woman* is a very good film indeed.

Graham Lock

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A

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London's Scala cinema has a brand new print of the classic 1956 rock'n'roll movie *The Girl Can't Help It* — which means that now's the chance to see all of Jayne Mansfield as Cinemascope intended. Frank Tashlin's cynical comic strip flick is showing at the Scala from tomorrow (Friday) until Monday and is paired with *The Little Richard Show* (tomorrow), *Mister Rock'n'Roll* (Saturday), your old favourite 'Plus Support' (Sunday) and *Go Johnny Go!* (Monday). For details on *Girl* and all the others (except the enigmatic 'Plus Support'), why not dip into the *NME Guide To Rock Cinema*, a sparky little tome that's a snip at £1.50 and the fruit of four years' loving labour by peerless buff Fred Dellar. Mind you, there's a foreword by Monty Smith that's in somewhat dubious taste. *(We asked you not to mention that. — Hamlyn Paperbacks.)* So don't forget — *Brideshead Revisited,* ITV every Tuesday, for the rest of your natural.

EURO BLITZ SPECIAL

Silver Screen

Silver Screen's ethnic brigade report from the Continent

(a cosy little theatre just off the Edgware Road)

Diary Of A Chambermaid

Directed by Luis Bunuel
Starring Jeanne Moreau, Georges Geret and Michel Piccoli (Artificial Eye)

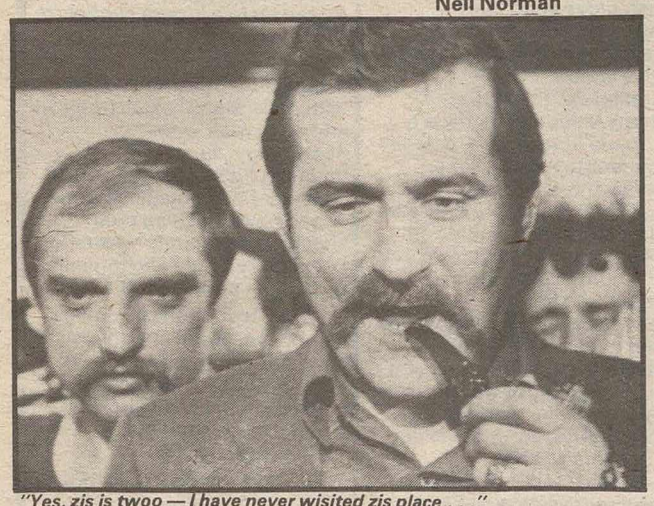
WRITTEN IN 1900, Octave Mirbeau's novel has twice been used as the basis for a film; Jean Renoir adapted it in 1946 for Hollywood while Bunuel's version, made in 1964, has been shifted to take place in the late '20s. Apart from being a stylistic device this updating firmly places the story in the path of the gathering stormclouds of Fascism (a concluding symbol) and allows Bunuel the freedom of associative movement within the plot.

Arriving from Paris at the Monteil home in Normandy, the new maid Celestine is quickly initiated into the peculiarities of the various members of the household: old M. Rabour, the boot fetishist; Mme. Monteil, his daughter, who conducts mysterious 'scientific' experiments in her room; her shifty and frustrated husband (Piccoli looking extraordinarily like Ron Mael) who shoots butterflies, chases the maids and continually argues with his neighbour, Capitaine Mauger, who in turn responds by chucking his rubbish into Monteil's garden; and Joseph, the surly gardener / handyman, whose idea of fun is to bust heads at left-wing political meetings.

Though more approachable than most of the director's films (the novel's narrative is closely followed) *Diary Of A Chambermaid* draws no neat conclusions but rather uses its various characters to comment on different facets of la bete humaine. As always, Bunuel's great gift is his ability to combine sardonic wit with bleak and violent issues — *Diary* is *ostensibly* an urbane sex comedy — and the original and intriguing way he distributes human sympathy.

Add to this his mastery of technique and imagery — one minute you're laughing at the farcical antics of the randy Monteil, the next recoiling in horror at the snails crawling over the dead girl's spreadeagled legs — and any dispute as to Bunuel's genius turns to dust.

Neil Norman



"Yes, zis is twoo — I have never wisited zis place . . ." Eric von Daniken guest stars in Wajda's Chariots Of Iron.

Three Brothers

Directed by Francesco Rosi
Starring Charles Varnel, Philippe Noiret and Michele Placido (Artificial Eye)

WITH THE Italian cinema deep in the doldrums, Rosi's new film is — given its downbeat subject matter — unlikely to arouse sensation or rebirth. If *City Of Women* is a gorged indulgence then *Three Brothers* (loosely drawn from a Platonov story) is a spare repast: a (mostly) peaceful, almost sedentary examination of allegiances in a modest southern Italian family that marks a change of pace for the director of hard-nut politico-criminal thrillers like *Lucky Luciano* and *Illustrious Corpses*.

Luciano charted, within a larger canvas, family values poisoned by corruption; *Three Brothers* seems more demurely mounted. The wife of an old farmer of southern peasant stock dies and the patriarch sends for his three sons, each now acclimatised to a different city occupation. Raffaele, the eldest, is a judge about to take on the case of the assassination of a colleague by terrorists; Rocco is a reform school teacher and general idealist; the youngest, Nicola, is a factory worker and activist, staggering away from a ruined marriage.

A curious, perhaps volatile mix? Maybe — but any potential disquiet is soon dispelled by the tranquility of the pastoral setting and the mournful resignation of the father, Donato. The action, such as it is, revolves around the family arriving for the funeral and the burial itself.

Within this simple framework Rosi instead goes for the tempting vehicle of dream and memory. The brothers' hopes or fears are explored in dreams each has at their former home. Raffaele sees his own bloody murder by terrorists; Nicola, a romantic reconciliation; Rocco, leading his children to clean up a vile, messy world.

What eventually irritates is that the trio are so slightly drawn. Rosi spends so long on crafting the placid warmth of the atmosphere he leaves the brothers as shadowy, stereotypical figures.

These men are distracted and confused by their distance from their origins: Raffaele, meeting with a friendly gathering of contemporaries, barstool preaching on anti-policital terror which he is only too closely tied up in, is at a loss when faced with their stubbled chins and coarse-breathed simplistics. But Rosi also seems frustrated in trying to determine and explain the reasons for their isolation. The glimpses of an ultra-violent scene outside are a lame appendage.

There are compensations. The burnished countryside is impeccably photographed by Pasqualino de Santis; and in Charles Varnel's performance as the old man there are the seeds of a great movie. Allotted only scraps of dialogue, Varnel instead registers towering emotions with a tic of his worn, walnut-shell features. His moving relationship with Nicola's little daughter — tellingly, the only female member of the family who registers — and recollections of his own wedding day and young wife provide the film's most clearly realised moments.

Donato's final act in the story provokes such a gush of feeling I had to gulp very hard. As a subsidiary commentary on old age, this is remarkable; a shame that the rest seems so undecided.

Richard Cook

Man Of Iron

Directed by Andrzej Wajda
Starring Jerzy Radziwilowicz, Krystyna Janda and Marian Opania (Artificial Eye)

The Constant Factor

Directed by Krzysztof Zanussi
Starring Tadeusz Bradecki, Zofia Mrozowska and Cezary Morawski (Cinegate)

THE FILMS of Poland's best known director Andrzej Wajda have always been made first and foremost *for* and *against* his compatriots, reflecting their fluctuating moods and struggles and the temperature of the times with an emotional integrity often lacking in Western cinema. The ones that get shown here are invaluable insights into a hitherto sheltered society and, best of all, into the high standards of a film industry that operates independently of the lowest common denominator demands of the commercial market place.

Relying on the state for funding leads to different problems, but these are considerably diminished for directors of Wajda's international standing (or Zanussi's cunning). Even so, the Polish State has allowed an extraordinary amount of internal criticism — of its muddled bureaucracy, petty corruption, police brutality, censorship and Poland's wartime exploits — in the films it has paid for.

Bearing in mind the workings of the industry then, it must be irritating for both funders and funded that their product is invariably greeted in the West with inordinate glee as voices of dissent irrespective of their qualities. Why else was Wajda's worst '70s film *Rough Treatment* — about the freezing out of a journalist out of favour — so highly praised here?

Wajda's best films, however, deserve all the accolades, and *Man Of Iron* is one of them. It's sequel to his *Man Of Marble*, in which a student film-maker encountered official resistance when she tried to piece together a film documenting the downfall of a champion bricklayer in the '50s. In *Man Of Iron* we discover that he was killed during the Gdansk shipyard strikes of 1970, and that the film maker has married his son Maciek (with Solidarity leader Lech Walesa in attendance).

These incidents are revealed in flashback, as the film opens during last year's Gdansk strike that gave birth to the Solidarity movement. A weak-willed journalist in the pay of the secret police has been sent to the shipyard — ostensibly to report on the strike, but in reality to gather together incriminating material on Maciek, who is one of the strike's leaders.

Through his meetings with Maciek's wife, family and colleagues, he weaves together the strands of the strikers' profound discontent. Shot at during the '70 strike and subjected to betrayal by the government ever since through price rises and broken promises, the workers of '80 were this time bitter and suss enough to organise themselves into Solidarity to protect themselves and their interests.

Maciek, the *Man Of Iron*, personifies one man's struggle against the odds to expose the brutality of the authorities as part of a campaign to organise an independent union. Through the journalist, we get to see the indiscreet and decadent charm of Poland's new bourgeoisie whose actions are governed by cowardice and self-interest.

Obviously things aren't that clearcut, and *Man Of Iron* doesn't pretend they are. It's a complex, compelling factional investigation, conducted via interviews, flashbacks and old newsreels, of Poland in flux and also a celebration of the indominatable spirit of Solidarity.

If Wajda is primarily interested in massive sweeps in Poland's history, Zanussi concerns himself more with the internal struggle of an individual coming to terms with the reality of living in a society whose values have been warped by long term shortages.

The hero of *The Constant Factor* is a young, almost puritanical electrician whose refusal to take part in his factory's petty embezzlements and doctoring of expenses is likely to jeopardise his colleagues' activities, and also alienate him from them.

They point out that honesty is an easy policy for a single man to follow, but a family man has to supplement his income as best he can. He remains unconvinced, obstinately sticks by his guns and eventually loses his job. The discovery that corruption is widespread and not confined to his work place doesn't disillusion him, even when by the film's conclusion fate itself seems to be conspiring against him.

A weird hero indeed and not one likely to ingratiate himself with Westerners who have come to accept small-scale office theft and fiddling as job perks. However, Zanussi's film isn't so much an indictment of dishonesty, or even a model for living, as a portrait of one man whose spiritual outlook and belief in purity of body and mind won't allow him take part.

His hobbies are mathematics and mountain climbing.

Chris Bohn

DAMN YANKEEISMS OVER PAGE, FILM FANS!

The French Lieutenant's Woman AA

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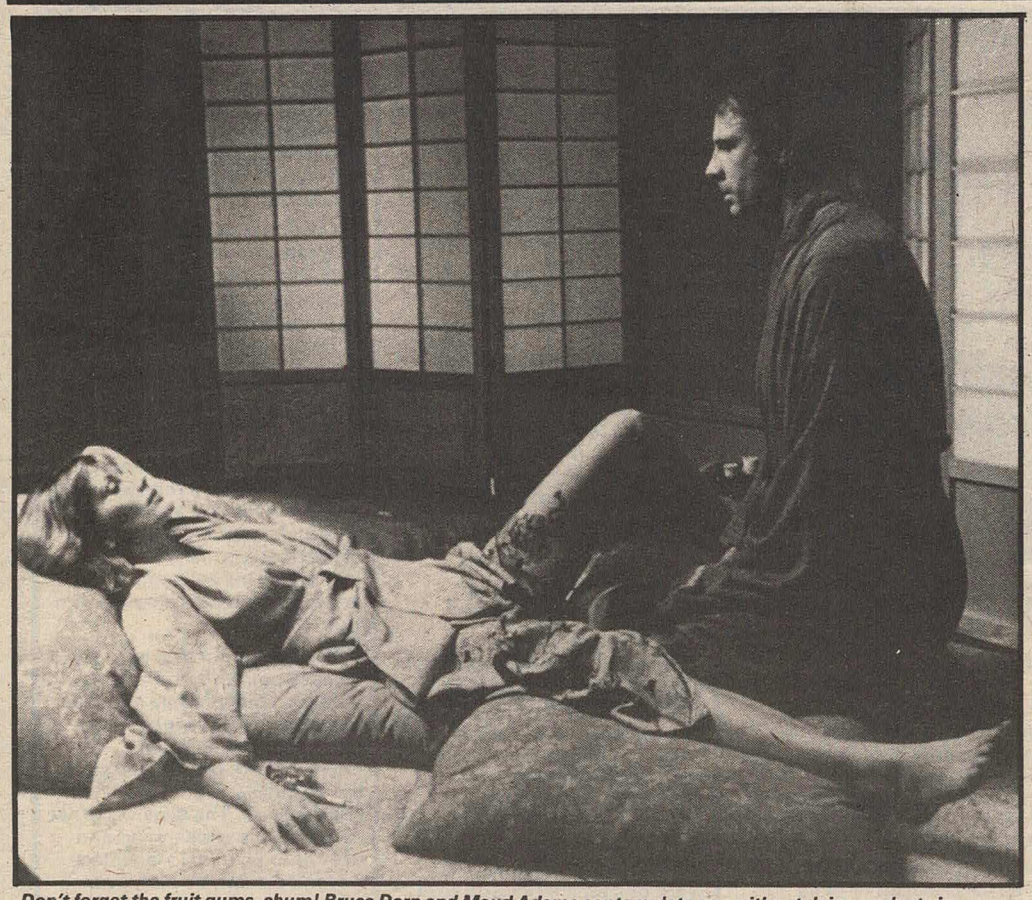

Don't forget the fruit gums, chum! Bruce Dern and Maud Adams contemplate sex without dairy products in Tattoo, the latest entrant from the 'Do you smoke after intercourse?' 'Don't know, I've never looked' school of film-making.

Tattoo

Directed by Bob Brooks
Starring Bruce Dern and Maud Adams (HandMade)

KARL KINSKY is not one of the great alluring anti-heroes of the cinema. His impact could be measured against taxi drivers and barstool jerk-offs everywhere and found wearily Quixotic, in fact. But anti-heroes are back in the cinema, and so is The (low-life) Odyssey, and if it is more likely to be a "simulated" stance tilting at a hint or a whole lot more of female crotch than lance vs. windwill then that is the price we pay — or don't, if we review — for pretending these are the post-post-promiscuous '80s.

Karl Kinsky is Bruce Dern is *Tattoo's* doppleganger for Jack Nicholson in Raflson's somnambulist historical revision of *The* post — *Postman Always Rings Twice*. Both films have generated a common "controversy" — over whether their respective pairs of hunky heterosexual starlets actually "did IT" on set. Or: a few idiots in the entertainment media have hooked into this ITbit by way of bypassing the overall ordinary nature of both projects. Why *do* they do IT?

Karl doesn't do IT, to start with. He is transparently modelled on the Travis Bickle archetype — a gentleman in manners and a porn booth traveller after dark — and when he meets the Guinevere of his dotty dreams (Maddy — just about played by ex-model Maud Adams, who certainly wasn't chosen for her expansive acting experience) IT is out of the QUESTion.

The quest begins when a hi-fashion magazine takes Karl from his humble tatto parlour to paint a few mock designs on a few real models — including Maddy, who he immediately adores. Karl's idea of seduction is a dressing-down in moral terms alone — straight at his opposite number, foregoing his own copious contradictions.

Tattoo does nothing to distort or disturb the pristine logic of Karl's lunacy; it tacitly enforces it by way of that crappy old cop-out — everyone around the psycho is equally insane . . . we're all insane! what is sanity? etc. "He fondles you in public," Karl observes of Maddy's boyfriend — a real *swinger*. "He doesn't *love* you." Karl continues to divide his own time between gaudy inks and furtive wanks.

Karl loves Maddy. Karl kidnaps Maddy. Karl maps out his 'mark' of respect — a garish body-length tattoo — over Maddy. This is his way of 'cleansing' her before they can do IT. Prune juice would perhaps have been quicker, but that would be a trickier metaphor to follow.

And metaphor is what we are asked to believe — or we reviewers are, being in receipt of a 33 page synopsis, which asks us to believe on a large number of separate occasions — *Tattoo* is all about.

Just what this metaphoric allusiveness sets out to sort out is unclear for what we have here is, (un) effectively, a movie assembled entirely of parentheses. A few minutes of serviceman Kinsky in Japan and he is OBSESSED with the terrific mythic impact of the tattoo. A few frames of Maddy and he is OBSESSED again — a sucker for the inextricable relationship, this guy.

Tattoo carries with it, of course, the invaluable commercial promise of IT — which, when it arrives in the final few frames, is a crushing blow of communal anti-climax; a more clumsily alluded to erotic resonance you won't find outside of Gilbert and Miranda's colourless courtship dance in the current *Crossroads*. What's more, *Tattoo* resurrects the orgasm-death mutual chasm equation (coming and going with the same breath) which we all thought had walked away down the corrida a long while ago. This also manages to render Karl's quest somehow justifiable — Maddy has to join in to get out, and her beatific condluding smile (it *could* just be Maud Adams' bad acting) indicates that *now she understands why he kept her locked up in a broom cupboard for so long . . .*

Plenty of exemplary movies in recent memory have dealt with obsessions sexual (mainly) and otherwise — the psychology, span, stick, ugliness, illusion and above all context of individual dementia — and have revealed their shocks as all the more scary for being quite firmly anchored in a wide open social world.

Tattoo bludgeons its dullard symbolism about in a solipsistic daze and vainly aspires to an autonomous mythological value it simply can't afford: it's a much more convincing mess than its protagonist.

The opening few slow motion seconds of observed ritual in Japan hint at what might have been. After that it's all downhill — or rather the ceaseless strain of up, up, up, uphill towards IT. And *Tattoo* just doesn't do it.

Ian Penman

Every great love leaves its mark.
TATTOO X
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Out Of The Blue

Directed by Dennis Hopper
Starring Linda Manz, Dennis Hopper and Raymond Burr (Cinegate)

AND INTO THE black ugly reaches of Dennis Hopper's mind. Ever since he was cast as a cowardly runt in *Rebel Without A Cause*, he has pursued a violently pessimistic line with the bitterness of a former childstar betrayed by the Hollywood dream of eternal youth. He has never quite gotten over the revelation of growing up and old, an inevitability he staves off in his few films as director by having his outsider heroes consumed by his own self-destructive urges.

Small wonder that he was attracted to Neil Young's song 'My My Hey Hey', which admits punk's fast-fuse lifespan to be a better alternative than Elvis Presley's decline from teen ideal into middle-aged sloth, heartburn and a pampered glutton's death.

Hopper's *Out Of The Blue*, taking its cue from the line *"It's better to burn out than fade away"*, records a delinquent girl CeBe's struggle to survive the nightmarish inadequacies of her parents. Her trucker dad Don (Hopper) has been jailed for drunkenly driving through a school bus, killing a bunch of kids, while her waitress mom bides her time until his release with the consolations of a heroin habit and an affair with her boss.

Living in an unforgiving small town community, CeBe steels herself to its hostility by playing at punk. Her twin idols are the young Presley and Sid Vicious, and she spits Rotten curses at anyone who crosses her. Inwardly though she dreams of a cosy family life, which might actually become reality when her dad is paroled. However her optimism is shortlived, her happiness is irrevocably shattered when she discovers her dad is a despicable drunk after all — and that's not just because the town won't let him forget his crime — and she looks to her idols for a way out.

As a ruralisation of punk's brutal inner city visions, *Out Of The Blue* is both tawdry and brilliant. Filmed under intermittently grey skies, the bleakness of the small townscape is reflected in the narrowness of its population's scope.

Observing the adults on a soul-destroying circuit of work followed by play in dull bars or diners, one sympathises automatically with CeBe's embracing of the Sex Pistols' aggressive, alien values. But she's not as tough as she dresses herself up to be, a fact which Linda Manz's moving portrayal makes poignantly clear.

If she provides the film with its heart, Dennis Hopper's performance — pitched somewhere between his cynical Tom Ripley and crazy *Apocalypse Now* photographer — is its hollow soul. I can't imagine anybody else outside Hopper wanting to direct himself in such an ugly part, but then of all Hollywood's mavericks he has always been the most self-abasing.

Chris Bohn

Nothing could stop the men, the mini, the madness.

GOODBYE PORK PIE AA

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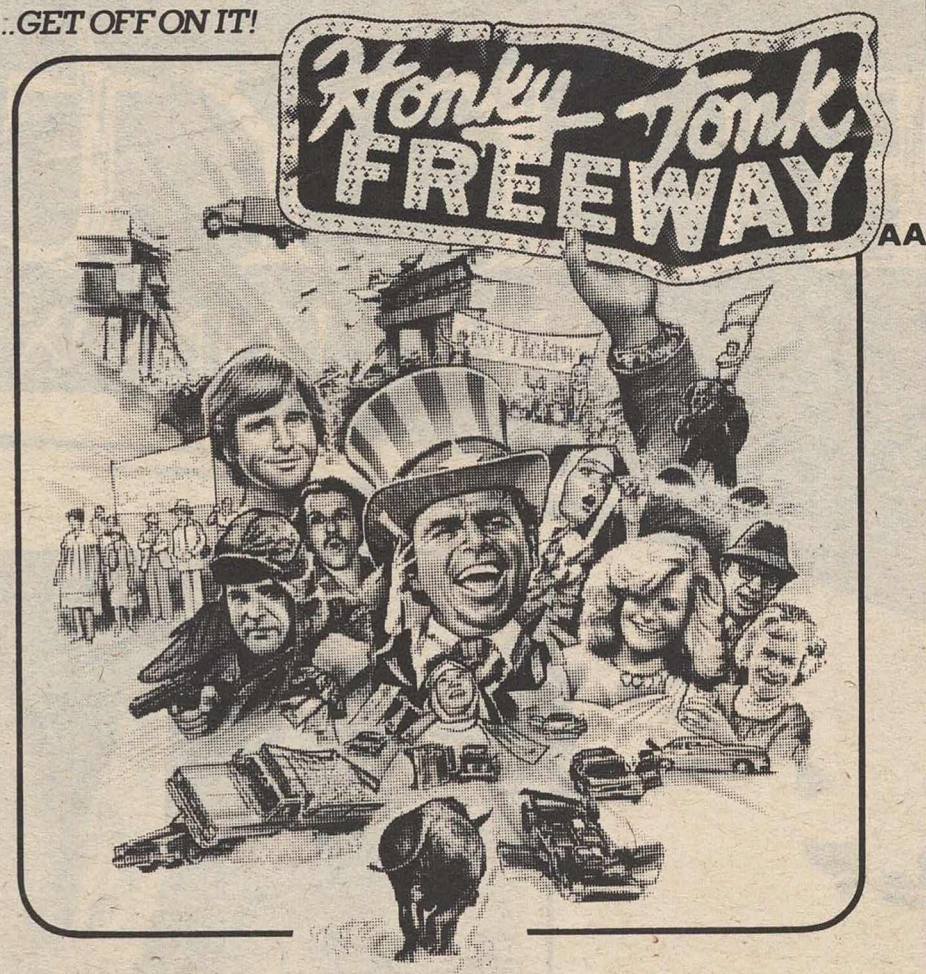

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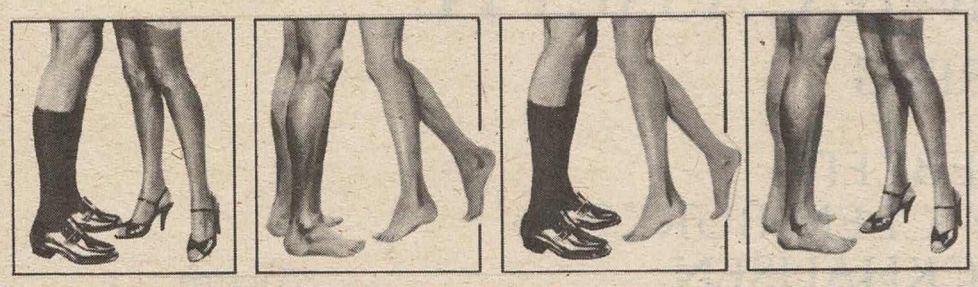

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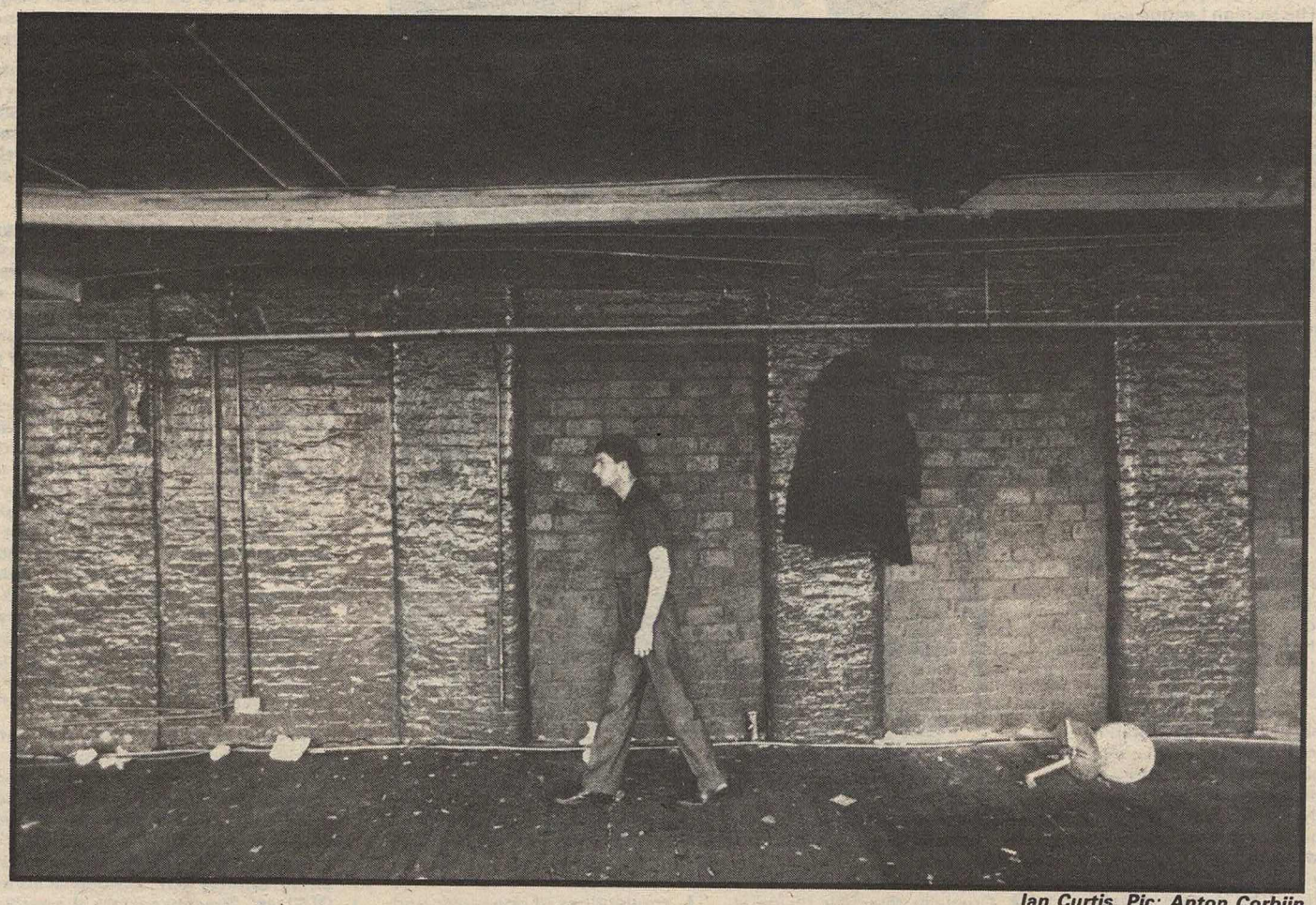

Ian Curtis. Pic: Anton Corbijn

IT SHOULDN'T have happened but as it did let's take consolation in the fact that Ian Curtis's death on May 18, 1980 didn't so much bring Joy Division's journey to the heart of darkness to an abrupt halt as freeze it for all eternity at the brink of discovery. At least we can still travel that far with them, and though they of all groups had positioned themselves well for a final breakthrough, who knows if they'd have been able to cope on the other side?

As it stands their quest remains just that, its purity unspoilt by repetition, bad moves or false conclusions, and as a pointer it is none the less valuable today. Joy Division's progress from the blind thrashing of the prototype Warsaw towards the closeness of their second and last LP proper 'Closer' was astonishingly fast. Best of all, it was founded in a courageous analysis of their own condition, which is presented on 'Still' as a struggle towards a new, more complete consciousness far removed from the generalized and unhelpful street squabbling of the punk that spawned it.

Instead of moaning about the mess they were in, Joy Division confronted it head on and discovered the causes of the current depression to be deeply rooted in spiritual rather than material impoverishment. They registered a profound estrangement from the ugly environment they were living in and shock at the callousness of the age they were living through. Yet recognition wasn't enough, especially as they were perversely fascinated by that which repelled them. Their music's tension often emanated from their approximating the characteristics of the very things they found oppressive, either in undeniably attractive abstractions of cityscapes or in superbly drilled militaristic marches.

Unlike the dumb futurists, past and present, they neither embraced nor glorified the speed of modern life, but presented it as a symptom of their malaise. The better and more experienced they got, their contrast of ugliness and beauty became more a sophisticated blend, which accurately encompassed Joy Division's confusion with the horror occurring all around them.

Just as they refused to disguise the ambivalence for expediency's sake, they wouldn't shy away from pain either. On the contrary, they seemed to view exposing themselves to pain as one (personal) way of breaking the aura of insensitivity, suggesting that through brutality or self-abasement they might achieve those elusive moments of true feeling. Not for nothing did they encore with the Velvet Underground's 'Sister Ray' ("You should hear our version of 'Louie Louie'. Wow," deadpanned Curtis). Joy Division realised they were playing a dangerous game, but obviously they felt it a necessary one or why else would Curtis have sung such revealing and immensely moving lines as:
"I'll walk you through the hard breaks / Show you all the outtakes / I can see it getting higher / Systematically degraded / Emotionally a scapegoat / I can see it getting better", **ecstatic affirmation: *"LOVE! LIFE! Makes you feel! Higher. Higher. Higher! HIGHER!"***

The song — 'The Sound Of Music' — is one of the previously unreleased nuggets that make 'Still' so essential. While Curtis seemed to be singing as much to convince himself as the listener, the group composed a matching disturbed accompaniment built on a brooding rhythm, around which guitarist Albrecht neatly tacked notes accumulating in intensity to match the swelling passion of the voice.

At their best, Joy Division were awesome, frightening and beautiful — never more so than on 'Dead Souls', made widely available here for the first time. 'Dead Souls' featured Joy Division at their most majestic and metallic, it encompassed their virtues of discipline and self-control, and somehow embodied the tragedy of their vision — their grasping after the unattainable and the inevitable disillusionment that would come with realization of the futility of the quest.

At their formative, Joy Division were more literal and less incisive, relying on their favourite authors for ideas. 'The Kill' for instance, was as close a summary as you could get in two or so minutes of Dostoyevski's *Crime And Punishment*, though it was rescued by the persuasive see-saw rhythm.

Joy Division never resorted to faking emotions. Their concerts seemed to be purgative experiences, especially for Curtis, who found release in intense, brief bursts of butterfly movement. To watch him was like witnessing the last just man accepting the sins of the world as his personal burden. His voice would often strain and crack, and at the Birmingham concert it sometimes got lost altogether in the shoddy mix. Nevertheless, the two live sides work as a patchy retrospective, despite the fact the synths went horribly awry on most of the 'Closer' material. It's highlighted by 'New Dawn Fades' for obvious reasons: *"Different colours / Different shades / Over each / Mistakes were made / I took the blame / Directionless / It's plain to see / A loaded gun / Won't set you free / So they say."*

Bearing in mind how quickly an audience grows accustomed to emotional shocks to its ordered system, expressing such naked feelings must have got harder everytime. But Joy Division presented them with that hardest thing to swallow: reality. Theirs was all the more indigestible as it juggled together the common place with the taboo, brutality with sensuality and stark horror with simple, appealing melody. Joy Division might not have equated making themselves felt with hurting the listener a little, but they never spared themselves in their pursuit of experience and truth.

You can feel it still.

Chris Bohn

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THE HUMAN LEAGUE
Dare (Virgin)

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The Team: 'Dare' is Phil Oakey going solo, but where would he be without The Team? Shying from trying. The Team . . .
Ian Burden, Jo Callis, Joanne Catherall, Philip Oakey, Susanne Sulley, Philip Adrian Wright, Bob Last, Martin Rushent, Dave Allen, Brian Aris.

I'M DOING WHAT I'M DOING FOR LOVE

Let's talk for a long enough time about the tart appeal of the beggars and their maids. It won't be easy. Entertainment is never JUST entertainment. (If somebody out there is saying that The Human League are a shrill escapism and thus lifeless I would say at a guess that EVERY SONG ON 'DARE' IS ANTI-WAR. Recognising that, existentially, we could not be less free Phil Oakey is balancing his terror. Phil Oakey is a post-Iggy crooner of romantic agony who possesses a tough streak of intellectual scepticism. Love makes plenty happen! So 'Dare' is as much 'political' as it is blue flash art.)

'Dare' is the second intoxicating intervention to be produced out of the great split, and already it's the first Human League greatest hits collection. (Paradox: 'Dare' is a calm, lean beauty but the League could live off its fat for eighteen months. Already it includes three singles that were smashes but there are four more songs that could be even bigger smashes. The law of MORe).

Apart from inevitably being the first Human League LP that avoids settling down into a decorously repetitive exercise and that rejects abstraction in favour of a potent clarity, it is the first coherent projection of persecuted lover Philip Oakey's staggeringly twisted personality — I mean that in the queasiest possible way. 'Dare' and Phil Oakey doesn't begin to presume that love and dream, fear and desire are not important concerns — you know, like money, politics, social education, bombs and work — and applies this reasoning to the mysterious gleam of The Mass Entertainment, so that we get a comedy of despair (played ever so straight, fortunately), an embracing tale of Oakey's 'gift for loving' and his overplayed suspicions teasingly tinged with Philip Adrian Wright's simple insecurity. It's tart music, for sure. It's music to smile to. Music to live with. It's music about love and of anticipation — with a considerable touch of the Apollo, that sense of wonder at its highest intensity.

Wright, Oakey, Ian Marsh and Martyn Ware obviously got in each other's way. British Electric Foundation — the Devoto to Human League's Shelley — are more overwhelmed with the sheer glory of motion of what is beyond although they are equally surprised by joy and just as explicitly confront mundane sex and work. The Human League as they are now are not so much concerned with tapping phones as tapping your 'heart'; they are not so much new executives as atypical characters running through, playing out and thriving over typical roles and routines.

Combine British Electric Foundation and The Human League, take into account all the sophisticated elements of insurrection and aesthetic dispute, and you certainly have just one replacement for whatever it was The Clash were going on about last week. It won't connect with the conventional associations but just thank the Lord for that.

The Human League, presumably because Phil Oakey and Bobby Last took charge of the proper proceedings, have begun to deal seriously with the themes and issues of popular fiction, song, film and soap opera —

□ CONTINUES OVER

☐ FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

love, an intensity of desire, an examination of comfort, beauty and jealousy. The Human League's most permissive, post rock, hedonistic Puritanical new style love song — 'I Love You and I Want You' — recalls pre-rock tastefulness (Gershwin for starters), toys with a swing sentimentality, sublimates the crass orgasm of rock music and compounds most of the exotic frustrations of post-rock. The yearning for bourgeois fidelity, the constant qualities of possessiveness and jealousy — Philip Oakey translates it from the Greek, just for you.

Somewhere along the way the musicians introduced into the League to aid and abet the boys and girls have matched and in turn provoked the altered romance states with a generous, ingenious simulation/approximation of plush easy listening alignments. The rituals of Mood Music — at the fake heart of all easy listening music — are re-arranged and re-phrased. It becomes a moody music, not averse to bouyancy, irony, farce, expediency or even an elemental morality.

Fundamentally, there's been an artful redefinition of the quite devious potentials and implications of middle of the road music. As the League theory no doubt had it — and it's this theory in conjunction with lovely accident that gives the League their wealth — they are Abba locked into Ramones, Iggy, Can, Zappa, Kraftwerk. A confection energised by intimate reflection.

The use of electronics becomes all but irrelevant. The Human League just produce their music to interfere with the daily details of the '80s family. Distraction and confession, love in fairyland. Much more than Abba or whoever you like, The Human League signify that deliciously serious, sincerely disposable MOR music can possess style, quality and sophistication. And The Human League just isn't a bunch up of theory and more — this kind of theory from technicians, intellectuals and culture dodgers usually flounders because true success is never forthcoming. Last Tuesday, just one day, The Human League sold 46,000 copies of their latest single.

I like the idea of The Human League selling hundreds of thousands of copies of their product. So does Bob Last. I like the idea of The Human League knocking Genesis of the number one place in the LP charts. Why? Choice and change, lust and longing . . . The Human League ask us all TO LOOK, they want us to have affection for each other and there is a great deal of thrill involved in all this. In a society or something based on conflict and competition such authentic attractive love games are much more than just respectable or refreshing or a pinch of salt over the ordinary. The Human League could be the first pop group broken in by punk and who are in touch with the deeper elements of art rituals, pop skills, political illusion and love codes who have burst through into the mainstream dominated by the likes of Genesis and ELO.

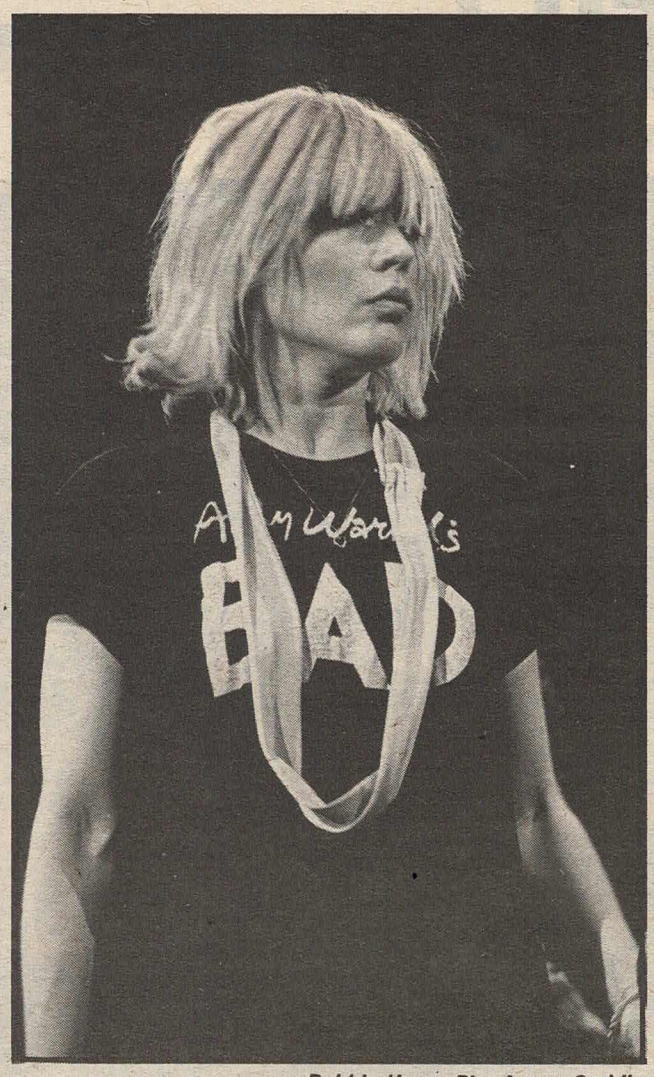
The triumph is using electronically prepared interpretations of a congruent accessibility to communicate the intimacies and insights: the transcendent pertinence is perfecting such a distinctively tacky and faintly ludicrous image. (T. Rex had Mickey Finn: The Human League have the girls AND Adrian Wright.) The League's genuinely new commercial spirit, their continual tendency to deflate any self-importance, their vivid documentation of obsessions and passions . . . simply, well not so simply, The Human League are the penultimate pop group.

Crucially, they help dislodge all sensible appraisals of pop music: the reasons, the deceits, the effect . . . They've achieved an enormous popularity without relinquishing their grip on: SURPRISE!

Surprise! 'Dare' is some kind of revenge, and in many ways it challenges the very conventions of pop music and the essence of innovation. What IS it all for? I think that 'Dare' is one of the GREAT popular music LPs. It's both 'pleasant' and it's a 'challenge.' I'll keep it forever: truth and lie combined I'll always hold dear. And Phil still won't speak to me.

Paul Morley

RETROSPECTIVE RAPTURE



Debbie Harry. Pic: Anton Corbijn

BLONDIE
The Best Of Blondie (Chrysalis)

WITH DEBBIE currently in cloud Koo Koo land and the group set on a course for self-destruction disguised as a looser future collaboration, this is the perfect time to celebrate the pop phenomenon that was Blondie at their best.

In retrospect, their "serious" contribution, and the one they're quick to quote, is a pop that exploited the possibilities between black and white and between bedroom and dancehall, with 'Heart Of Glass' propelling disco into pop and vice versa and both 'The Tide Is High' and particularly 'Rapture' putting specifically black street music into an influential position in the bland US charts.

Their real appeal is less tangible and lies in the creation of a musical vehicle for that flawless, inscrutable face. At its best, Blondie's platinum pop has an un-real quality that's as ageless as the awesome balance of Debbie's cheekbones. Translated across both disc and small screen it achieved a calm mystique that looked sculpted from something finer than flesh: a pop poised at the point where a shabby past slipped into something unsullied.

You can carp at Debbie's conservative use of female mythtakes, her cloying play on passivity and the blatant sale of her sexuality, but beneath the fooling there was something steely. Looking at this LP, it seems that never have dizzy simplicity and innocent spontaneity been used with such cool and clever calculation. Blondie are past their '20s, never mind their teens, New York sophisticates viewing youth from the shaded vistas of experience, and their puppy love pop pastiche has an impossible perspective. There's an edge of untruth which adds to its allure, and creates a distance cold as ice cream but still as sweet. Blondie spanned styles and sub-cultures by taking a chic '60s sensibility and mating it with the quirkiest and most self-conscious of American intellectual interest in the pop-art of new wave. They set the artful and knowing in the pursuit and part capture of artlessness.

Not that 'the Best Of Blondie' is an entirely unspoiled exercise and beneath the sheer texture of their luxurious pop you can see the signs of the complacent slackness that crept through some of their songs. There's their bodged cover of 'The Tide Is High', the spineless 'Atomic', the monotonous and rather mechanical 'Union City Blue' and the seriously overwrought 'Hanging On The Telephone'. But set this against the lithe, blithe 'Sunday Girl', the delicacies of 'Denis', 'Dreaming', 'Heart Of Glass', 'Presence Dear', the early cheerful truculence of 'Rip Her To Shreds' and the sublime, languid sensuality of 'Rapture' and you have a record that's all you ever wanted to know about Blondie; undoubtedly Debbie's finest hour.

'The Best Of Blondie' is the shrewdest move of all because it finishes the story while it still sounds so fresh; a poignant retrospect that's the graceful end of an affair.

It's also available in a video version so you can picture this too: perfect.

Lynn Hanna

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... THE WRECKERS RETURN

THE SLITS
Return Of The Giant Slits (CBS)

SO SOMEONE else gives up their all to the beat of the drum. Bongos clump, shakers rattle and roll, the bright ching of bells and cymbals and uppity clop of woodblocks skirt the edges. A lot of people are making a lot of noise on the drums this year. The Slits have been expounding on the language of the tribe longer than many and their Giant Return is maybe a little late.

A little absurd too. For all their protestation and espousal of the unifying earthbeat there's something dissatisfying about three white women riffling through some of the darkest aspects of black music and flaunting their 'discoveries' as trappings of a style in saris.

Wrapped in a runny-coloured sleeve depicting the trio as an enigmatic presence at a volcanic eruption, 'Return' pits their girlish chorale against the percussive onslaught through eight chants and wails with the occasional guitar, trumpet or keyboard to provide some melodic signpost. Ari Up's preposterous vibrato remains as much of a conceit in its way as the grand pretension of Kerr and Bono. Reggae and dub flit by without comment.

There's a yawning distance between the slick perm and set sound of 'Return' — every bass line vibrantly splendid, every shading teased into highlight by Dennis Bovell and/or Dick O'Dell — and the muted sketchwork of 'Cut', just as that record seemed such a surprising remove from the scrapyard ugliness of the prototypes of 'New Town' et al. That, though, is one of the paradoxes that beset this LP. For a group so determined to dislocate the norm, 'Return Of The Giant Slits' yields its promise with the sweetest of smiles and hardly a hint of dischord. Only 'Animal Space/Spacier' (a cleaner rendition of last year's 45) actually brandishes any threat of confrontation. Otherwise, with their neatly-rowed drum roles and twinkly, carolling vocal parts, they make the tunes sound very jolly. Lyrics like *"Things get uncomfortable on tube trains late at night"* are delivered with the menace of a playgroup sing-song. A subversive devilment indeed.

Lurking in the credits is the line 'Steve Beresford plays a lot on this record", and therein lies another curiosity. With their old playgrounds long since exorcised of easy outrage, The Slits' association with one of the more ascetic mandarins to the free improvisionation movement might be seen as an attempt to go even further out there; but there is nothing in this record of the tripwire experimentalism that might have been expected. Presumably the New Age Steppers are the outlet for any such steam. I can't actually hear Bereford laughing his head off at the back of the mix; he could be.

Slits obviously don't care for such carping; they'll dismiss it as readily as they wreck a ludicrous radio interview which is enshrined on a single which comes with the first copies of the album. And in its best moments 'Earthbeat', 'Difficult Fun' and the spooky finale of 'Life On Earth' — 'Return Of The Giant Slits' does beat a righteous path to the consciousness. Despite myself, I find I have to give in.

Girls! Typical!

Richard Cook

The Slits. Pic: Anton Corbijn

NILS LOFGREN
Night Fades Away (Backstreet)

THIS is one of the saddest records I've heard in a long time. Nils Lofgren has swapped his bona fide punk credentials for a passport to respectability and produced his most redundant LP to date.

The content and the format remain pretty much the same as 'Cry Tough', which is probably when the rot set in, carefully arranged, sanded down love songs ranging from lonely boy ballads to desultory rockers with a couple of low risk covers thrown in for good measure.

In this case he tackles Del Shannon's 'I Go To Pieces' (with a guest vocal from Shannon himself) and Lennon and McCartney's 'Anytime At All'; in the first instance the song sounds no better than when Peter and Gordon did it and in the second his reinterpretation is so bland that it emasculates even further one of the dynamic duo's weaker songs.

The rest, with one exception, are anonymous, formulaic excursions into the wasted love life of a talent long gone, fleshed out into FM product by a whole host of session musicians. The one track that hints at what has been lost is 'Ancient History' — whose snarling, sliding passion underlines the ambiguous bitterness of the chorus, *"And you'll be filed right next to me / next to me / Ancient history"*.

Everything about this LP, from the monochrome cover shot inwards, spells defeat; and like the cover line "This album is dedicated to the Vietnam Veterans" it makes you wonder whether he believed in the fight in the first place.

Neil Norman

CARLENE CARTER
Blue Nun (F-Beat)

CARLENE CARTER made one of last year's best LPs — the 'Musical Shapes' set which she cut in cahoots with Rockpile. It was country, but it was funky and it was fun. *This* year's model, slyly entitled 'Blue Nun', is no disgrace, but doesn't quite match the class of its predecessor.

Nick Lowe (aka Mr Carlene Carter) takes care of the production business once again, and Carlene's voice — a luscious, lascivious Southern drawl — sounds as great as before. There's a useful line-up of studio guests, too: Bette Bright, Billy Bremner and Glen Tillbrook are among the names backing up her regular band of Irwin/Carrack/Eller/Belmont. There's a lot of original material, and decent stuff at that.

The main disappointment, I think, is the shift she's taken away from updated country towards a sort of standard, rockier R'n'B style. She does it well, with a band that's better than most, but why be competent when you can be unique?

Paul Du Noyer

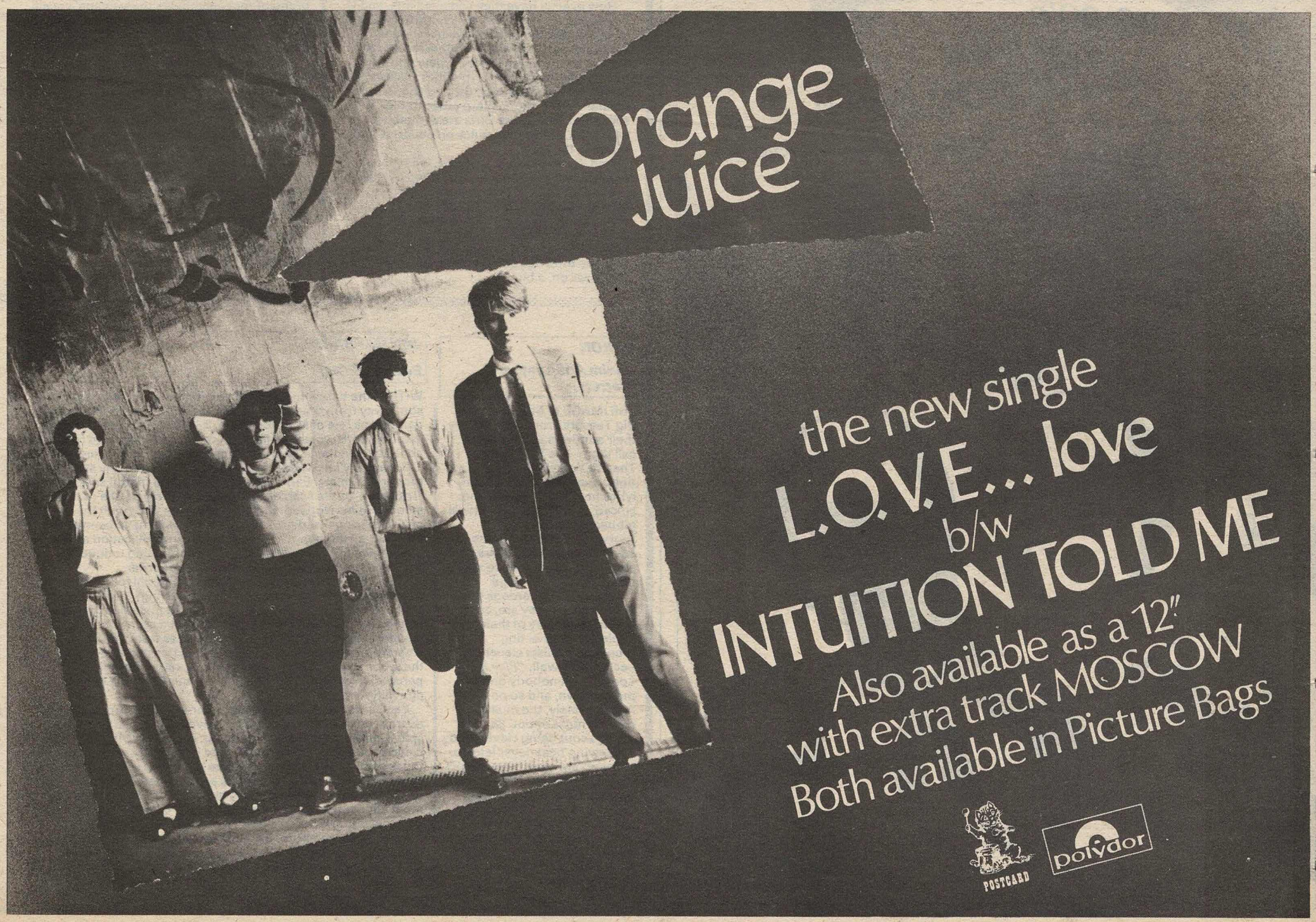
RONNIE LAWS
Solid Ground (Liberty import)

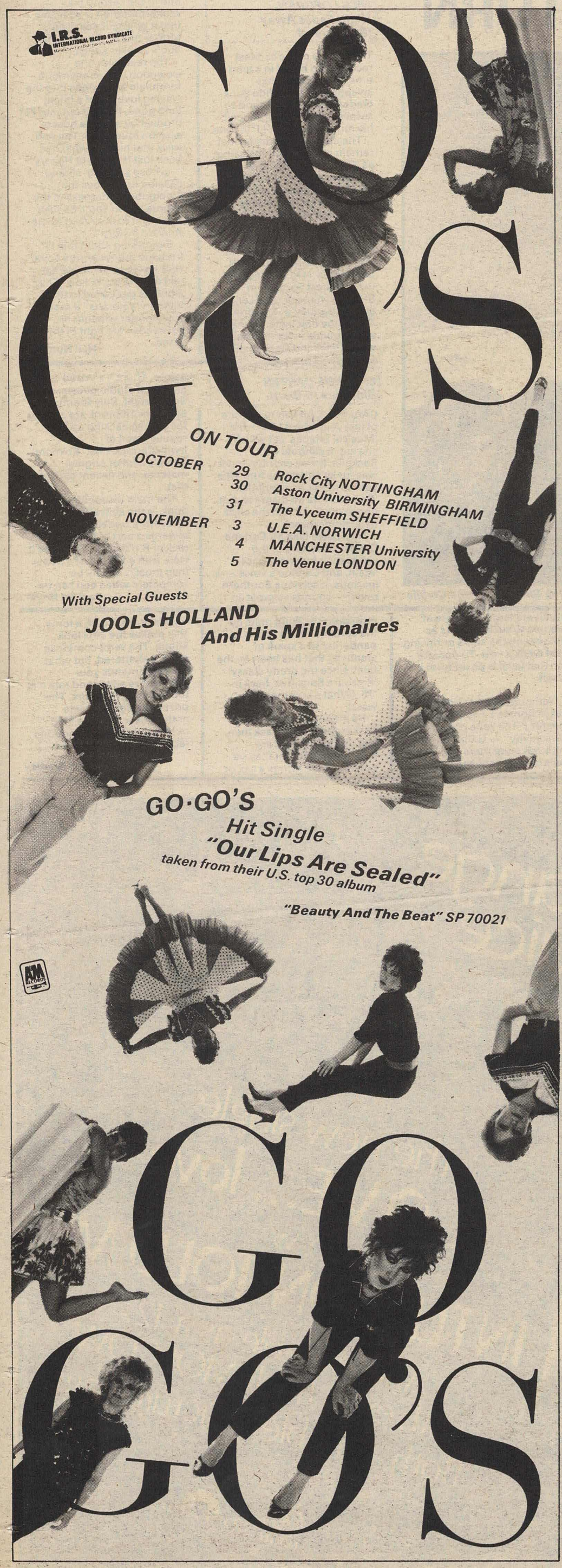
IT TAKES a special kind of talent to do what people like G Benson, R Crawford and A Jarreau do. I'm talking about taking a form of music and reducing it to absolutely the lowest common denominator, where it will serve only to motivate large numbers of people to such delights as hoovering the stairs or rinsing last week's vest. To operate on that level is an art form in itself.

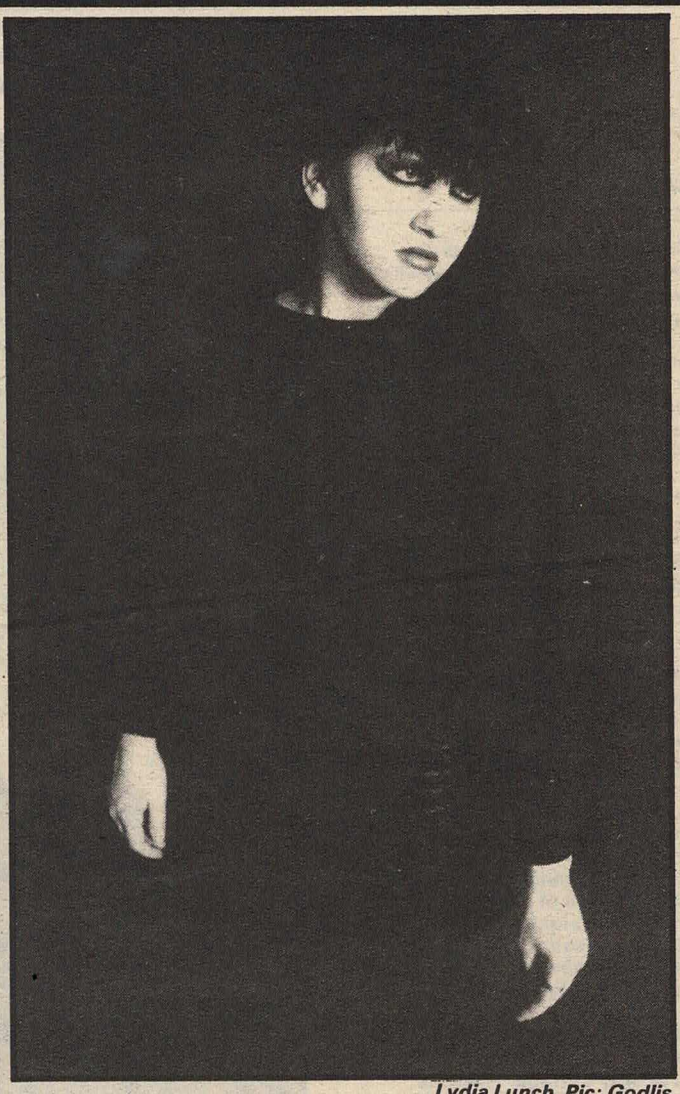
Although 'Solid Ground' takes Ronnie Laws one step nearer ("The zone of zero funkativity" — G Clinton 1977) he's not quite there yet. Y'see, he's caught between two ambitions: shifting units by the container load and pandering to a spark of creativity that has been on the blink since the pretty classy 'Pressure Sensitive' back in '76. (What a summer that was!)

He attains that laidback backdrop on each track then, just as the listeners are beginning to forget they've got brains, he brings a sax or vocals upfront with a force that makes the SPG look subtle. The semi-comatose state is shattered, but what now commands your attention is so second rate it is too irritating to ignore. The prized grail of complete nothingness must be held over for another day, another record.

Lloyd Bradley







Lydia Lunch. Pic: Godlis

8 EYED SPY
'8 EYED SPY (Fetish)

RICHARD GRABEL's excellent, long overdue update/tribute to Lydia Lunch in *NME* 15/8/81 brings to light once again the astonishing achievement of this girl — for anyone who cares either to notice or listen: Teenage Jesus's 'Orphans', 'Baby Doll', 'The Closet', 'Burning Rubber'; Beirut Slump's 'Staircase'; the solo LP 'Queen Of Siam'; and the live Reachout International cassette of 8 Eyed Spy itself.

Whether Grove (publishers of Austryn Wainhouse's majestic Sade and Klossowski translations) will actually accept her porn novel, or whether we'll ever hear any recorded material by The Devil Dogs and 13.13, are separate, though pressing, questions.

Lydia Lunch is a true beauty who, like the more monotonous James Chance, has recognised the tragic impurity and disposability of pop — However far "underground" it buries itself — and who thus lives with a desperate and impossible need to *confront the inevitable.* And what is that? The amorphous mass of an audience that cannot be confronted.

The album is half live, half studio. The live side has George Scott III on bass. By

GIRLS AT OUR BEST!
Pleasure (Happy Birthday)

IT WAS, admittedly, probably the last thing on their minds, but Girls At Our Best! have just made the perfect early-morning holiday-camp exercise record. Close your eyes, deep breath, knees bend, and — hi de hi! — the 'Pleasure' LP has you springing out of your chalet, onto a parade ground lined by sickeningly breezy redcoats armed with bonhomie and megaphones.

How exactly have they achieved this, and is it necessarily a good thing? Well, like physical jerks, I guess, the effect is invigorating in limited doses, and wearying thereafter. As proved by the string of single pearls they've released in the past year ('Politics', 'Warm Girls', 'Go For Gold' etc), Girls At Our Best! are masters of the short, sharp pleasurable sensation. Where the Girls are at their best is with brisk, pacey pop, quick on the draw and sweet to the taste.

And, for this long-play debut, what you expect is what you get — multiplied by eleven. Track after track of fast, melodic niceness: light songs, heavy backing, and, most distinctively, the pure high voice of singer Judy Evans. This *is* a good thing, but you can have too much of it. By some point on side two, the thrill has gone, but the trill — well, that *goes* on, a bit.

But uneasy transition to the album format is, after all, one of pop's inherent whatisnames. It's perhaps unfair to make too much of it. So let's go all positive and detail the reason why 'Pleasure' is, at heart, a very likeable piece of work. Taken individually, not one GAOB! song fails to please. What the whole might lack in variation of mood and speed and feel, the parts make up for in swing and singalongability.

As a group, the three instrumental Girls — James Alan on guitar, D Carl Herper on drums and Gerard Swift on bass — seem limited but effective, favouring a robust, straightforward brand of rock catchiness. Judy Evans' vocals are pretty: never exactly steeped in emotion, but suited attractively well to the material at hand.

The tunefulness of that material, as we've noted, is something special, but the words are good as well. The lyrics tend towards simplicity, sometimes flippancy; they don't have an awful lot to say, but they say it amusingly. It's cleverness without pretension, and let's have three cheers for that.

Indeed, this Northern Quartet appear to be a group without any serious illusions as to their place in the cosmic scheme of things. (Check '£600,000' for a wry self-analysis of GAOB!s role as industry product.) This record will not change your life. But, a little at a time, as part of your calorie-controlled diet, it may well make you a fitter, happier person.

Paul Du Noyer

SAXON
Denim And Leather (Carrere)

THE IMAGE of Saxon — The Big Teasers From Barnsley, as their admirers are prone to call them — is True Grit. They're Yorkshiremen all right, even if they do rely on lyrics in "tough" Yank slang, spiced up with bits of mystical gibberish. They're "survivors", finally tasting sweet success after years of slog. Most of all, they're still proud to be underdogs.

And it's as underdogs that Saxon, old as they are, catch the mass-fantasy of their audience: play-acting rebellion. It's fists clenched, backs to the wall, *"Play It Loud!"* ain't nobody gonna put us down, and so on. Appropriately, the music doesn't mess about. Saxon aren't about being clever, and the driving beat never lets up.

Saxon are okay. They *can* write songs, even if it's basically the same old stuff. They've found a formula that works, and one that suits them. They know they'll never do anything else. And Saxon will never, ever, make music that is great.

Paul Du Noyer

JAN GARBAREK
Eventyr (ECM)

WITHIN the babbling legion of saxophone players, a few stand some way from the throng; one such is Jan Garbarek. Usually damned as one of Manfred Eicher's icebox puppets, Garbarek actually works solely to his own plan. I guess he could record for anybody, but the ECM sheen is appropriate to his intentions.

Because, y'know, Garbarek's gone far beyond any stricture of modern Eurojazz. Earlier seasons produced tristful sessions like 'Triptykon' or the scarcely graspable mystery of 'Dis', a record steeped in his Norwegian homeland. This year, with the release of 'Folks Songs' and now 'Eventyr', his aims have been properly realised: an amalgam of post-Coltrane improvisation and Norwegian folk roots has gelled into something unique, new age values synthesised with a much older order.

Six of the eight tracks incorporate traditional folk themes. It might have been a clumsy, scarfaced grafting; thanks to the saxophonist's sympathy with the age-old melodies they are instead assimilated into the flow without a murmur of disagreement. Bare bones support comes from John Abercrombie's guitars, an undefined series of rivulets behind the tenor and soprano, and the prickly, rather intrusive percussion of Nana Vasconcelos — a questionable dose of ethnicity, maybe.

Yet Garbarek's insistence and clear-minded purpose dispel distraction. In every passage he moves to his own time and space, never gabbling or stumbling. A simple string of notes could be left to whirl away as seeds in a wind, or carved out in tones so magisterial they might be meant to resound through centuries — to last, in fact, as the ancient themes they are based on have done. Listen especially to how 'Soria Maria' pits the most affecting tonal variations against a drone figure, or the way the soprano berates indifference in 'The Companion'.

Perhaps the finest yet from the quiet Norwegian, 'Eventyr' plays as a very private offering; but the implacable humanity of Garbarek's music brews a highly addictive potion. So taste it.

Richard Cook

ESPIONAGE ECSTASY

And Lunch-time pop visions

the time it came to enter the studio George was dead, so on the studio side saxophonist Pat Irwin also plays bass. This side is produced and engineered by Bob Blank (of many ultra-hip NY production jobs, e.g. 'Spooks In Space'), and remixed by Scott Litt and Chris Stamey. Talking of Stamey, much of 8 Eyed Spy's essential sound could be stemmed back to the 48 non-Chiltonesque seconds of 'The Mark Peril Theme' on Sneakers' 1978 LP 'In The Red'.

Most frantic and draining on this side are 'Love Split With Blood' and the swampy, steaming version of Creedence's 'Run Through The Jungle', though there's an equally great stab at the latter on Reachout's cassette. The opening cut of Bo Diddley's 'Diddy Wah Diddy' was, according to Pat Irwin's sleeve note, mainly what saw the group through their only nationwide tour. ("It was good to get out of NYC. People gawked . . .") etc. 'Lazy In Love' is pretty great too.

Pat Irwin: "By the time everybody added their ELO, Sandy Nelson, Cilla Black, Billy Strange, and Vito and the Salutations we had 8 Eyed Spy." Of the live side, Lydia says it was doctored in the studio, so it's not too "grossly raw". Pretty gross and raw it can become, nevertheless. This "semi-melodic, semi-brutal verbalisation" is about as close as you could get to destroying the happy foundations of Pop 1980-style without being thrown off a stage.

This is not tainted love but *poisoned lust*, pop's used and abused, disposable-packed passions going through their death-throes. This is the liver-than-live, erotic desecration of the shrine of classic pop sound, whether it's the twisted souvenir of Middle America in 'Motor Oil Shanty', the diseased white club trash of 'Maintaining My Cool' and 'You Twist, I Shout', or the ulcerous heart-throb of 'Get You Me B-side'. There is a version of Lee Hazlewood's 'Lightning's Girl' (which is where Billy Strange comes in — did you never hear the *backwards guitar solo* on Lee and Nancy's 'Sand'?) whose gothic incantation of "Stay away from . . ." can only be said to make one quiver in obedience . . .

Most of the live side comes from a Hurrah's gig in the summer of last year, but two insane bashes at psychedelic classics, 'White Rabbit' ("done on the spot as a whim") and The Strangeloves' 'I Want Candy', were recorded in Minneapolis and San Francisco respectively. Advice to Richard Gotteher: play this 'Candy' alongside your Blondie LP and shudder. Advice to Grace Slick: play this 'Rabbit' alongside your jettisoned starshit and breed.

Lydia's child-agony gasps through the subterranean thrash of Paumgardhen, Scott, Irwin and Sculavuno — the guitar-slashing, the glutinous bass, the sax-squawking, the pounding cavern of drums. *"Sing along, sing along . . ."* she cries. "At many points I thought it was too poppy, too commercial, but that's only because I'm such a purist . . ." No English girl singer will ever be so pure, so restless.

Barney Hoskyns

Girls At Our Best! Pic: Anton Corbijn.

Hi de hi, Girls!

CECIL TAYLOR
It Is In The Brewing Luminous (Hat Hut import)

INFUSED with feelings and fears most players dare not face, Taylor's music writes its own history, breeds its own brood of spirits. Cursory listening is not possible: either you're involved or you turn away. An imposing request — but if you only *try!*

'Luminous', a double set, is a shade easier going than last year's monolithic 'One Too Many Salty Swift And Not Goodbye'. If the performance here (taken from a 1980 gig at the tiny new York club Fat Tuesday's) is scaled down, the impact is scarcely diminished. Present again are Jimmy Lyons on alto and Ramsey Ameen on violin; both give their all, but Lyons especially reaches further out there. Two marathon solos on the first and last sides have him spending minutes on a single idea, ruffling and buffeting it through ever possible permutation before moving on — model organic saxophone.

Alan Silva plays a rather distant bass and Jerome Cooper and the great Sunny Murray share drum duties, a unique role in Taylor's groups. While the other instruments build to boiling point the drums only simmer, crisping the edges with glistening layers of cymbals and holding enough back to ensure that the climactic moments don't topple into excess.

Excess scatters freely from impetuous fingers in this sort of climate, but Taylor's capabilities allow for no such surrender. His piano writes the continuity, now rampantly gymnastic — that chord's *got* to be in here somewhere — now slipping mysteriously between back and foreground, daring the other players or bursting through to a steel-prowed point of command. Because Taylor's velocity is founded on strength of purpose and an imagination succoured by commitment to the richness of his music's tradition (phew) there's a heart-to-heart connection in every note.

It's an incomparable exhilaration — nobody else makes music like this, and Cecil Taylor's refusal to compromise in making it is itself an inspiration. 72 minutes? As Coltrane said, it takes that long to get it all in.

Richard Cook

BOB SEGER AND THE SILVER BULLET BAND
Nine Tonight (Capitol)

THIS RECORD comes into the world with a hell of a lot of disadvantages: like being a live (groan) double, like Bob Seger's beard, like a lot of lines of the "Great to be back in Boston!" variety. There's also some duff music: grizzled American stadium rock. (Clue: the very worst numbers are invariably those with *that word* in the title — 'Let It Rock', 'Old Time Rock And Roll', 'Rock And Roll Never Forgets'.)

And yet, and yet . . . Bob Seger can be so much better than all that. He even makes live LPs that are as good as the original versions. Since 1976's 'Live Bullet' set, he's written a few more excellent songs, and the new offering comes complete with a repertoire of these. When Seger's material is good, it's very good ('Fire Down Below', 'You'll Accomp'ny Me', 'We've Got Tonight', 'Fire Lake' are all here). And when it's not, well, at least it's still better than Kiss or Kansas or Ted Nugent.

In short, inside this vaguely value-for-money double album, there is — as usual — a very good single album trying to get out.

Paul Du Noyer

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TOUR NEWS

Police ticket details

BOOKING arrangements have now been announced for the pre-Christmas concerts by The Police at London Wembley Arena. The confirmed dates are December 14, 15 and 16, and tickets are priced £5 and £4 (limited to four per person). Application is by post only to The Police Box Office, 12 Great Newport Street, London WC2 H7JA — it's Postal Orders only, made payable to "Straight Music Ltd.", and enclose SAE. These London shows are the highlight of a full British tour by The Police, running up to two or three days before Christmas — details of other dates and venues are now being finalised.

Crass charity outing

CRASS have confirmed another series of dates, all benefit gigs for worthy causes in the areas concerned. They visit Carlisle Market Hall (October 22), Cleator Moor Civic Hall (23), Sheffield Marples Club (25), Todmorden Town Hall (26), Wigan Trucks (27), Liverpool Blue Coat Rooms (29), Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (30) and Manchester Mayflower (31). Venues for dates in Middlesbrough (24) and Bradford (28) have still to be finalised. Dirt and Annie Anxiety, plus a film, support on all dates — and admission everywhere is £1, with no age restrictions.

Subway top package

VIC GODARD & SUBWAY SECT headline the 'Club Left' tour, which begins an 11-date tour around the country this week The package also features special guests Johnny Britton and Lady Blue, and a DJ. The schedule takes in Leeds Warehouse (tonight, Thursday), Manchester Rafters (Friday), Bath Tiffany's (Sunday), Oxford Scamps (October 19), Exeter University (20), Glasgow Night Moods (22), Edinburgh Nite Club (23), Birmingham Holy City Zoo (26), Liverpool boat trip on the Royal Iris (27), Brighton New Regent (28) and London Marquee Club (29).

Gillan add nine more

GILLAN have added another nine dates to their massive UK tour, bringing the schedule to a total of 42 concerts. The extra gigs, seven of them second nights at the venues concerned, are at Lancaster University (November 1), Manchester Apollo (3), Sheffield City Hall (5), Edinburgh Odeon (8), Newcastle City Hall (14), Liverpool Empire (16), Birmingham Odeon (24), Reading Top Rank (December 16) and Ipswich Gaumont (19). Also, their gig at St Austell Cornwall Coliseum is switched from October 29 to November 29. As reported, their double album 'Double Trouble' — part studio, part live at the Reading Festival — is issued by Virgin on October 30, and is the first to feature new lead guitarist Janick Gers.

Furs, Exploited, Sound, Gang Of Four gigging

THE PSYCHEDELIC FURS, who had been expected to play a full UK autumn tour, will now be confining themselves to just three dates — as the direct result of their success in the States, where their tour has been considerably extended. Their dates here are at Birmingham Imperial Cinema (November 7), Manchester Rotters (8) and London Tottenham Court Rd. Dominion (9). Tickets for the London show are on sale now priced £3.50 and £3, and A Flock Of Seagulls support on all three dates. After these gigs, the Furs go into the studio to start work on their next album.

□ A Flock Of Seagulls also have a number of dates in their own right, to promote their current single 'Telecommunication' and upcoming album on Jive Records — at Chadwell Heath Greyhound (October 20), London Hendon Middlesex Poly (23), Coventry Warwick University (24), Cambridge Sound Cellar (29), Huddersfield Flix (November 2) and Leeds Cinderellas (3), with more being finalised.

THE EXPLOITED are undertaking their first major tour since the chart success of their album 'Punks Not Dead', though this time they'll be promoting their new Secret Records EP 'Dead Cities'. Dates are Retford Porterhouse (October 28), Derby Rainbow Club (29), Leeds Brannigan's (30), Middlesbrough Town Hall Crypt (November 1), Sheffield Marples Club (2), Bradford Tito's (3), Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (4), Scarborough Taboo (5), Manchester Mayflower (6), Northampton Roadmenders (7), Stevenage Bowes Lyon House (8), London Oxford St. 100 Club (10), Liverpool Warehouse (12), Grimsby Community Centre (13), Hull Tower Ballroom (14) and Gillingham Central Hotel (15).

GANG OF FOUR are playing a short series of dates, and those confirmed so far are at Colchester Essex University (October 22), Brighton Polytechnic (31) and Norwich East Anglia University (November 1), with more being finalised. These are in addition to their previously reported CND show at London Rainbow on October 23, with Way Of The West, Wasted Youth and Lemon Kittens supporting — tickets for this gig are available now at £3.50, which is reduced to £2.50 (advance only) on production of a dole card.

THE SOUND have confirmed eight dates in support of their second album 'From The Lion's Mouth', released by Korova Records on October 23 in a special gatefold sleeve. They visit Cheltenham Eve's (October 26), Canterbury Kent University (27), Brighton Polytechnic (28), Coventry General Wolfe (29), London University Union (30), Norwich East Anglia University (31), Sheffield Limit Club (November 1) and Chesham Elgiva Hall (5).

STEELEYE FOR CIRCUIT SPAN

STEELEYE SPAN play a series of 14 major concerts next month, and these form the first leg of a world tour, taking in the Far East and America. They won't have any new material released to coincide with their outing, but will feature tracks from their last Chrysalis album 'Sails Of Silver'. Dates are Ipswich Gaumont (November 1), Southampton Gaumont (5), Norwich East Anglia University (8), Bradford Alhambra (9), Birmingham Odeon (10), Derby Assembly rooms (11), Newcastle Polytechnic (13), Harrogate Leisure Centre (15), Reading Hexagon (16), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (17), Portsmouth Guildhall (18), Stafford Gatehouse Theatre (19), Oxford Apollo (20) and London Tottenham Court Road Dominion (21).

Level pegging

LEVEL 42, just back from a German tour with The Police, headline their own UK outing at Uxbridge Brunel University (October 23), Oxford Blades (27), Colchester Essex University (29), Nottingham Trent Polytechnic (30), Bath University (31), Birmingham University (November 4), Sheffield Limit (5), Kirklevington Country Club (6), Newcastle University (7), Huddersfield Flix (8), Chippenham Rock Theatre (10), Keele University (11), Leicester University (12), Guildford Surrey University (13), Bristol Polytechnic (14), Dunstable Queensway Hall (15), Gravesend Woodville Hall (16), Norwich East Anglia University (19), Southend Zero Six (20) and London Hammersmith Palais (22).

Tudor kings of the road

TENPOLE TUDOR are lining up an extensive tour, comprising over 30 dates — though, so far, only the first half of their itinerary has been confirmed. They open at Belfast Queen's University on October 27, then — after four gigs in Eire — visit New Ross Leisure Centre (November 1), Ayr Pavilion (3), Aberdeen Venue (5), Glasgow Night Moves (6), Edinburgh Nite Club (7), Middlesbrough Gaskins (8), Hull Tower Ballroom (9), Manchester University (10), Newcastle Polytechnic (11), Sheffield Lyceum (12), Birmingham University (13) and Huddersfield Leisure Centre (14). The rest of their schedule will be announced in a week or two — and they'll have a new single issued by Stiff, as the follow-up to their hit 'Wunderbar', to coincide with their outing.

LETTING ROSE TATTOO YOU

ROSE TATTOO headline a major UK tour in December, climaxing in a prestige London concert just before Christmas — despite the fact that their London Marquee gig earlier this month was announced as their final date in the capital this year! The outing will feature their new guitarist Rob Riley, who has flown over from Australia to replace Michael Cocks in the line-up. The band's new single 'Rock'n'Roll Is King', taken from their current album 'Assault And Battery', is released by Carrere this weekend. They play: Nottingham Rock City (December 5), Hanley Victoria Hall (6), Hull City Hall (7), Manchester Apollo (9), Sheffield Lyceum (10), Liverpool Royal Court (11), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (12), Ayr Pavilion (14), Edinburgh Odeon (15), Newcastle City Hall (16), Bradford Tiffany's (17), Birmingham Odeon (18) and London Hammersmith Odeon (19). Tickets are on sale now and — for Manchester, Birmingham and London — are priced £3.50, £3 and £2.50. Elsewhere the maximum is £3 (advance) and £3.50 (on the doors).

□ **DAVID LINDLEY,** one of America's most respected guitarists who has worked consistently with Jackson Browne, makes his first UK headlining appearances at London Victoria The Venue (November 18) and Sheffield Limit Club (19). He'll be accompanied by the same four-piece band who backed him on his solo album 'El Rayo-X', issued earlier this year.

□ **BLACK SLATE,** newly returned from a Stateside tour, play a one-off at London Victoria The Venue on Friday, October 23. It's in support of their new Ensign Records album 'Sirens In The City'.

□ **THE VIRGIN PRUNES** support The Fall in the first four dates of their UK tour — at North London Polytechnic (October 19), Brighton New Regent (21), Canterbury Marlowe Theatre (22) and Manchester University (23). They also headline in their own right at London Strand Kings College on October 20, with Motor Boys Motor supporting.

□ **THE COMSAT ANGELS, currently on tour with U2, headline their own major London concert on Tuesday, November 3. It's at the Dominion Theatre, Tottenham Court Road, and tickets are on sale now priced £3.25 and £2.75.**

□ **FAIRPORT CONVENTION play a couple of their very occasional dates at London Putney Half Moon on December 28 and 29. These are the first gigs of any significance to be announced for the week after Christmas, which is traditionally "dead" on the circuit.**

□ **GIRL are playing a string of three nights next week, October 20–22 inclusive, at London Marquee Club. The stint ties in with the release of their second album on Jet Records, titled 'Wasted Youth'.**

□ **THE GO-GO's, the American all-girl five-piece band, begin a short British tour at the end of this month — playing Nottingham Rock City (October 29), Birmingham Aston University (30), Sheffield Lyceum (31), Norwich East Anglia University (November 3) and London Victoria The Venue (5). Their single 'We Got The Beat' and album 'Beauty And The Beat' are due for release by A&M in the very near future.**

STRANGLERS, RUSH SET EXTRA SHOWS

Stranglers' HUGH CORNWELL

THE STRANGLERS have added another six dates to their previously reported UK tour (November 14-26), including a second London show. And as a prelude to the outing, their seventh album 'La Folie' — produced by the band, mixed by Tony Visconti and considered to be their most commercial for some time — is released by Liberty United on November 9. A single titled 'Let Me Introduce You To The Family' comes out the week before (2).

The extra dates are at Bradford St. George's Hall (November 27), Sheffield Lyceum (28), Belfast Whitla Hall (30), Loughborough University (December 2), Bath Pavilion (3) and London Rainbow (4). Tickets for the London concert are all £4, and are on sale now — check local Press for details of the other gigs.

French band Taxi Girl are the support act on all dates, as a result of their association with the Stranglers — Jean Jacques Burnel has been producing their new album, with Jet Black playing drums. A barber's shop quartet will perform during the interval, and at the first London show (Hammersmith Palais on November 17, now sold out) the London City Ballet will dance to one of the band's routines.

RUSH have now virtually sold out all the dates in their UK autumn tour, starting at the end of this month and announced four weeks ago, so they've added extra shows at the two largest venues in their schedule — at London Wembley Arena (November 6) and Stafford Bingley Hall (9). This week, they have a live single issued by Phonogram featuring 'Tom Sawyer' and 'A Passage To Bangkok', with the bonus of 'Red Barchetta' on the 12-inch version — and all tracks are taken from their upcoming double live album 'Exit Stage Left'. Ticket arrangements for their extra gigs are:

WEMBLEY: Due to overspill from the previous two nights, there are no £5.50 tickets left for the additional show. But there are some £5 tickets for each of the three nights (November 4-6) by post only from Rush Box Office, 12 Great Newport Street, London WC2 H7JA — postal orders only to "Kennedy Street Enterprises" and enclose SAE.

STAFFORD: £5 tickets from Rush Box Office, Y.Q. Bookings, P.O. Box No. 4, Altrincham, Cheshire WA14 2JQ. POs only to "Kennedy Street Enterprises" and enclose SAE. Also available by personal application to a number of outlets in the Midlands (as reported four weeks ago), where a booking fee of 30p per ticket is payable.

Still more ELO

ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA have now added a third show at Birmingham National Exhibition Centre to their pre-Christmas schedule, as their concerts at that venue the two previous nights have now sold out. The extra date is Monday, December 14, and tickets are £8.50, £7.50 and £6.50 — post only from NEC Box Office, National Exhibition Centre, Birmingham B40 1NT (make cheques and POs payable to "NEC (ELO Concert)" and enclose SAE).

NEWS FLASH

SORE THROAT are splitting up after a six-year span, which included more than 500 gigs in the UK and Europe. Among their recordings were the album 'Sooner Than You Think' and seven singles, of which the best known was 'Zombie Rock'. Three of the members — Dan Flowers (bass and vocals), Matt Flowers (Keyboards and vocals) and Greg Mason (sax and percussion) — were in the line-up from start to finish, while another original member Reid Savage (lead guitar) left only recently. All the musicians will continue playing, either in other bands or forming their own outfits.

TITAN is the name of the new hard-rock five-piece formed by Kevin Riddles (bass) and Dave Du Fort (drums), previously with the now-defunct Angelwitch. They have recruited twin lead guitarists Hank Hughes and Steve Gibbs, and completing the line-up is lead vocalist Kkal 'Lake' Swann. They are currently routining new material, and will be going out on their debut tour in November, details to follow next week. The band also plan a single and album before Christmas, and are at present negotiating a record deal.

WILD HORSES have undergone yet another line-up change, which sees the departure of vocalist Reuben Archer, guitarist Laurence Archer and drummer Frank Noon, only months after joining the band. The three defectors are in the process of forming a new band, together with keyboards man Alan Nelson, and are currently auditioning for a bassist to complete the line-up. The future of Wild Horses is still unknown but, after such a mass walk-out, it must surely be in jeopardy.

THE PRETENDERS have had to cancel the rest of their U.S. tour, including major New York shows, due to an injury suffered by drummer Martin Chambers. In a freak accident in Philadelphia, he was opening a window in his hotel when the glass shattered, severing arteries and damaging a tendon in his hand — resulting in 50 stitches being inserted. Rather than find a temporary replacement, the band decided to re-schedule their American dates for early next year, prior to going to the Far East.

NEW HOME FOR THE TRAMSHED

THE TRAMSHED in Woolwich, one of the best-known music venues in South London, may find a new home when it's forced to close its doors next year. The 400-seater has been fighting a battle against re-development for months, and many top stars have joined in the campaign. But although Greenwich Council has agreed to delay the closure from January to June, that will definitely be the end of the line.

Over the last few weeks, several alternative venues have been offered, but were rejected as unsuitable. But now the local Woolwich Odeon has come to the rescue — it's one of 13 London cinemas being closed by the Rank Organisation as uneconomic, but it can't be demolished because there's a preservation order on it. Now it seems likely that the 1,680-capacity Odeon will be adapted to accommodate the Tramshed, plus one or two other projects.

Maiden debut new vocalist

IRON MAIDEN make their UK debut with their new line-up, now featuring Bruce Dickenson (or Bruce Bruce as he was known in Samson) as lead singer, at London Rainbow on Sunday, November 15 — tickets on sale now priced £3.50, £3 and £2.50. Support act is Praying Mantis, also debuting a new line-up, having recently augmented to a six-piece with the addition of two new members.

This will be Maiden's last date of 1981, but they'll be starting an extensive British outing in mid-February.

James Brown re-set

JAMES BROWN was forced to call off his UK concerts, scheduled for last weekend and early this week, due to a tax problem in this country. However, this has now been resolved and his gigs re-set for Birmingham Odeon (December 5), London Hammersmith Odeon (7 and 8) and Brighton Top Rank (9). Existing tickets remain valid — though the Manchester show could not be re-scheduled, and here cash refunds should be claimed. Tickets are still available at £5.50, £4.50 and £3.50 (Birmingham); £6.50, £5.50, £4.50 and £3.50 (London); and £4 (Brighton). Promoters are Straight Music.

Paxton on the circuit

Tom Paxton is on tour at Birmingham Town Hall (tomorrow, Friday), Liverpool Royal Court (Saturday), Lincoln Theatre Royal (Sunday), Bristol Colston Hall (October 19), Brighton Dome (20), Bury St Edmunds Theatre Royal (21), Oakengates Town Hall (22), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (23), Hatfield Forum (24), Leamington Spa Pavilion (25), Cheltenham Everyman (26), Bradford Alhambra (27), Nottingham Theatre Royal (30), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (31), Swindon Wyvern (November 1), Manchester Free Trade Hall (2) and Croydon Fairfield Hall (3). The tour has been arranged by John Martin.

Chas & Dave set out

Chas & Dave, who have already undertaken a number of small tours this year, have been lined up for a further string of dates during the second half of this month — visiting Basildon Towngate Theatre (tonight, Thursday), London Poplar Civic Theatre (Friday), Camberley Lakeside Country Club (Saturday), Coventry Working Mens Club (October 20), Rushden Windmill Club, Northants (21), Chatham Central Hall (23), Coventry Warwick University (28) and Southampton University (31).

Harvey back in action

Alex Harvey is back on the road with his latest band, and dates confirmed so far are at Newark Palace Theatre (tomorrow, Friday), Grimsby Central Hall (Saturday), Doncaster Rotters (Sunday), Maesteg Town Hall (October 19), Mansfield Leisure Centre (21), Plymouth Palace Theatre (22), Southampton University Connaught Hall (24), Mountain Ash New Theatre (28), Birkenhead Gallery Club (29), Middlesbrough Town Hall (30) and Hull Tower Cinema (31). A venue for October 23 has still to be finalised.

MARILLION, the fast-rising Aylesbury band, are on tour at **Leamington Spa** Crown Hotel (tonight, Thursday), **Chalfont St. Giles** Newlands Park College (October 19), **London** Marquee (20), **Chesham** Underground Club (22), **Northwich** Park Club (23), **High Wycombe** Nags Head (24), **Oxford** Polytechnic (26), **Cambridge** Great Northern (29), **Aylesbury** Friars (31), **Gravesend** Red Lion (November 1), **Oxford** Scamps (4), **Milton Keynes** Compass Club (5), **Birmingham** Rockbottom Club (6), **Wollaston** Nags Head (7), **Bishop's Stortford** Railway Hotel (9), **Kettering** Rising Sun (11), **London Clapham** 101 Club (12), **Milton Keynes** Starting Gate (13), **Coventry** Kingfisher (18), **Oxford** Caribbean Club (20), **Chesham** Elgeva Hall (21), **Northampton** Romany (22), **Worthing** Fountain Club (28) and **Bournemouth** Badger Club (29). Their three-track cassette (£1.50 including p&p) is available from 13 Winchester House, Bishops Walk, Aylesbury, Bucks.

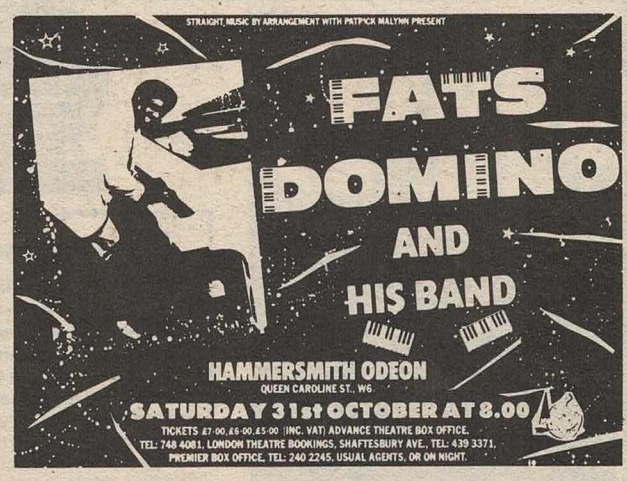
☐ **THE ANDROIDS OF MU** introduce their new line-up at a couple of London gigs — Hendon Football Club (tomorrow, Friday) and Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel (October 21). Their two new members are ex-Treatment drummer Grey Velvet and guitarist Deborah Tee.

☐ **SUPERCHARGE 81,** just back from a lengthy German tour, play Aberdeen Fusion (tonight, Thursday), Edinburgh Heriot Watt University (Friday), Wolverhampton Polytechnic (Saturday), London Fulham Golden Lion (Sunday), London Hammersmith Palais as guests of The Blues Band (October 19), Norwich East Anglia University (23) and Reading Bulmershe College (24). More dates will be added before they go into the studio to record an album, with Pete Wingfield producing.

☐ **NEIL YOUNG'S** film *Rust Never Sleeps* is to be screened for one day at each of the following cinemas, three performances daily: Glasgow ABC 2 (October 21), Dundee ABC 1 (28), Newcastle ABC 1 (November 4), Cambridge Victoria 1 (11), Leicester ABC 1 (18), Liverpool Futurist (25), Leeds ABC 1 (December 2) and Southampton Gaumont (5). It also plays Belfast Queens Theatre for six days from December 14.

Stop Press

LINDISFARNE this week announce plans for their traditional hometown Christmas concerts at Newcastle City Hall. They appear there for seven nights — December 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 27 and 28 — and tickets for all shows are priced £4.50, £4, £3.50 and £3 (platform). For the first three nights (19-21), tickets are only available by personal application to the City Hall box-office. For the remaining four shows, tickets are only available by post from Lindisfarne Christmas Shows, P.O. Box 1LT, Newcastle upon Tyne NE99 1LT — make cheques and POs payable to "LMP Limited" and enclose SAE.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RECORD NEWS

DEPARTMENT S, who play a one-off at London Victoria The Venue tomorrow (Friday), have their new single issued by Stiff on October 23 — it is 'I Want' coupled with 'Monte Carlo or Bust'. There's also a 12-inch version with a bonus third track titled 'Put All The Crosses In The Right Boxes'.

Manoeuvres and the Maid

ORCHESTRAL Manoeuvres In The Dark follow their current smash hit 'Souvenirs' with a new single, issued by Dindisc this weekend — titled 'Joan Of Arc', coupled with 'The Romance Of The Telescope'. As already reported, their new album is 'Architecture And Morality', and that's now officially set for release on November 6 — the day before they set out on their previously announced UK tour.

● **Randy Crawford,** currently midway through her nine-concert London season, has a new single out on Warner Brothers this weekend — it's the title track from her hit album 'Secret Combination', coupled with a live version of 'Streetlife' recorded earlier this year at London Dominion.

● **Stevie Nicks'** new self-penned single is, in fact, a duet with Don Henley. Produced by Jimmy Irvine, it is 'Leather And Lace', and was originally written by Stevie for country stars Waylon Jennings and Jessie Colter. Release in through WEA on October 23.

● Issued next Monday on the Liberty United label is a new **Dr. Feelgood** single titled 'Waiting For Saturday Night', their first to feature new guitarist Johnny Guitar, who replaced Gypie Mayo in the line-up. The band will have a new album issued next month, to coincide with a massive tour running from November to Christmas — details next week.

● Salsa specialists **Modern Romance** have their latest single 'Ay Ay Ay Ay Moosey' issued by WEA on October 23, and it's coupled with an American remix of their hit 'Everybody Salsa'. The group are at present finishing their debut album, for release towards the end of the year.

● **Rupert Holmes,** the man who made pina colada a household drink, has signed to Elektra Records. His album 'Full Circle', containing ten new compositions, is released via his new label on October 23.

● **Cedric Myton,** lead singer with The Congos, this week releases his first album under his new deal with Arista. Titled 'Face The Music', by Myton & The Congos, it contains ten tracks and appears on The Beat's Go-Feet label. It was recorded in Jamaica, and features a number of guest musicians, including Rico and Third World's Stephen Cat Coore. A single from the LP, 'Can't Take It Away', has just been issued.

Astrologer fixes Depeche release

DEPECHE MODE will have their album 'Speak And Spell' issued by Mute Records some time next month. They can't give a precise date because, they say, they're waiting for their astrologer to advise them on the most favourable time for release.

● **The Exploited,** whose three-track EP 'Dead Cities' has just been released by Secret Records, are now making availble a cassette version of their hit album 'Punks Not Dead' and it has the bonus of a previously unreleased track called 'Youth Opportunities'.

● **George Melly** and **John Chilton's Feetwarmers** celebrate ten years of working together by releasing a new album. Titled 'Like Sherry Wine', it's on the PRT label.

● Recommended Records reissue the long deleted classic **Sun Ra** album 'Nuits De La Fondation Maeght' later this month. It features live and studio recordings from a decade ago, comes in a lavish and re-designed sleeve, and plays at 45rpm.

● **Chelsea** will have a new single issued by Step Forward Records on Novemebr 13, titles to be advised shortly. Meanwhile, they're playing a one-off gig at Norwich Flixton Rooms next Thursday (22), and this will be recorded for a live album to be issued at the end of next month.

● **Juan Martin,** acknowledged as one of the world's leading flamenco guitarists, has signed to Polydor and has a single out this week titled 'Desire . . . Caught By The Tail' — with an album 'Picasso Portraits', which features such luminaries as Jeff Beck musicians Simon Phillips (drums) and Tony Hymas (keyboards), to follow in late October. Martin has now formed a permanent band and, together with special guest Francis Monkman on keyboards, plays a one-off at London Queen Elizabeth Hall on October 23.

CALVERT'S HYPE

BOB CALVERT, ex-Hawkwind linchpin and writer of their 'Silver Machine' million seller, will be undertaking a college tour in November and December (dates to follow shortly) under the name of the Tom Mahler Band — which, in reality, comprises Calvert and the group Bethnal. Reason for this apparent subterfuge is that it ties in with a book he's written called *Hype* (published next week by the New English Library), which takes a look inside the music industry and centres around a fictional rock star called Tom Mahler. And to round off the project, he has an album issued by A-Side Records this weekend titled 'Hype — The Songs Of Tom Mahler'.

Queen's big autumn campaign

QUEEN spring back into the limelight this month, despite their absence on tour in South America. Their 17-track 'Greatest Hits' album and cassette are being issued by EMI on October 26 at a suggested price of £3.95 — and this will be followed in early November by a new single titled 'Under Pressure', on which David Bowie guests with the band, the first time they've ever recorded with another artist. Additionally, their first official book titled *Queen's Greatest Pix* is published by Quartet Books later this month. And already on sale is an hour-long EMI video cassette called 'Queen's Greatest Flix', featuring 17 of their best-known songs (£34.50).

New Genesis

GENESIS have a new single issued by Charisma tomorrow (Friday) in a picture bag. The A-side is 'Keep It Dark' from their hit album 'Abacab', and it's coupled with a previously unreleased track titled 'Naminanu'. There's also a 25,000 limited edition 12-inch version, which contains an extra track — an extended version of their recent hit single 'Abacab'.

Diana album

DIANA ROSS has her album 'Why Do Fools Fall In Love' issued on October 26, her first since signing with Capitol Records. It marks Diana's debut as a producer, and contains nine tracks — one of which is a solo version of her chart duet with Lionel Richie, 'Endless Love'. The LP's title track is being issued as a single in a four-colour picture bag, also on October 26.

● Among singles issued by Secret Records this week are 'Kids Of The Eighties' by **Infa Riot,** 'Disco Rhythm' marking the debut of London electronic band **The Clones,** the double A-sider 'Harry May'/'Employers Black List' by **The Business** and 'Jive Jive' by **Brian Brain.** Secret distribution is through Stage One.

● Bauhaus bassist **David Jay** has teamed up with 81-year-old **Rene Halkett** — poet, painter and writer of the *Original Bauhaus Movement* — to record the single 'Nothing'/'Armour'. These are, in fact, two of Halkett's poems set to Jay's music.

● **Plain Characters** have signed with Abstract Records, and will have both their single 'Menial Tasks' and album 'Invisible Yearnings' issued at the end of this month.

● Big Nob Records is a new label formed by an East London musicians co-operative, and this week sees their first two releases. The first is 'Anhedonia'/'Set A Table' by **Happy Xmas Nicola,** whose four members all rejoice in the first name of Alan. And the other is 'The Great Western Revival'/'Feel So Low' by **The Puffin Club,** a four-piece who (so we're told) perform their gigs naked — see for yourselves at London Fulham Greyhound next Monday (19).

● Next month, Beggars Banquet release a double album compilation titled 'The Best Of British Jazz Funk'. It sells at the normal price of one LP, has 18 tracks and plays for well over an hour. Among the 12 bands featured are **Light Of The World, UK Players, Shakatak, Morrissey Mullen, Freeez** and **Level 42.**

● 'That's The Way It Is' — and that's the title of the new **Graham Bonnet** single, out this week. His album 'Line-Up' follows at the end of this month, and among backing musicians featured on it are Cozy Powell (drums), Micky Moody (guitar) and Jon Lord (keyboards).

● Singer-composer **David James** has a single out on Towerbell Records this week with the intriguing title of 'The Original Cuckoo Bird Pineapple Truck (Lone Star Boogie Bar Band)', coupled with two further tracks and featuring Albert Lee among backing musicians. From the same label comes the single 'My Imagination' by **Air.**

● Thee-piece all-girl New York band **UT** are in London recording an EP, for release at the end of this month, and are being lined up for a string of dates to support it.

● Coinciding with his current tour, **John Miles** releases his single 'Reggae Man' on EMI this week, and it's taken from his current album 'Miles High'.

TOUR NEWS

□ **CARLENE CARTER & The C.C. Riders** continue on the road at Glasgow Night Moves (tonight, Thursday), Aberdeen Venue (Sunday), Sheffield Limit (October 20) and Norwich East Anglia University (21), followed by an Irish tour, including Belfast Queen's University on October 30. Carlene's current album 'Blue Nun' has had three extra tracks added to it, making 14 in all — one of these is 'Oh How Happy', on which she is featured with Paul Carrack, and it's her new single for October 23 release by F-Beat.

□ **DEFUNKT,** the New York jazz-funk combo who played here earlier this year, return to headline two nights at London Victoria The Venue on October 29 and 30 — support act is 23 Skidoo, and tickets are £3.50. Defunkt have a 12-inch single titled 'The Razor's Edge' issued on October 23 by Hannibal Records (through Stage One).

□ **SHEA RAMAH** have dates at London Euston The Pits (this Saturday), Canterbury Kent University (October 27), London Stockwell Old Queens Head (30), Norwich East Anglia University (31) and London Fulham Greyhound (November 7). The Canterbury and Norwich gigs are as special guests of The Sound.

□ **JON & THE NITERIDERS,** a Californian band who are in the vanguard of the current "surf beat" revival, fly into town to play a one-off at London Camden Dingwalls tonight (Thursday). Their album 'Surf Beat 80' is released by Charly Records to coincide.

□ **AZTEC CAMERA** visit Liverpool Warehouse (October 20), Bristol University (21), Brighton New Regent (22), London North-East Polytechnic (23), London School of Economics (24), London Whisky A-Gogo (26 and November 2), Leicester Polytechnic (3) and Manchester The Pound (5). The Postcard Records band will be going to New York in January to record their first album.

□ **OK JIVE** emerge from the recording studio to play London gigs at Camden Dingwalls (tomorrow, Friday), Marquee Club (October 29) and Herne Hill Half Moon (30), followed by Canterbury Kent University on October 31. The five-piece highlife band have been recording their second single, with Joe Jackson producing, for release shortly on the Frenzy label.

□ **THE FRESHIES,** the Manchester band fronted by Chris Sievey, have a number of dates to tie in with this weekend's release of their single 'Dancin' Doctors' on the Razz / Pinnacle label — written by Sievey, who also designed the sleeve and label. They play an anti-nukes gig at Manchester Polytechnic (October 23), Manchester Gallery (29), Canterbury Technical College (30), Derby Lonsdale College (31), Stockport Brookfield Hotel (November 7) and Altrincham Unicorn (8). Their debut LP is planned for spring release, and will probably include a free album.

□ **RANDOM HOLD** are to support Orchestral Manoeuvres on their November UK tour, and will have their single 'The March' issued by RCA to coincide.

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
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THE HUMAN CONDITION
23 SKIDOO
the pinkies
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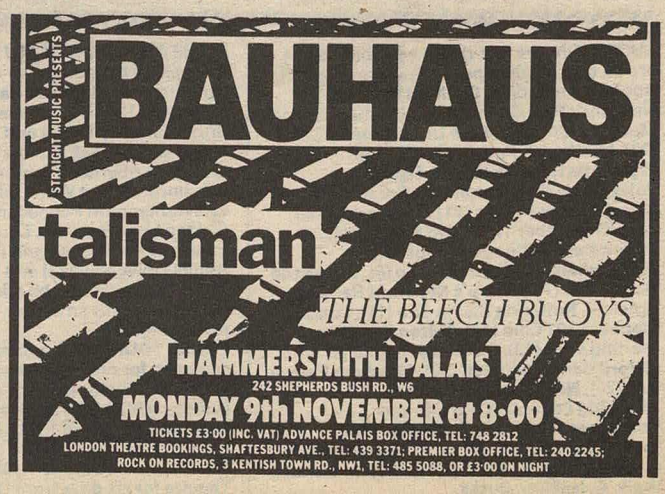
ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088, OR £3·00 ON NIGHT


STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
BAUHAUS
talisman
THE BEECH BUOYS
HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
242 SHEPHERDS BUSH RD., W6
MONDAY 9th NOVEMBER at 8·00
TICKETS £3·00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE PALAIS BOX OFFICE, TEL: 748 2812
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245;
ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088, OR £3·00 ON NIGHT

Cinemas

classic
West End Presentations

CLASSIC PROGRAMME INFORMATION TELEDATA 01 200 0200

classic 1 2 3
HAYMARKET 839 1527
(Piccadilly Circus Tube)

classic 1 2 3 4 5
OXFORD ST. 636 0310
(Opp Tottenham Court Rd Tube)

1 John Carpenter's **ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK** AA
in Dolby Stereo
Progs 1.20 (not Sun). 2.55. 5.30. 8.10
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

2 "They hit the road . . . the road hit back!"
GOODBYE PORK PIE AA
Progs 1.20 (not Sun), 3.35, 5.55, 8.15
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

3 PETER YATES'
The JANITOR AA
Progs 1.25 (not Sun)
3.15, 5.40, 8.10
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

classic 1 2 3 4
CHELSEA 352 5096 Kings Road
Last performances bookable

1 **FELLINI'S CITY OF WOMEN** X
Progs 2.00, 5.05, 8.15

2 *1981 Royal Film Performance*
CHARIOTS OF FIRE A
in Dolby Stereo
Progs 2.30, 5.35, 8.25

3 "They hit the road . . . the road hit back!"
GOODBYE PORK PIE AA
Progs 2.15, 5.40, 8.30

4 ALAN BATES
MAGGIE SMITH
QUARTET X
Progs 2.40, 6.05, 8.55

classic LEICESTER SQ.
(Charing Cross Rd.) 930 6915
ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK AA
Progs 12.50 (not Sun), 2.10, 5.35, 8.00

1 *"Every great love leaves its mark!"*
TATTOO X
Progs 1.10, 2.55, 5.25, 8.05
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

2 James Bond is back
FOR YOUR EYES ONLY A
in Dolby Stereo
Progs 12.45, 2.55, 5.35, 8.15
Late show Fri & Sat 11 pm

3 PETER YATES'
The JANITOR AA
Progs 1.30, 3.40, 6.00, 8.20
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

4 Bo Derek
TARZAN THE APE MAN AA
Progs 1.10, 3.25, 5.50, 8.15
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

5 **TIME BANDITS** A
Progs 1.10, 3.30, 5.55, 8.20
Late Show Fri & Sat 11pm

The NEW classic 1 2 3
TOTTENHAM CT. RD.
(Tottenham Court Rd Tube) 636 6148

1 **FELLINI'S CITY OF WOMEN** X
Progs 2.45, 5.25, 8.15
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

2 **STRIPES** (AA)
Progs 1.45 (not Sun) 3.35, 6.00, 8.30
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

3 "They hit the road . . . the road hit back!"
GOODBYE PORK PIE AA
Progs 1.50 (not Sun), 3.30, 5.55, 8.25
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

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Friday 16
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+ THE LITTLE RICHARD SHOW 5.30, 8.15
11.30 All night JOHN CLEESE
Saturday 17
THE GIRL CAN'T HELP IT 1.35, 5.05, 7.45
+ MISTER ROCK'N'ROLL 3.20 6.25 9.30
11.30 All night JOHN CLEESE
Sunday 18
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Thursday 22
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Progs: 1.10 (not Sun), 3,30, 5.50, 8.10
Late show Fri & Sat 11 pm

3 SEAN CONNERY in **OUTLAND** AA
A Ladd Company Release Through Warner Bros. A Warner Communications Company Released by Columbia EMI Warner Distributors Ltd © 1981 The Ladd Company All Rights Reserved
Progs: Wk 1.45, 3.55, 6.10, 8.30. Sun 3.30, 5.40, 8.00
Late Show Fri & Sat 11.00.

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GAUMONT Southampton 5 Dec
QUEENS Belfast 14 Dec

ABC West End Film Guide EMI

ABC 1 & 2 SHAFTESBURY AVE
Sep Perfs. All Seats Bkble
1: HISTORY OF THE WORLD PART I (AA)
Wk. & Sun: 2.0, 5.25, 8.25
Late show Tonight & Sat. 11.25
2: HONKY TONK FREEWAY (AA)
Wk. & Sun: 2.0, 5.10, 8.10
Late show Sat. 11.10

ABC 1, 2, 3, 4 EDGWARE ROAD
1: HISTORY OF THE WORLD PART I (AA)
1.50, 4.10, 6.35, 9.0 Sun: 6.35, 9.0
Progs. 3.30, 5.55, 8.15 Sun: 5.55, 8.15
Late show Tonight & Sat. 11.15
2: HONKY TONK FREEWAY (AA)
3.05, 5.45, 8.30 Sun: 5.45, 8.30
Progs. 2.20, 5.0, 7.40 Sun: 5.0, 7.40
Late show Tonight & Sat. 11.15
3: TATTOO (X)
3.15, 6.0, 8.45 Sun: 6.0, 8.45
Progs. 2.30, 5.10, 7.50 Sun: 5.10, 7.50
Late show Tonight & Sat. 11.15
4: GOODBYE PORK PIE (AA)
2.0, 5.20, 8.40 Sun: 5.20, 8.40
BIG BANANA FEET (AA)
3.45, 7.05 Sun: 7.05 Late show Sat. 11.15

ABC 1, 2, 3 BAYSWATER (Queensway)
1: HISTORY OF THE WORLD PART I (AA)
Progs. 1.15, 3.05, 5.35, 8.05 Sun: 5.30, 8.0
Late show Tonight & Sat. 11.15
2: HONKY TONK FREEWAY (AA)
Progs. 2.0, 4.50, 7.40 Sun: 4.45, 7.35
Late show Tonight & Sat. 11.15
3: Steven Spielbergs'
RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK (A)
Progs. 2.0, 4.50, 7.45 Sun: 4.45, 7.35
Late show Sat. 11.15

ABC 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 FULHAM ROAD
Seats Bkble Last Sep Prog. L'end bar
Doors open 15 mins prior
1: HISTORY OF THE WORLD PART I (AA)
Sep Progs. Wk. & Sun: 2.0, 5.0, 8.30
2: THE FOUR SEASONS (AA)
Sep Progs. Wk. & Sun: 2.0, 5.0, 8.30
3: Steven Spielberg's
RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK (A)
Sep Progs. Wk. & Sun: 2.0, 5.0, 8.30
4: TATTOO (X)
Sep Progs. Wk. & Sun: 2.0, 5.0, 8.30
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Friday 16th October
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JUICE ON THE LOOSE
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JAH WARRIOR
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CHELSEA
VICTIMS OF PLEASURE
REFLECTIONS
+ Support

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Ronanda Ents. presents.
Dynamic Jamaican Stars — The
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Please phone before setting out, check, but avoiding major disasters, here is:-

WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN

MAXIMUM JOY
THU.15.Oct. Wild Jazz-Funk outfit put together by JOHN & DAN from the POP GROUP and currently getting rave revues for their 45, 'STRETCH'.

MERGER
FRI.16. "One of a kind reggae... playing has sweetness and strength, nothing superfluous - minimum put to max. effect," M.M

REMIPEDS
SAT. 17. Aim for comedy and border on Madness. Whirligig of influences - oi to over-the-top - but your feet will like it.

SUN. THINGS IN BAGS + THE ANSWER + THE SHOPPERS.

MON. CIVILISATION + THE BOOLIE

TUE. KIDS NEXT DOOR + ROUTINE + ZOOMIES

MOTOR BOYS MOTOR
WED 21. Drums, bass, techno-flash guitar, plus a vocalist who doubles on clarinet and percussion. Come over as a Bunnymen / Whitesnake marriage

Nashville Teens
Played here in the dark ages, when the drummer's
THUR.22. kit collapsed. 'Still do 'Tobacco Road.'

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MCP by arrangement with ITB presents

GREG LAKE
plus guests *VOYAGER*
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
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+ Way of the West
+ King Trigger

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THE PASSIONS
+ Bumble and the Beez

Monday 19th and Tuesday 20th Oct £4.00
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+ Hambi and the Dance
+ Motivation

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GO-GOs

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+ **The Marines** | 5-part harmonies.
Beach Boys This lot Are Better.

M.C.P. and Kiltorch present

BAD MANNERS

GOSH IT'S...

plus support

BIRMINGHAM ODEON
THURS. 22nd OCTOBER 7.30
tickets £3.50 and £3.00 from box office tel: 021 643 6101
MANCHESTER APOLLO
FRI. 23rd OCTOBER 7.30
tickets £3.50 and £3.00 from box office tel: 061 273 3112
NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
SAT. 24th OCTOBER 7.30
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ABERDEEN CAPITOL
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TUES. 27th OCTOBER 7.30
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IPSWICH GAUMONT
SAT. 7th NOVEMBER 7.30
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DE MONTFORT HALL LEICESTER
SUN. 8th NOVEMBER 7.30
tickets £3.50 and £3.00 from box office tel: 0533 27632
BRIGHTON CENTRE
TUES. 10th NOVEMBER 7.30
tickets £3.50 from box office tel: 0273 202881
SOPHIA GARDENS CARDIFF
THURS. 12th NOVEMBER 7.30
tickets £3.50 from box office tel: 27657; Spillers Records; Virgin Records; Dereks Records, Port Talbot and Swansea
GAUMONT SOUTHAMPTON
FRI. 13th NOVEMBER 7.30
tickets £3.50 from box office tel: 0703 29772
RAINBOW THEATRE
MON. 16th NOVEMBER 7.30
tickets £3.50 and £3.00 from box office, 232 Seven Sisters Rd., N4, tel: 01 263 3148 and usual agents

Nationwide Gig Guide

The Fall Pic. Anton Corbijn

Our Daughters Wedding Pic. Michael Putland

REGARDLESS of what the cynics might tell you, there's certainly little sign of recession this week, as far as the circuit is concerned. With dozens of major names on the road, Gig Guide breaks through the magic 700-date barrier, to bring you its widest-ever selection of live action.

Our two featured bands this week are THE FALL, who kick off a new gig series in London (Monday) and Brighton (Wednesday); and New York synthesizer band OUR DAUGHTERS WEDDING, returning for their second visit to the UK, but this time in a headlining role — starting at Plymouth (Thursday), Torquay (Friday) and Birmingham (Tuesday).

In view of the welter of dates to be squeezed into these pages, space does not permit us to elaborate on the latest batch of new tours setting out. Suffice it to say that among acts opening this week are TANGERINE DREAM, DR. HOOK, THEATRE OF HATE, RANDY EDELMAN and JOHNNY CASH. And, of course, you'll find all the relevant details in the daily listings below.

Thursday 15th

Tangerine Dream: Oxford

Aberdeen Fusion Ballroom: **Supercharge 81**
Basildon Towngate Theatre: **Chas & Dave**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida-Red**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Last Detail**
Blackpool Squires Club: **The Distractions / Coup De Grace / The Out / Personal Column**
Bordon The Robin Hood: **Go**
Bracknell South Hill Park Centre: **Pendulum**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bradford St. Geroge's Hall: **John Miles**
Bradford 1 in 12 Club: **96 Tears**
Brighton Alhambra: **Dogs Of War / Sons Of The Desert**
Brighton New Regent: **Stimulin**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Madness / Belle Stars**
Bristol Polytechnic: **The Au Pairs**
Bristol Stonehouse: **Neondownwards / Instant Whip / Conflicting Views**
Bristol University: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Bude Bullers Arms: **Ray Dorset & Mungo Jerry**
Cambridge The Sound Cellar: **Martian Dance**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Small World / The Hawkes**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips / Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Cleethorpes Clouds: **The Lulu Boys**
Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion: **Steve Gibbons Band**
Coventry Apollo Theatre: **Hawkwind**
Coventry General Wolfe: **The Thompson Twins**
Coventry Polytechnic: **Q-Tips**
Crawley Leisure Centre: **Sheena Easton**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Andy Williams**
Durham University: **The Blues Band / Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders**
Gillingham King Charles Hotel: **The Angelic Upstarts**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **The Imprints**
Glasgow Doune Castle: **The Dolphins**
Harrogate The Adelphi: **Starfighters**
Hastings Downtown Saturdays: **Shakatak**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Kindergarten**
Hinckley Regent Club: **Limelight**
Hull University: **The Polecats / Afraid Of Mice**
Ilford The Cranbrook: **Starcore featuring Nickey Barclay**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Roy Drusky / Suze Raff**
Kingston Polytechnic: **The Frames / Xena Zerox**
Leeds Brannigan's: **Dance Chapter**
Leeds Merrion Centre: **The Passions**
Leeds Warehouse: **Vic Godard & Subway Sect**
Liverpool Grafton Rooms: **Thin Edge Of The Wedge / French Lessons / In To Excess / Moscow Philharmonix / Sly Move / Save Lucy / Carl Green & The Scene**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Greg Lake Band**
Liverpool The Masonic: **The Chase**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Jon & The Nightriders**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **National Gold**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Chefs / Mood Elevators**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Maximum Joy / White Brothers**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Roy Weard & The Last Post**
London Euston The Pits: **Bambi Kino / Dance Class**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Pencils**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Ruts DC / The Bank Robbers**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Westside**
London Fulham The Sawn: **The Cannibals**
London Greenwich White Swan: **L.A. Hooker**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **Will Evans Group**
London Hackney The Britannia: **First Offence**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Ultravox**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Talk Like THat/Ghost**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Dave Ellis Band**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Force**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Lambeth The Angel: **The London Apaches**
London Marquee Club: **Frankie Miller Band / The Vetoes**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Blue Veiners**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Jah Warrior**
London Putney Half Moon: **Juice On The Loose**
London Putney White Lion: **Fool**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Panama Francis & The Savoy Sultans (until October 21)**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Danny Moss Quartet**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **The Fantoms / The Brooklyn Dukes**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Talkover / Rock King Hert**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hank Wangford**
London Stratford Green Man: **Salt**
London Stratford North-East Polytechnic: **Salisbury**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Horsehoe: **24 Hours**
London Victoria The Venue: **Rip Rig & Panic**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Art Objects / Slow Twitch Fibres**
London W.1 Embassy Club: **Dotlyn Kidd**
London W.1 (Dean St.) Gossips: **The Delta's**
London W.14 Sunset Jazz: **Hot Sox**
London W.C.1 Wilmington Arms: **Harfoot Brothers**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Sad Cafe**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **Gordon Cruikshank Quintet**
Manchester Golden Garter: **Odyssey (until Saturday)**
Manchester Rafters: **Poison Girls**
Manchester (Romiley) Grey Horse: **The Permanents**
Manchester (Walkden) Bulls Head: **Rockin Horse**
Milton Keynes Compass Club: **Whipps / No Difference / The Big Big Man**
Newcastle (Wallsend) Buddle Arts Centre: **Alan Jones / Ray Stubbs R & B Allstars / Greg Burman Blues Band**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Ian Carr's Nucleus**
Norwich Fairley Technical College: **Back Door Man**
Nottingham Ad Lib Club: **If all Else Fails / The Cut-Outs / Napalm / The View**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline / Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: **Tom McEwan**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **Tangerine Dream**
Oxford Polytechnic: **Reality**
Paignton The Coverdale: **Final Eclipse / Little Winged**
Peterborough Bull & Dolphin: **Fallen Angels**
Petersfield Mercury Club: **Dave Berry**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Dangerous Girls**
Plymouth Polytechnic: **Our Daughter's Wedding**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **Girls At Our Best**
Preston Moonraker: **Dennis Delight**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Jack Jones**
Sheffield City Hall: **Saxon**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Doll By Doll**
Sheffield The Big Tree Hotel: **Psychic Twist**
Sheffield University: **Red Beans & Rice**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **The Clash / Theatre Of Hate**
St. Helens Cindy's: **The Gents**
Stockport Smugglers: **The Predators**
Watford Bailey's: **The Drifters (until Saturday)**
Wokingham Angie's: **Juke Jump**
York TA Centre: **UK Subs**

Friday 16th

Department S: London, Victoria

Bedford Horse & Groom: **Spring Offensive**
Bicester Nowhere Club: **Whipps**
Birmingham Aston University: **Q-Tips**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor Boys**
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: **UK Subs**
Birmingham (Erdington) Roebuck: **Energy**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **The Cravats/The Motivators**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Swingtown 39**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Grace**
Birmingham (Selly Oak) Station Inn: **Bizarre Unit**
Birmingham Star Club: **Jam Today**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **The Shadows**
Braintree The Institute: **Invasion/Figures Of Fun**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **Roy Weard & The Last Post**
Bristol Trinity Hall: **Recorded Delivery/Mind Tunnel/Red Radio**
Canterbury Technical College: **Denigh/Bronze/English Rogues**
Cardiff Great WEstern Hotel: **The Dynamos**
Cardiff New Theatre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Jackie Lynton Band/Killer Wales**
Cleethorpes Pippers: **Jnr. Walker & The All Stars**
Cleethorpes Pier Hotel: **The Lulu Boys**
Coventry Apollo Theatre: **Donovan**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Starfighters**
Coventry Paris Theatre: **Mike Berry/Rockola**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Theatre Of Hate**
Croydon The Star: **The Human Beans**
Dundee University: **Wall of Voodoo**
Eastbourne Lottbridge Arms: **Crush The Clocks**
Eastbourne St. Aidan's Youth Club: **Android Depression**
Edinburgh Heriot Watt University: **Supercharge 81**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **Pete Stacey Band**
Gillingham Central Hotel: **Stray**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **The Dolphins**
Gloucester Leisure Centre: **Madness/Belle Stars**
Hailsham Crown Hotel: **Cracked Mirror/Prowler**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Hawkwind**
Hartlepool Rifthouse Inn: **The Gents**
Hereford Technical College: **Moira & The Mice**
Hickstead Cinderella's: **Shakatak**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Misty In Roots**
Kidderminster Town Hall: **The Dancing Did/Private Lives/Childhoods End**
Launceston White Horse Inn: **Dangerous Girls**
Leeds Brannigan's: **Really/The Mess/Kill Another Night**
Leeds Heads & Tails: **The Motivators**
Leeds Poster Bar: **The Motivators**
Liverpool Bradford Hotel: **Gordon Cruikshank Quartet**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Brixton Town Hall: **The Birthday Party/Maximum Joy**
London Camden Dingwalls: **OK Jive/Dance Class**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London City of London Polytechnic: **Hambi & The Dance**
London City University: **Alvin Stardust/The Quads**
London Clapham Landor Hotel: **Nicky Barclay Band**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Rye & The Quarter Boys/The Same**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Merger/Naughty Thoughts**
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: **Randy Crawford**
London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: **The Snax/Watt Noys**
London Euston The Pits: **The Little Roosters/The Empty Vessels**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Johnny Mars Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Ruts DC/The Bank Robbers**
London Fulham Kings Head: **The 45's**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **The Lemons/Chats Arkestra**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Ultravox**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Blue Cats/The Frantix**
London Hayes Brook House: **The Attendants**
London Hendon Football Club: **The Androids of Mu**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Shake Shake/Burma Blue**
London Isleworth West London Institute: **Splendour Of Rome**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Crannog**
London Lambeth The Angel: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Marquee Club: **La-Rox/Terry Vision & The Screens**
London Mile End Queen Mary College: **Martian Dance**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Souls Valiant/Cayenne**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Mainland**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Vaguely Divine/Mila 18**
London Poplar Civic Theatre: **Chas & Dave**
London Putney White Lion: **Babylon Rebels**
London Royal Free Medical College: **The Swim**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Bambi Kino/The Laughing Apple**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Strand Kings College: **Pigbag**
London Stratford Green Man: **Hotline**
London Stratford North-East Polytechnic: **London Underground**
London Tottenham Middlesex Polytechnic: **Dolly Mixture**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **John Miles**
London Unviersity Union: **Alberto Y Lost Trios Paranoias**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Hondo**
London Victoria The Venue: **Department S/The Way Of The West**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Tarzan 5/Icarus**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **The Chefs/Mood Elevators**
London W.14 Sunset Jazz: **Diz & The Doormen**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **The Ivory Coasters**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Dr. Hook/Sundance**
Manchester (Ashton) Spread Eagle: **Sly Move**
Manchester Free Trade Hall: **Randy Edelman**
Manchester Rafters: **Vic Goddard & Subway Sect**
Manchester Russell Club: **Gregory Isaacs**
Manchester The Hunting Lodge: **Dr. Filth**
Narbeth Queen's Hall: **The Beatroots**
Newark Palace Theatre: **Alex Harvey Band**
New Brighton Empress Ballroom: **Fireclown**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **Greg Lake Band**
Newcastle Newton Park Hotel: **R&B Spitfires**
Newcastle Polytechnic: **The Polecats/Afraid Of Mice**
Newport Harper Adams College: **Steve Gibbons Band**
Norwich Caribbean Rooms: **Far Canal**
Nottingham Kimberley Leisure Centre: **Bow Wow Wow**
Nottingham Rock City: **The Thompson Twins**
Nuneaton Alderman Smith School: **The Editors**
Oldham Regent Hotel: **Victor Mature**
Ormskirk Edge Hill College: **Rockin Horse**
Oxford Caribbean Club: **The Tonix**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Remus Down Boulevard**
Oxford Polytechnic: **The Passions**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Tangerine Dream**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Sheena Easton**
Reading University: **Weapon Of Peace**
Redhill Centre: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
Retford Porterhouse: **The Higsons**
Salford University: **The Blues Band/Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders**
Salisbury City Hall: **Budgie**
Scarborough Taboo Club: **The Business/Infa-Riot**
Sheffield City Hall: **Saxon**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **The Au Pairs**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **Rough Mix**
Shotts The Mucky Duck: **The Imprints**
Southampton New Bridge Inn: **The Press**
Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic: **Doll By Doll**
Stoke Kings Hall: **U2/The Comsat Angels**
Sunderland Close Encounters: **Gary Glitter**
Sunderland Mecca: **Limelight**
Swansea University: **Poison Girls**
Swanton Skyline Club: **Dave Berry**
Tolworth Recreation Centre: **Alan Price**
Torquay 400 Ballroom: **Our Daughters Wedding**

Nationwide Gig Guide

Treforest Wales Polytechnic: **Reality**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **Talisman**
Wallasey Leasowe Castle Hotel: **Paul Costello & Friends**
Wokingham Angie's: **We're Only Human**
Wolverton The Victoria: **Fool**

Saturday 17th

Alex Harvey: Grimsby

Aberdeen University: **Saracen**
Bicester Nowhere Club: **C-Sain**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: **The Angelic Upstarts**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Eyeless In Gaza / Martin O'Cuthbertson**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **The Shadows**
Bracknell Sports Centre: **U2 / The Comsat Angels**
Bradford University: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint**
Bridport Greyhound Hotel: **Chalice**
Brighton Dome: **Tangerine Dream**
Brighton Jenkinson's: **Jnr. Walker & The All Stars**
Camberley Lakeside Country Club: **Chas & Dave**
Cambridge The Sound Cellar: **Tour De Force / Fool**
Cardiff Casablanca: **Black Roots**
Cardiff University: **Gary Glitter**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Scarlet Party / Driver**
Chester College of Higher Education: **The Dance Band**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies / Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Christchurch Jumpers Tavern: **The Press**
Cinderford Rugby Club: **Ray Dorset & Mungo Jerry**
Coventry Apollo Theatre: **Sad Cafe**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Hambi & The Dance**
Coventry Warwick University: **Doll By Doll**
Cumnock J.F.C.: **The Imprints**
Durham University: **Alberto Y Lost Trios Paranoias**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **The Higsons**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Johnny Cash Show**
Ellesmere Port Bulls Head: **The Permanents**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **Naughty Thoughts**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **The Polecats / Afraid Of Mice**
Glasgow University: **Greg Lake Band**
Grimsby Central Hall: **Alex Harvey Band**
Grimsby Pestle & Mortar: **The Lulu Boys**
Harlow The Orange Footman: **Figures Of Fun**
Hartlepool Rovers Quoits Club: **The Gents**
Hereford Market Tavern: **Whipps**
Hertford Heath Village Hall: **The Frets / Magic Kites / Jerry & The Chairs**
Ipswich Gainsborough Club: **Dave Berry**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Hawkwind**
Lampeter SDUC Arts Hall: **Poison Girls**
Launceston White Horse Inn: **Dangerous Girls**
Leeds Brannigans: **The Business/Infa-Riot**
Leeds Poster Bar: **Dale Hargreaves' Flamingos**
Leeds Queens Hall: **Saxon**
Leeds University: **Gregory Isaacs**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Dr. Hook/Sundance**
Leicester University: **Q-Tips**
Lincoln Theatre Royal: **Alvin Stardust/The Quads**
Liverpool The Masonic: **Burning Airlines**
Lochgilphead Argyll Hotel: **Dalriada**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Steve Gibbons Band**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Telephone Bill & The Smooth Operators**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Reality/Ruthless Blues**
London Central Polytechnic: **Back Door Man**
London Clapham Landor Hotel: **The Dragons**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Fay Ray/The Issue**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Remipeds/Tarzan 5**
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: **Randy Crawford**
London Euston The Pits: **Shea Ramah/Room 13**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Ricky Cool**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Frankie Miller Band/Fast Eddy**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Ultravox**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Mothers Ruin / Perfect People**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **A Bigger Splash / Mad Shadows**
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Nightdoctor**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Bop Natives**
London Kilburn Tricycle Theatre: **Mike Westbrook's Brass Band**
London Lambeth The Angel: **Auntie & The Men From Uncle**
London N4 The Stapleton: **Dave Ellis Band**
London NW1 The Cellar: **Walter Pardon**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **Equilibrium / Irving Street Band**
London Peckham Walmer Castle: **LA Hooker**
London Putney White Lion: **Juice On The Loose**
London School of Economics: **Girls At Our Best**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Martin Drew Quartet**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Cobras / Wipe Out**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Stratford Green Man: **Hotline**
London Tottenham Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Sheena Easton**
London University Union: **The Thompson Twins / Talisman**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Hondo**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Passions / Bumble & The Beez**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Stimulin/The Lucys**
London W1 Embassy Club: **Havana Let's Go**
Luton High Town Recreation Centre: **Misty In Roots**
Manchester Polytechnic: **UK Subs**
Manchester University: **Bow Wow Wow**
Manchester (Whitworth) Rawstrons Arms: **Victor Mature**
Newcastle University: **The Au Pairs**
Northampton Black Lion: **Energy**
Northampton Roadmenders Club: **Theatre Of Hate**
Norwich Whites: **Far Canal**
Nottingham Boat Club: **Starfighters**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Spring Offensive**
Peterborough Crowland Crown Hall: **Limelight**
Portsmouth Purbrook Park School: **Mark Williamson Band / Arc**
Port Talbot Afan Lido: **Madness / Belle Stars**
Ramsgate Flowing Bowl: **Ghost**
Rayleigh Crocs: **The Bollock Brothers / Sheer Joy**
Reading Target Club: **Die Laughing**
Retford Porterhouse: **Stray**
Shepton Mallet Football Club: **Shades**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **The Berlin Walls**
Sutton Coldfield Station Hotel: **The Bank Robbers**
Swansea University: **Reality**
Walton-on-Thames Social Club: **Chuck Farley**
Welwyn Garden City Digswell House: **Stinky Winkles**
Weymouth Pavilion: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers / The Hot Rod Gang**
Wick Rosebank Hotel: **The Dolphins**
Wishhaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wokingham Angie's: **The Spoilers**
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **Supercharge 81**
Worthing The Montague: **Twist And Shout**

Theatre Of Hate: Gillingham

Sunday 18th

Accrington The Hall: **The Lulu Boys**
Bath Stars & Stripes: **Back Door Man**
Bath Tiffany's: **Vic Godard & Subway Sect**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham Star Club: **De-Go-Tees / Doll Drums**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Blackpool Grand Theatre: **Alvin Stardust / The Quads**
Bradford College: **Victor Mature**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton Sussex University: **Renaissance / Sector 27**
Bristol Locarno: **U2 / The Comsat Angels**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Bury The Derby Hall: **Here & Now**
Carlisle Border Terrier: **Fireclown**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Manufactured Romance**
Cheltenham Everyman Theatre: **Randy Edelman**
Corby Earlstree: **Energy**
Doncaster Rotters: **Alex Harvey Band**
Doncaster Woodfield Social Centre: **The Gents**
East Kilbride The Gemini: **The Imprints**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Greg Lake Band**
Falmouth Laughing Pirate: **Dangerous Girls**
Fife St Andrew's University: **The Polecats / Afraid Of Mice**
Gillingham Central Hotel: **Theatre Of Hate**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Saxon**
Glasgow Maestro's: **The Higsons**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Hull Tower Cinema: **Bow Wow Wow**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Tangerine Dream**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Leeds Civic Theatre: **Limelight**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Underground**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
Leeds Tiffany's: **Madness / Belle Stars**
Little Sutton Municipal Golf Club: **Il Dannach**
Liverpool The Masonic: **Shades Of Grey**
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Area**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Clapham Landor Hotel: **Andy & Smile**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Smart / The Gymslips**
London Covent Garden Africa Centre: **The Times / Nikki Sudden & The Mauve Explosion / High Tide**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Things In Bags / Answer / The Shoppers**
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: **Jack Jones**
London Epping Blacksmiths Arms: **Arizona Smoke Revue / Downes & Beer**
London Finchley Torrington: **Hank Wangford**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Supercharge '81**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Johnny G Band**
London Hackney Chats Palace (lunchtime): **John Stevens Group**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Ultravox**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Devilish Tin Trumpet / Those Virginia Mountain Boys**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Mari Wilson & The Imaginations / Natural Scientist**
London Lambeth The Angel: **The Chefs**
London N11 Standard Sports Club (lunchtime): **Young Jazz Big Band**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **Salamander**
London Queensway Plaza Hotel: **A.B.C.**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Gregory Isaacs**
London Shepherds Bush The Wellington: **National Gold**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Keith Nichols**
London Southall White Hart: **Stray**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Jo-Ann Kelly's Second Line**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **The Clash**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London Stratford Green Man (evening): **Nightwork**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Sheena Easton**
London W1 Embassy Club: **Spitzbrook**
London W1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Johnny M & The Midnite Express**
London WC2 Theatre Space: **A Cruel Memory / Anne Clark / Sarah Fisher etc.**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Johnny Cash Show**
Manchester Boothstown Club: **Dave Berry**
Manchester Palace Theatre: **Donovan**
Newbridge Memorial Hall: **Reality**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Oxford New Theatre: **Sad Cafe**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **The Artists**
Pontypridd Regent Ballroom: **Poison Girls**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **The Shadows**
Poynton Folk Centre: **New Celeste / Peter Hughes**
Reading Cherry's: **The Kindergarten**
Redhill Lakers Hotel: **Crush The Clocks**
Stevenage Bowes Lyon House: **Basking Sharks / Schizsoire**
Stroud Leisure Centre: **Up The People Show**
Tolworth Recreation Centre: **Jr Walker & The All Stars**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **Tour De Force**
Wallasey Dale Inn: **French Lessons**
Wick Rosebank Hotel: **The Dolphins**
Wigan Pier: **UK Subs**
Wokingham Angie's: **Juvessance**
Woodford White Hart: **Roy Weard & The Last Post**

Monday 19th

Aldershot West End Centre: **Larry Miller Band/The Vulgar Brothers**
Bath The Roxpot: **Recorded Delivery/Misdemenor**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham Holy City Zoo: **A.B.C.**
Birmingham Locarno: **U2/The Comsat Angels**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham Railway Hote: **Chainsaw**
Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: **Rage**
Birmingham Tower Ballroom: **Bow Wow Wow**
Birmingham University: **Alvin Stardust/The Quads**
Bolton The Swan: **The Lulu Boys**
Bordon The Robin Hood: **Fear Of Flying**
Box Hill The Burford Bridge: **Eddie Thompson Trio**
Bradford University: **Here & Now**
Brighton Top Rank: **Gregory Isaacs**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Tom Paxton**
Bristol Granary: **The Angelic Upstarts**
Bristol Valley Club: **Back Door Man**
Cardiff University: **Poison Girls/Reality/The Beatroots**

Culture: London Victoria

Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Janine/Triarchy**
Cheltenham Town Hall: **Up The People Show**
Coventry New Theatre: **Sheena Easton**
Doncaster Rotters: **Dark Star/Chevy/Limelight**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Saxon**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **Vernon Woodward**
Hornchurch Queens Theatre: **Mark Williamson Band/Cyrus**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Leeds Haddon Hall **Underground**
Lincoln Balby Nitespot: **The Gents**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Chase**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Andy Allan's Future/Stolen Pets/Photogenix**
London Charing Cross Heaven: **Mari Wilson & The Imaginations**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **John Vincent's Lonely Heart**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Mets/Duck Soup**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Civilisation/The Boolie/Shroom**
London Dalston Mildmay Tavern: **First Offence**
London Drury Theatre Royal: **Randy Crawford**
London Euston The Pits: **The Dirty Strangers**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Puffin Club**
London Fulham Kings Head: **John Spencer Band**
London Hammersmith Palais: **The Blues Band/Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders/Supercharge 81**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Amazon/Siren**
London Hornsey Railway Hotel: **Accelerator**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Heartbeats**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Big Chief**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Al Haig (for a week)**
London Marquee Club: **Starfighters**
London North Polytechnic: **The Fall**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Chaps/The Neon Blondes**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Scorch**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **The Clash**
London Stratford North-East Polytechnic: **Richard Digance**
London Victoria The Venue: **Culture**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **T.C. Matic**
London W.1 Embassy Club: **Mirage**
London W.1 Gillrays Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
Luton The Mad Hatter: **No Parking/The Looks Deceiver / The Ground**
Maesteg Town Hall: **Alex Harvey Band**
Malvern Winter Gardens: **UK Subs**
Manchester Golden Garter: **Hot Gossip (for a week)**
Manchester (Royton) Railway Inn: **The Feel**
Manchester The Gallery: **Victor Mature**
Margate Al Jolson's: **Ghost**
Oxford Scamps: **Vic Godard & Subway Sect**
Pencoed Youth Club: **Moira & The Mice**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **The Shadows**
Preston Guildhall: **Dr. Hook/Sundance**
Sheffield City Hall: **Johnny Cash**
Sheffield Lyceum Theatre: **Greg Lake Band**
Sheffield Marples Club: **The Business/Blitz/Infa-Riot**
Southend Zero 6: **Merlin**
St. Albans City Hall: **Hawkwind**
Stirling University: **The Polecats/Afraid Of Mice**
Stockport Smugglers: **Shades Of Black**
Stoke Jollees: **Odyssey**
Sunderland Annabel's Club: **R&B Spitfires**
Watford Bailey's: **Showaddywaddy (for a week)**

Tuesday 20th

The Gladiators: Manchester

Aldershot West End Centre: **The Human Beings / Impulse / The Dirty Shepherds Allstars**
Ayr Pavilion: **Steve Gibbons Band**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
Birmingham The Rum Runner: **Our Daughters Wedding**
Brighton Dome: **Tom Paxton**
Brighton Richmond Hotel: **Crush The Clocks**
Cardiff Top Rank: **The Blues Band / Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Fast Eddy / Chaos**
Coventry Working Mens Club: **Chas & Dave**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Randy Edelman**
Dartford Railway Hotel: **Nick Barraclough**
Derby Rainbow: **The Angelic Upstarts**
Exeter St. George's Hall: **Poison Girls**
Exeter University: **Vic Godard & Subway Sect**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Dr Hook / Sundance**
Gloucester Leisure Centre: **Up The People Show**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Bow Wow Wow**
Huddersfield Cinderella's: **Studio 45**
Leeds Marquis of Granby: **Underground**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Leeds Tiffany's: **U2 / The Comsat Angels**
Leeds Warehouse: **Doll By Doll**
Liverpool Le Son Divin (at the Warehouse): **Aztec Camera / The Pale Fountains**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Shake Shake / Burma Blurr**
London City of London Polytechnic: **Ravenna & The Magnetics**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Strict Baptists / The Empires**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Smart/Zoomies / The Routine**
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: **Randy Crawford**
London Euston The Pits: **The Lucky Saddles / We're Only Human**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Katy Heath Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Dolly Mixture / Between Pictures**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Tangerine Dream**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Victims Of Circumstance / Back Door Man**
London Hornsey King Head: **Main Avenue Jazz Band**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Motor Boys Motor**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **The 45's**
London Marquee Club: **Girl**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Delia Bongo / The Motives**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Martian Dance**
London Plaistow North-East Polytechnic: **Maximum Joy**
London Putney Half Moon: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Royal Albert Hall: **Johnny Cash Show**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Marney Webb & The Spiders**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **True Life Confessions**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Silent Running**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **The Clash**
London Stratford Green Man: **Outrageous Flesh / Carte Blanche**
London Tottenham Prince of Wales: **The Alligators / The Wrecktangles**
London Victoria The Venue: **Culture**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Zounds / Parting Shots**
London W.1 Embassy Club: **Uropa Lula**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Madness / Belle Stars**
Manchester University: **The Gladiators**
Newcastle City Hall: **Saxon**
Portsmouth Nero's: **Theatre Of Hate**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **Weapon Of Peace**
Reading University: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Reality**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **Alex Harvey Band**
Sheffield Top Rank: **Gregory Isaacs**
Southend Talk of the South: **Odyssey**
Southport Arts Centre: **About Time**
Southport Theatre: **Sheena Easton**
St. Albans City Hall: **Hawkwind**
Stockport Brookfield Hotel: **The Feel**
Swansea University: **Q-Tips**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **Rage**

Wednesday 21st

Girls At Our Best: Wolverhampton

Aldershot West End Centre: **Keith James**
Ayr Auchincruive College: **The Imprints**
Birmingham Aston University: **The Bank Robbers**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Manitoba**
Birmingham Odeon: **Tangerine Dream**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Blackburn The Roundabout: **The Lulu Boys**
Bradford University: **Doll By Doll**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Defectors/Dogs Of War**
Brighton New Regent: **The Fall**
Bristol Granary: **Poison Girls**
Bristol University Union: **Aztec Camera**
Caerphilly Double Diamond: **Johnny Cash (for four days)**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Bow Wow Wow**
Charnock Richard Parkhall Centre: **The Drifters**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Chichester Festival Theatre: **Memphis Slim**
Colwyn Bay Dixieland Showbar: **Starfighters**
Corby Exclusive Club: **Energy**
Durham University: **Steve Gibbons Band**
Edinburgh University: **The Angelic Upstarts**
Gillingham King Charles Hotel: **Odyssey**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Dr. Hook/Sundance**
Hemel Hempstead Pavilion: **U2/The Comsat Angels**
Leeds Brannigan's: **Underground**
Leeds Cherry Tree: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Leicester Polytechnic: **The Au Pairs**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **French Lessons**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Cayenne / Combo Passe**
London Clapham 101 Club: **R.V.K. / Bad Detective**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Motor Boys Motor**
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: **Randy Crawford**
London Euston The Pits: **Tour De Force / London Secret**
London Fulham Golden Lion'; **Metro Glider**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Panic/Bop Natives**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Androids Of Mu**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Hawkwind**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Janine / The Chiltern Volcanoes**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Kid Cairo's Master Plan**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **The Beatroots**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Marquee Club: **Girl**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Ice Breakers**
London Peckham Walmer Castle: **The Firm / The Elite**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Jump Squad**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Bill Le Sage Quartet**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Jimmy Lawton Show with City Limits**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Ginger/Empty Vessels**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Electric Bluebirds**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **The Clash**
London Stratford Green Man: **Idle Flowers**
London Victoria The Venue: **John Prine**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Maximum Joy / The Cocktail Partisans**
London W.1 Embassy Club: **Jeremiah & The Prophets**
London W.1 (Wardour St.) Whisky A-Gogo: **The Variations**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Morrissey Mullen**
Mansfield Leisure Centre: **Alex Harvey Band**
Newcastle City Hall: **Saxon**
New Romney Seahorse: **Enry**
Norwich Whites: **Dunce Dunce Double D**
Pontefract Radburn Reford Centre: **The Gents**
Preston Guildhall: **Madness/Belle Stars**
Redcar Hydro Hotel: **Fireclown**
Rushden Windmill Club: **Chas & Dave**
Sheffield City Hall: **Sheena Easton**
Sheffield George IV Hotel: **20th Century Blues**
Sheffield Lyceum Theatre: **Jnr. Walker & The All Stars**
Sheffield University: **The Polecats / Afraid Of Mice**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **Arrival/ The Yeow Band**
Sunderland Empire Theatre: **Alan Price**
Sunderland Mayfair Ballroom: **Misty In Roots**
Swinton Duke of Wellington: **Rockin Horse**
Treforest Wales Polytechnic: **Q-Tips**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **Here & Now**
Weymouth Pavilion: **Alvin Stardust**
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **Girls At Our Best**

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From over 900 entrants we reckon we have found the best new sounds around your area — come and judge for yourselves.

VENUES

THURS	15 OCT	GRAFTON ROOMS	LIVERPOOL
SAT	17 OCT	QUEENS UNIVERSITY	BELFAST
SUN	18 OCT	CITY HALL	CORK
TUES	20 OCT	LOCARNO	BIRMINGHAM
THURS	22 OCT	SAMSON & HERCULES	NORWICH
SUN	25 OCT	LOCARNO	PORTSMOUTH
MON	26 OCT	HAMMERSMITH PALAIS	LONDON
TUES	27 OCT	LOCARNO	BRISTOL
WED	28 OCT	TOP RANK	CARDIFF

+ Special Guests: CARL GREEN & THE SCENE

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THE FALL

+

THE VIRGIN PRUNES

HOLLOWAY ROAD THEATRE
POLYTECHNIC OF NORTH LONDON

MONDAY OCT 19th — 8.00 - 11.30 pm
ADMISSION £2.50 — TICKETS FROM: ROUGH TRADE, HONKY TONK, BONAPARTE

WAY OF THE WEST

16TH OCT. VENUE
23RD OCT. RAINBOW
30TH OCT. L.S.E.

It's just a march in time

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

OUTLAW AND PHIL McINTYRE PRESENT

Gillan

BUDGIE — NIGHTWING

MON./TUES. 21st/22nd DECEMBER 7.30pm

TICKETS £4.25 £3.75 £3.25

TICKETS FROM BOX OFFICE AND USUAL AGENTS (SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEES)

THE PITS

The Green Man, Euston Road, N.W.1.
Licensed 8.30-1am — Opp. Gt. Portland St. Tube

Thur. 15th Oct. £1.50	Mon. 19th Oct. £1.50
BAMBI KINO + Dance Class	THE DIRTY STRANGERS + Drastic Measures
Fri. 16th Oct. £1.50	Tue. 20th Oct. £1.50
LITTLE ROOSTERS + Empty Vessels	LUCKY SADDLES + We're Only Human
Sat. 17th Oct. £1.50	Wed. 21st Oct. £1.50
SHEA RAMAH + Room 13	TOUR DE FORCE + London Secret

DJ — Beef Box

THE

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is available on some nights for private hire.

* *Large dance area*
* *3 licensed bars*
* *Small restaurant*

ideal for most kinds of function

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☆☆☆☆ NIGHT ☆☆☆☆
£1.25
★ THE PUFFIN CLUB ★
HAPPY XMAS NICOLA
★ ANIMAL MAGIC ★
Mon 19th October
FULHAM GREYHOUND

13th CAMDEN JAZZ WEEK OCT 26-31

Tuesday 27th October

OTIS RUSH

Blues Band
Plus

ALEXIS KORNER/COLIN HODGKINSON

ONLY BRITISH CONCERT

The Camden Week: Carla Bley, Archie Shepp, Louis Moholo, George Coleman, Hannibal Marvin Peterson, Don Weller, Sheila Jordan, John Surman, Brotherhood of Breath, Dollar Brand.
Box office Round House, Chalk Farm Road, NW1. 01-267 2564
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60's NIGHT

on Wednesday Oct 21st at 9 pm at the WHISKY A GO GO

Special Guests

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STARLIGHT CLUB

100 West End Lane, West Hampstead, NW6
Sunday 7.30 pm – 10.30 pm

Thursday 15th October £1.50
TALK LIKE THAT + Ghost
Friday 16th October £1.75
BLUE CATS + THE FRANTIC
Saturday 17th October £1.50
MOTHERS RUIN + Perfect People
Sunday 18th October £1.50
DEVILISH TIN TRUMPET + Those Virginia Mountain Boys
Monday 19th October £1.50
AMAZON + Siren
Tuesday 20th October £1.50
VICTIMS OF CIRCUMSTANCE + Back Door Man
Wednesday 21st October £1.50
JANINE + Chiltern Volcanoes

MCP presents

JOHN MILES

PLUS GUESTS

DOMINION THEATRE
TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD
FRIDAY 16th October 8.00 pm.
Tickets £4.00 £3.50 £3.00 Available from B/O Tel: 580 9562 or Usual Agents

THE ANGEL

on Lambeth Walk, SE11
01-735 4309
(Lambeth North Tube)

Thursday 15 — £1
LONDON APACHES
Friday 16 — £1
RED BEANS AND RICE
Saturday 17 — £1
AUNTIE & THE MEN FROM UNCLE
Sunday 18 — £1
CHEFS + Support
Tuesday 20 — 75p
DOWNBEATS
Wednesday 21 — 50p
TRUE LIFE CONFESSIONS
Thursday 22
COBRAS

Fri 23 — Motor Boys Motor
Sat 24 — Emotional Spies
Sun 25 — Red Beans And Rice

FINAL SOLUTION & HEAVEN PRESENT

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METS

October Dates

Monday 19th — 101 Club
Wednesday 21st — Rock Garden
Friday 23rd — The Alhambra, Brighton
Monday 26th — Upstairs at Ronnies
Thursday 29th — The Manhattan Club, Southampton

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● EVERY SUNDAY — CARDINAL WOLSEY HOTEL'S "Night Club", Fair Green, Hampton Court
7.30-10.30. *DJ Alan Goff*

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GREAT SOUNDS PAST AND PRESENT

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THURSDAY 15th OCTOBER
VIC GODDARD AND THE SUBWAY SECT + Guests

TUESDAY 20th OCTOBER
DOLL BY DOLL

THURSDAY 22nd OCTOBER
AU PAIRS

SATURDAY 24th OCTOBER
HAIRCUT 100

Late Bar — 9 till 2 am

BRACKNELL SPORTS CENTRE

U2

+ Special Guests

COMSAT ANGELS

7.30 pm Saturday 17th October

Tickets £3, available from Sports Centre, Quicksilver, Reading and usual agents.

DOMINION THEATRE

LONDON W1

Derek Block presents

THE COMSAT ANGELS

plus GUESTS

TUESDAY 3rd NOVEMBER 7.30pm

Tickets £3.25 £2.75
IN ADVANCE FROM BOX OFFICE 01-580 9562
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, & USUAL AGENTS

Follow the

BEATROOTS

Wed October 21
CRICKETERS
(Oval tube)

8.30 — £1.00

THE GREYHOUND

900 High Road, Chadwell Heath, Essex
Nearest B/R Goodmayes or Chadwell Heath N96 night bus to Central London
Admission £1.00 (£1.50 Fri & Sat)
8pm — midnight
10.30pm Sunday

Thursday 15th October
Mod Night
SMALL WORLD + The Hawkes
Friday 16th Ocotber
JACKIE LYNTON BAND + Killer Wales
Saturday 17th October
Psychedelic Night
SCARLET PARTY + Driver
Sunday 18th October
MANUFACTURED ROMANCE
Monday 19th October
Hard Rock
JANINE + Triarchy
Tuesday 20th October
Rhythm + Blues
FAST EDDY + Chaos
Wednesday 21st October
NEAL KAYS HEAVY METAL SOUNDHOUSE
Thursday 22nd October
Mod Night
HEART BEATS + Cayzer House

THE BASEMENT BAR

Clarendon Hotel, Hammersmith W6

REOPENING NIGHT
Friday 16th October £1.50
HIDDEN CHARMS + Support
Saturday 17th October £1.50
THE STRAPPS + Support
Monday 19th October £1.25
THE ANDROIDS OF MU + Real Imitator
Tuesday 20th October £1.25
OVERKILL + Trader
Thursday 22nd October £1.25
Psychedelic Night
MILES OVER MATTER + The Tonix
Friday 23rd October £1.50
MANUFACTURED ROMANCE + The Ejected
Saturday 24th October £1.50
THE DARK + Dead Man's Shadow
For more info — Please contact 601 6351

THE MOONLIGHT CLUB

100 West End Lane, West Hampstead NW6

Thursday 15th October £1.50
ART OBJECTS + Slow Twitch Fibres
Friday 16th October £1.75
ICARUS + Tarzan 5
Saturday 17th October £1.75
STIMULIN + The Lucys
Sunday 18th October
To Be Announced
Monday 19th October £1.50
T.C.MATIC (from Belgium)
Tuesday 20th October £1.50
ZOUNDS PARTING SHOTS
Wednesday 21st October £1.50
MAXIMUM JOY + Cocktail Partisans

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SATURDAY
17th OCTOBER
8.00 pm

NIGHTDOCTOR

Members £1.50
Membership 50p

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MCP presents

MADNESS

plus Special Guests Belle Stars

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
THURS. 19th NOV. 8.00 pm.
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Available from Box Office Tel. 748 2812/2
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N.B. Over 18's only
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+ Dislocation Dance

on SATURDAY OCTOBER 17th
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Inquiries 405 8594

TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING

OCTOBER
16 John Miles
16, 17 Ultravox
18 Segovia
18 Jack Jones
19 Blues Band
19-22, 25, 26 Clash
20 Johnny Cash
20 Tangerine Dream
21, 22 Hawkwind
21, 23 Randy Crawford
21, 23 Randy California
22 Ramones
22 Sonny Rollins
23 Renaissance
24, 25 Saxon
26 ZZ Top
26, 27, 28 Santana
26, 29 Santana
29 Janis Ian
30 The Shadows
30 Greg Lake
31 Fats Domino

NOVEMBER
1 Randy Edelman
1 John Martyn
2, 3 Dr Hook
3 Comsat Angels
4-6 Rush
6 Iron Maiden
7, 8 Kool & The Gang
8 Styx
9 Psychedelic Furs
12 Tapper Zukie
12 Enigma
12, 13 The Nolans
16, 17 Madness
15 Depeche Mode
17 Stranglers
18 Chris De Burgh
19 Bauhaus
19 Madness
19 Orchestral Manouevres in the Dark
21, 22 Judas Priest
22 Level 42
23 Pointer Sisters
23 Rick Wakeman
25 Peter Skellern
25-27 Thin Lizzy
28 Glen Campbell
29 9 Below Zero

DECEMBER
1, 2, 4, 5 ELO
4 Stranglers
4-6 Linx
5 Human League
6 Shakin' Stevens
7, 8 James Brown
8 Echo And The Bunnymen
14, 15 Joan Armatrading
20 Slade
21, 22 Gillan
23 Toyah
24,26 Blizzard of Ozz

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SEND SAE FOR FREE LIST OF LONDON GIGS.

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Thursday 15th £1
WESTSIDE
Friday 16th £1.50
THE 45's
Saturday 17th £1
RED BEANS AND RICE
Sunday 18th £1
JOHNNY G
Monday 19th £1
JOHN SPENCERS BAND
Tuesday 20th £1
THE BLUES + Support
Wednesday 21st £1
THE RECRUITS
Thursday 22nd £1
SIDESTREETS

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LONDON W1
Derek Block presents

THE PSYCHEDELIC FURS
A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS
plus GUESTS

MONDAY 9th NOVEMBER 7.30pm
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GREGORY 'MR COOL' ISAACS

+ Xpertz

RAINBOW THEATRE
Sunday 18th & Sunday 25th October at 8pm
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133 Stockwell Road, London S.W.9.

Thu. 15th Oct. £1.25
TALKOVER
+ Rock King Kert

Fri. 16th Oct £1.50
BAMBI KINO
The Laughing Apple

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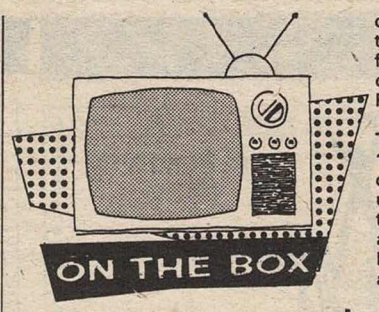


Thursday October 15
THE ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN (Directed by Michael Curtiz 1960). Inferior version of the whacking old yarn, notable for nothing more than a cameo from the ailing Buster Keaton. Michael Curtiz was in his 42nd year of movie making when this plopped onto his plate — obviously a concerted bid for the youth market. **(BBC2)**

STRANGERS IN 7A (Paul Wendkos 1972). TV movie with a script by one Eric Roth which mangles up Ida Lupino (there's a name to play with) and Andy Griffith in a pedestrian suspense tangle. Slightly more engaging than run of the mill. **(BBC 1)**

HOMBRE (Martin Ritt 1967). Ritt's direction and a script by Messrs Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank convert the Western vehicle (no stagecoach gags) into something more self-effacingly, cautiously moral than usual . . . and a solid cast (Paul Newman, Fredric March, Richard Boone, Diane Cilento) respond to the opportunity. Buffs will also point to James Wong Howe's photography as a factor (which can be annoying if you have to sit behind them for the entire length of the film. **(ITV)**

Friday October 16
COUNTRY DANCE (J. Lee Thompson 1969). Patience trying romp with the nutty English aristocracy — personified here by the convincingly obnoxious Peter O'Toole, a sick degenerate wino whacko who harbours lustful feelings for sister Susannah York. Stretches very thin. **(BBC 1)**

Saturday October 17
BLUME IN LOVE (Paul Marzursky 1973) For people who like Paul Mazursky this is a softly sly type of middle-age Adult Orientated serious comedy. Me, I hate any film with George Segal in. **(ITV)**

RETURN TO PARADISE (Mark Robson 1953). Everyone involved tries fairly valiantly to breathe some brashness or brightness into a flat script, spun around an episode from an even less demanding James A Mitchener novel. With Gary Cooper. **(BBC 2)**

SERGEANT YORK (Howard Hawkes 1941). Cooper has more luck in this one — he won an Oscar, in fact, for his portrayal of a doubting hillbilly pacifist who rises to true blue glory in WW1. TV trivia fans watch out for Noah Beery — otherwise better known as Jim Rockford's Dad. **(BBC 2)**

THE CRIMINAL (Joseph Losey 1960). Dense, bluntly symbolic tale of life and death within the British underworld. Losey's theatrical touch resonates more than usual around the stony prison walls. Patrick Magee and Stanley Baker are convincing convicts. **(BBC 2)**

Sunday October 18
ALEXANDER THE GREAT (Robert Rossen 1955). The predictably histrionic Richard Burton is sorely miscast as gentle, incisive, intellectual New Wave German director Alexander Kluge in this ugly sprawling mess. For some reason Burton goes for a Macedonian accent (with the Welsh showing through) which only serves to heighten the general absurdity. With Fredric March as Wim Wenders, Claire Bloom as Fassbinder and a cast of thousands as the editorial staff of *Centurions du Cinema.* **(ITV)**

WE'RE NOT DRESSING (Norman Taurog 1934). Real lightheaded (my phrase of the week, linguist lovers!) Sunday afternoon fare: movie version of J M Barrie's *The Admirable Crichton,* with a cast of incongruously mixed players — Bing Crosby, Carole Lombard, George Burns, Ray Milland, Ethel Merman, Gracie Allen and so on. **(BBC 2)**

STEVIE (Robert Enders 1978). Latest film in the Boring Films That Should At Best Have Remained Stageplays season stars Trevor Howard as the brilliant blind Negro pop performer, who rose to international prominence in the early '60s as a child prodigy. Glenda Jackson co-stars as an orchid. **(BBC 2)**

Monday October 19
THE DUCHESS AND THE DIRTWATER FOX (Melvin Frank 1976). What's this — a George Segal season or something? The creep co-stars with Goldie Hawn in this mild mannered spoof Western. God how I hate the ring of the term 'spoof'. **(BBC 1)**

DRACULA (Dan Curtis 1973). Jack Palance is, to say the least, unconvincing in the lead role and overall the film aspistes to accuracy but just can't get the atmosphere pulsing. **(ITV Thames)**

Tuesday October 20
CONVERSATION PIECE (Luchino Visconti 1974). Slowly paced and talkative — conversation pace, in fact — addition to the Bertolt Lancaster season. All sexual ambiguity and perspicuity (am I allowed to say that?). Quiet enough for a Tuesday night — fair's fair. **(BBC 2)**

Ian Penman

ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK (Directed by John Carpenter). It won't win any awards for sociological acuity or narrative subtlety — but who other than a dour daft proselytising killjoy (hi, Barry Norman!) would expect such marginal qualities in a John Carpenter movie? The likelihood of him doing an *Interiors* on us (all over us) is slim, I'd say. *Escape* is gleefully over-the-top, a cunningly constructed imaginary world, and vengefully American. Don't miss — or mis-read. Reviewed 26.9.81. **(Barber International)**

THE FRENCH LIEUTENANT'S WOMAN (Karel Reisz). I can't get anyone I know to talk to me about, never mind re-view, old Karel's unnerving 1974 James Toback-scripted *The Gambler* — people have been known to heave themselves off lofty towers at the very mention of it. *Dog Soldiers,* which Reisz directed in '78, was no less fatalistic a view of morality and mortality . . . so why *The French Lieutenant's Woman* is garnering more light-headed advance publicity than the Welsh Prince's Wedding is quite a mysterious quirk of modern hype. It's been talked into the ground before Meryl's even opened her mopey mouth. Of course I'm dying to see it like everyone else — just needed a dog to kick around this morning; Reviewed this week. **(United Artists)**

THE JANITOR (Peter Yates). Engaging psycho-comedy played out amongst the cobwebs in American's post-Vietnam consciousness. (Did I really say that?) William Hurt is well used but some of the centrifugal characters fail to convince. Reviewed 10.10.81. **(20th Century Fox)**

THE LAST EMBRACE (Jonathan Demme). One for London gentry to catch — at the ever enterprising Electric Cinema on a double bill with Demme's more widely publicised *Melvin And Howard.* This one's a neat low-life, high espionage thriller with Roy Scheider. Reviewed when Angus Mackinnon was still alive. **(United Artists)**

SIR HENRY AT RAWLINSION END (Steve Roberts); SITTING DUCKS (Henry Jaglom). Another indisputably attractive double bill for (sorry Hicksville, UK!) London viewers, teaming the manic-depressive crepuscular-ulcer-world of Vivian Stanshall's *Sir Henry* (played through a fog, masterfully, by the mighty Trevor Howard) and the plastic motel hell of offensively named USA director Jaglom. Two weeks at that snug little cranny the ICA, indefinitely at the Odeon Kensington — and if takings go through the roof it'll transfer to the West End.

TARZAN THE APE MAN (John Derek). Little Bo Peep has found this creep but doesn't know how to lose it. Leave them alone and they'll moan on, dragging their lines behind them. Regurgitated 10.10.81. **(CIC)**

TATTOO (Bob Brooks). Well, there had to be at least one film I'd actually seen this week! And a right load of old tat (it is t)oo. Just one there for fans of the *old* Lon! Bruce Dern glares meaningfully at Maud Adams, whose acting is glaringly hamfisted. The cosmic-fuck finale isn't worth holding your breath, or yin, or yang, for. Badly bluffed symbolic pretence. Reviewed this week (and rather well, if I . . . **(HandMade)**

Ian Penman

Grace Jones Pic: Anton Corbijn

GRACE: UNFAVOURED

Grace Jones

Drury Lane Theatre Royal

I AM of course *not* suggesting that Grace Jones is not of value. That would be ludicrous. It would be rude. Grace Jones is a sinister comedy, angry parody, pointless conceptualism, insincere art, that reduces the definition of art not to what it *does* but to what it *is*. With Grace Jones the dialectic between structure and mimesis collapses, leaving nothing but empty structures. Grace Jones is a passive amorality. Grace Jones is a purposeless system. Grace Jones is a random event meticulously controlled. Grace Jones is no more than a surrealist object with the shock removed.

Grace Jones is concerned with realising the nature of reality and of illusion, the facts of man's conscious roles and disguises, the difficulty of truth in the shifting versions of any apprehension and account of what *is happening*. She is nothing in herself. She is only the roles — that is the contradictory roles — she enacts for others. With Grace Jones we realise that 'understanding' is not the point. The way that she plays is a polemic against that kind of consciousness.

Grace Jones is keen on contrasting two levels of artifice. With Grace Jones we get the impression of a sustained bluff, and obviously a certain arrogance. Grace Jones is a wish. Grace Jones is a hero to herself and what she tends to become important is the dead end. GRACE JONES IS A SIGNIFICANT BREAKTHROUGH BECAUSE OF HER SWEEPING PERCEPTION OF THE ENORMOUS CONTRADICTIONS IN THIS WEALTHY, EARNEST, CORRUPT, ENDEARING, IRRATIONAL GLAMOUR - ORIENTATED BAD DREAM OF A SOCIETY. Grace Jones places a critical emphasis on competition and is also vulnerable to the point of determining to get on top of the weeping powerdrives of this society. Grace Jones is a psychological phantom hovering over the secret lives of others. Grace Jones directs her moral grenades at the conditions that have made us what we are. To each his need: from each his power. Grace Jones fully appreciates that moments of happiness do not come often. Grace Jones is a vague diffusion of fancy. Grace Jones does not fear camp. There! Without Grace Jones we could all have been calm.

Grace Jones: You see before you here a creature as God created it. But it is nothing this way. Absolutely nothing. Now look at what art can do. It walks upright, wears coats and trousers, even carries a sabre. This monkey here is a regular soldier. So what if he isn't much different!

Grace Jones is selfish: she beats, shoots, stabs his own kind. She drags an individual to the front of the stalls and humiliates him; bends him double and fakes a buggery. Grace Jones deals with shame and deformed puritanism. Every voice and action is absurd, enough to make you burst out laughing in the street. Grace Jones juxtaposes the fleetingly beautiful with the disgusting. Grace Jones is hardness of style, elegant control of expression, near - kitsch treasure. Grace Jones is indisputably adult. Grace Jones is a solipsist escapism born of disgust and despair. Grace Jones with a few grunts and winks can sum up man's entire sexuality. With Grace Jones we're involved in a sexual revenge. Grace Jones is happy to offend her audience, with a fundamental mediocrity or a predictable superficiality or a contradictory gesture, even if they don't know it, aren't too sure about it. Grace Jones is cold reason reducing existence to a dismaying fact. Grace Jones is continually pared down, a deliberate withdrawal. Grace Jones is defeated. Grace Jones swims in water that has been distilled and sterilised by purely theatrical considerations. Grace Jones embarrasses everyone including — in the end — himself. Grace Jones is a piece of elaborate and skilful fakery.

Grace Jones starts off in costume; ends up turning upside down her contrived aloofness with a mock show of thanks; uses few public statements and fewer positions. Grace Jones as an entertainer means many things at once. Grace Jones is in herself nothing. Not even a sick joke. Nothing. That's valuable. That's sick.

Paul Morley

Madness Pic: Robert Sharp

FAIR TO MADDENING

Madness

Glasgow Apollo

"PROLONGED OUTBREAKS of rain, and cold spells in north western areas" usually means Glasgow. Actually, it always means Glasgow. Autumn is a fleeting formality marking the headlong decline into winter. (The first snows have already fallen). Early Saturday evening TV and an electric fire seemed strangely inviting at the thought of venturing outdoors; I left late, and missed the Belle Stars.

The Apollo is a crummy old dame — vast and cold, tacky in the extreme. Countless grubby tour T-shirts have passed hands in this foyer. The interval is lively and Kia-Ora limes, orange creams and well-preserved 2 Tone attire on the heads and lapels of the older members of the audience (12-15 age group). Brave, unaccompanied under-12s are intimidated and have their programmes stolen.

The guy in the seat next to me gives me the eye (he's eight).

Madness tumble on stage in kilts and sporrans to tumultuous applause: this audience doesn't even know the meaning of inhibitions.

The performance is merely adequate. Are Madness aware of the age of the bulk of their audience? Are they aware that each sparkling top ten single — each singalonga Suggsie gem — is pure pantomime?

Are they stupid? There's no need to talk *down* to a young audience, but they don't even talk. Could it be that the clown collective are just a trifle embarrassed at being Madness? They refuse to exaggerate.

Now far be it for me to say, but if I was ten I would have spent the money on a copy of 'Shut Up', a trip to the Kelvin Hall carnival, *and* gone to see Francie and Josie at the Kings.

Madness stumble back for an encore 'staggering' under the weight of a polystyrene caber, and toss it out into the crowd. The bouncers quickly reclaim it, and cart it off backstage.

'Don't get too wet on your way home', shouts Suggs as they leave for another town.

Kirsty McNeill

PERFORMANCE HEART ...

Laurie Anderson

Pic: Chris Harris

Laurie Anderson

Riverside Studio

WITH 'O SUPERMAN' well on its way to becoming the surprise hit of the year, Laurie Anderson's debut London performances are creating a stir totally out of keeping with the minimal attention normally accorded to performance artists. Bearing in mind their lousy reputation here for being either pointlessly provocative or unnecessarily austere, that's not really surprising.

Anderson's show, however, is different in that it doesn't neglect the needs of the audience even if it doesn't make any outright concessions to it. Not that any of this was known when she sold out her three nights at the Riverside, as all people seemed to know about her was that she comes from New York and owns a custom-built violin with a tape head for strings and a strip of pre-recorded tape replacing the horsehair of the bow.

Her violin-playing is not an integral part of her performance but it is incorporated into a wonderfully executed multi-media presentation along with film, pervasive gently pulsating electronic sound, songs and slides, whose functions are to entertain and inform. Correction: to entertain and re-establish lines of communication damaged by the broadcasting media's coarsening and corruption of language to the point of incomprehension.

To achieve this she employs the various gadgets at her disposal to lead the viewer to what she is saying, rather than to simply distract him. A strangely androgynous figure, she varies the tone, pitch and even gender of her voice to match the mood and character of a piece and then juxtaposes it with the brilliantly synchronised images that might not directly illustrate a song, but are invariably in apposition to the pre-determined mood.

Despite the battery of effects and the occasional help of two musicians, the focus is always on herself, and her performance is witty and sly enough to carry the attention. Not that she has to do much — the most striking part comes during 'O Superman' in which she plays keyboard with one hand and manipulates the other before a lamp that throws shapes up onto the screen behind her. Her preoccupations with communication have as much to do with sign as spoken language.

I almost forgot to mention that she is very funny. The show she's brought over is a selection from her mammoth eight-hour investigation of American mores called The United States, the selections of which affectionately highlight her compatriots' absurdities, though she comes down more heavily when the subject warrants it — check the sarcastic anecdote about the automation of the car industry.

Setting up the economic use of her body and associated parts as an example of a productive relationship between woman and machine, she's in a strong position to castigate needless industrial waste.

Chris Bohn

Our 15 Minutes A Volcano Dances Vita

York

THIS IS York Arts Centre; a Gothic church gone Habitat and chrome. This is a RAR gig; a chance to unite against the thugs both Nazi and Parliamentarian who spout filth. This is a psychedelic night out. Confused?

Everyone's decked out to see Our 15 Minutes and the psychedelic revival (the first trend to spring from York). I've come for Vita and am stuck with a red Harrington.

Occult banner as a backdrop and Pat out front, striking chords and Devotoing the night away; Vita drone beautifully. In terms of pedigree they are the real psychedelic band on tonight — all the literary references and enough names dropped to keep the audience amused in between the crash and moan. 'The Little Black Dwarf' drags and swings. Vita even include a meditational mantra "to relax you" in a song about suicide. They know when to finish — 'Dawn Crows' ends the showcase. Once they've chucked the bassist and thus doubled the rhythm of the rhythm section, Pat's dragging chords and vocals will see them through to fame and bananas.

Go have a lemonade and drop something and back for A Volcano Dances. The sound comes from the drum machine and the image from the bassist: the fag stays

A MOST

Pumphouse Follies

Bristol

AS I walked through the door I was loudly greeted by a slick young man in a dinner jacket and bow tie. He took me to one side and thrust a piece of crumpled paper into my hand, whispering "Read it quickly then swallow it — we're being watched." The note read 'Please help me. I'm being forced to do this against my will'.

As the waitress showed us to our table I re-focused and saw it was Crystal Theatre's enigmatic Paul Davies, who managed to make even the first person through the door feel like they'd arrived half

Donovan

Royal Festival Hall

HEY, WELL, yeah, the thing was, right, it was a *really nice,* evening, man, y'know? It was cool, because it was, like, *warm*. I mean, the vibrations were good. And when I say they were good, I mean, uh, that they were good. Can you dig it?

Time has been kind to Donovan, even if the reviews haven't. For this first London show in umpteen years, the whimsical wandering minstrel of yesteryear's press releases looked little altered — and sounded much the same. Gentle new songs — even ones about neutron bombs and stuff — blended imperceptibly with 'Catch The Wind', 'Universal Soldier' and 'Sunshine Superman', played with professional calm by his three-man band.

Only the audience has changed substantially: grown old and gone upmarket. Nary a new psychedelic turned up to pay homage (or six quid for a seat). Where he used to croon *"Buy you a sugar-cube"*, now it's only *"but you a frigidaire"*. One day, perhaps, it'll be *"buy you a natural pine finish wine rack as advertised in the Sunday Times Magazine"*. Whatever, a Donovan concert will always be . . . *really nice.*

G G Barabajagal

Bee Vamp Carmel

Moonlight

I COULDN'T have been prepared for *this.* A stimulation and adventure I half expected — some kind of jazzy free-form experiments, or something like that, I'd heard in connection with Bee Vamp. But what it WAS . . .

Carmel, about whom I know next to biographical nothing, must and will get all kinds of kudos, credits and acclaim for her voice; ("The range!" etc). This is my (first) rapture.

That voice is a luxurious, blazing torch of sexual and psychic possibilities, hardly tapped or taped as yet, but unmistakable and irresistible. It would be futile in limited (or unlimited) space to attempt description, and comparisons in this instance would be odious; suffice to say that Carmel hit directly at my centre of gravity. I felt no pain. I couldn't stand still.

Accompanied by two from Bee Vamp on upright bass and congas, she soared and swirled, whooped through hoops, attacked and caressed in growls and breaths; her talking in tongues laid me to mental waste in about twenty minutes. And it's obvious that she's hardly begun, regarding lethal refinement. She'll get better. She'll seduce millions.

I think I heard Bee Vamp's drummer say something like, "We have to go on after *that?*" But the show must go on, and it did, as Bee Vamp, using a bright and various combination of strings, skins and reeds, struggle free from what one of them describes as the "ACR/New Order tyranny" over Manchester music. Surprising, polychromatic, inclined to thrash, Bee Vamp are much better when they play with each other (and us) than when they play with themselves. They have constructed themes around which to base exuberant experiment, though for the most part they have some reliable melody to return to should they lose their way. A functional, flexible structure, in and around which Bee Vamp could become more and more infectious.

Mark Cordery

Harlem Spirit

Manchester

IT'S LATE September and I really should be back at school . . . some students are back anyway, and for their edification the best in contemporary music: with no pub or club circuit existing in Manchester as such, and with colleges affording the only prestigious work for up and coming bands, now is make or break season.

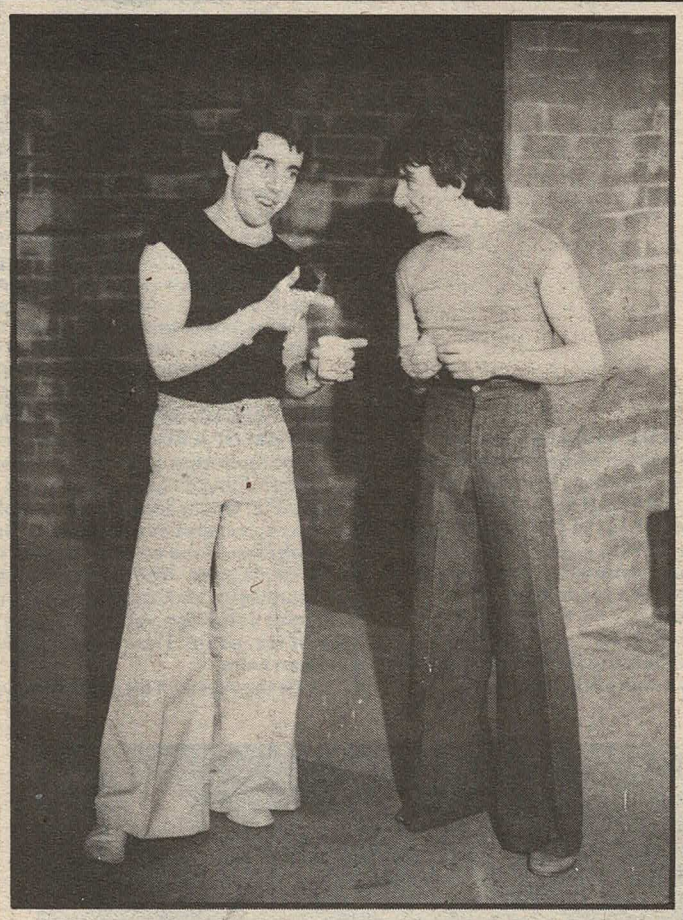
Naughty Boys come on first and play a brisk R'n'B based set, made up mostly of originals but including the inevitable 'Route 66' and possibly the worst-ever version of 'I Saw Her Standing There'. However, their unaffected enthusiasm seemed to have won most people over — even, I suspect, some of the anti-rock'n'roll lobby in our midst.

At about this time last year, the single 'Dem A Sus In The Moss' ("The Moss", for the benefit of non-Mancunians, being Moss Side) first brought Harlem Spirit to the attention of the cognoscenti up here. Since then they've appeared on Granada TV, signed a distribution deal with EMI, figured prominently at the recent CND carnival in Alexander Park and consolidated an ardent North-West following.

It's the way in which they effortlessly absorb reggae and funk, with an obvious affection for both, that is proving an irresistible live attraction. Throughout tonight's set the quality of songwriting never flags for a moment, suggesting that with a sympathetic producer at the controls this band could make somebody a lovely album.

By this time next year the likes of the Naughty Boys, good fun though they are, will still be treading the boards of the limited NW circuit, but I'll be greatly surprised if a band as good as Harlem Spirit are doing the same. Somewhere out there is a fairy godmother waiting to take this band in hand, get them into dreader threads and into charts and hearts everywhere.

Miles O'Brien



Wigan casino, former home of northern soul, played its last song at 8 am on Saturday September 20th (see NME 3-10-81). Although it may now be closed it has certainly not been forgotten — viz Debbie Horsfield's play* Out On The Floor, *being shown at the Theatre Royal, Stratford, London E15.

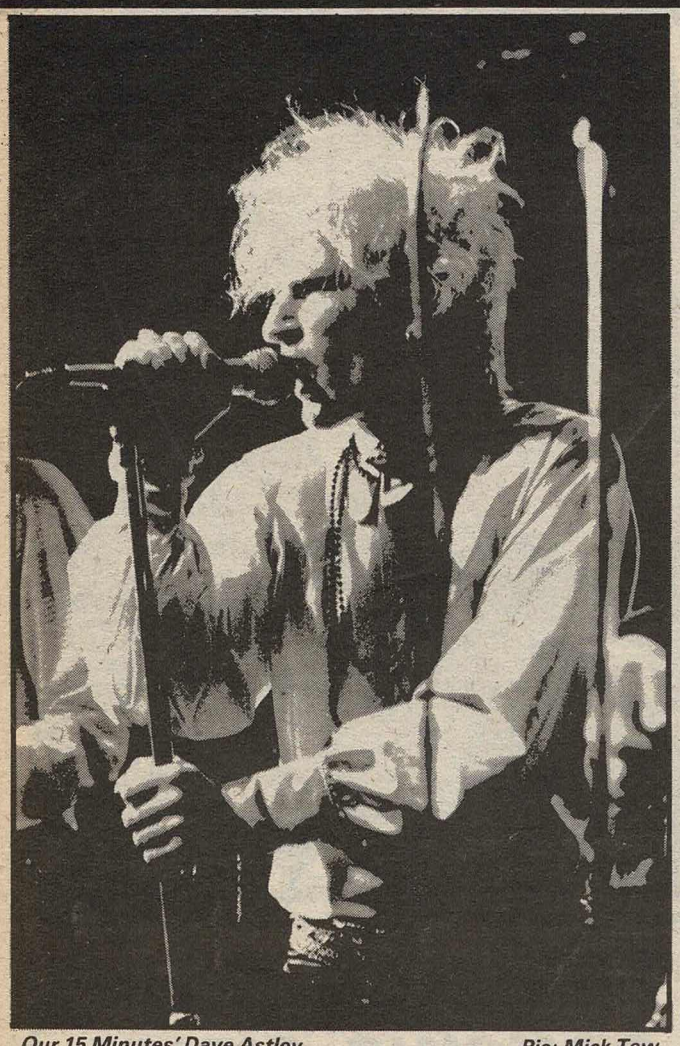
The play is based around two girls (just made redundant) who are regulars to the casino and who take a sceptical friend there for the first time. The play shows how the girls' boring and tedious week is enlivened only by their jaunts to the casino for the dancing, the clothes, the bitching and the drugs.

The boys wear the ludicrous looking 20" flairs and cap tee shirts associated with the northern soul movement, while the girls keep to full skirts, white ankle socks and flat shoes.

As each scene ends snatches of northern soul faves are played.

However, it is a shame more music isn't featured and that there is none of the gymnastic dancing associated with northern soul. Still, it's an enjoyable play and gives Londoners some insight why Wigan Casino was so popular. Although the end of the play (like the casino) doesn't give rise to a very promising future.

David Corio



Our 15 Minutes' Dave Astley *Pic: Mick Tew*

There's a collection for the Right To Work march and then Our 15 Minutes arrive. It's not just Tory ex-students sporting Paisley shirts this year; forget The Clinic, York boasts workers' (flower) power. Sad to say, the novelty, for me, of the Sgt. Pepper jackets and groovy jewellery ages quick, leaving only the music to worry about. The trouble with Our 15 Minutes is that they go on for considerably longer.

The band are tight, the songs shoot, but so what? They mimic passably but the theatre is absurd. Whatever this gig is rocking against they've forgotten. This is now an event — proof that psychedelia exists north of Kensington market. You know the sound. Our 15 Minutes play it well but they should stop kicking over the rock 'n' roll dustbin and play something else. They drag without swing — they should remember Rock Against Racism and junk the flower power.

O 15 M have already been filmed for television. The programme, like the show, centres around Dave Astley, taxidermist by day and psychedelic revivalist by night.

It sure is a nice story-line and it sure is nice for York to be the centre of attention. The cameras roll for the moment and the kids dress up for a while but then this hip dinosaur will die and the record contracts won't be renewed. The psychedelic revival is the ultimate farce, the shallowest of all the revivals. But then that's why it died in the first place.

X. Moore

behind the ear, the CND sticker stuck to the bass. A Volcano Dances are three. They look like The Three Degrees with angst. The vocals are strong but the state of the lead singer's face is far more serious than the subject matter. He looks mighty worried and makes a career out of smoking. A Volcano Dances, huh?

ENJOYABLE INDIGESTION!

way through the set. The menus were brought just as *Time Bandits* star Dave Rappaport appeared from under the table to wipe my plate on his sleeve.

This was the Pumphouse Follies, an intermingled three course meal and 'alternative cabaret' which is the brainchild of Pauline Jenkins, Bristol's woman of dynamic ideas.

Diners were invited to applaud the restaurant's recently-acquired kitchen boy who, we were informed, had just lost his left contact lens, probably in the smoked mackerel pate but equally possibly in the chicken main course. Through all this, the restaurant's resident Puritan sat up in the rafters, wearing expensive headphones attached to a long lead and microphone, dangling the latter over diners' tables and listening in to their conversation.

By 10.30, when the 'cabaret' was officially billed to start, everyone and their dinners were confirmed as part of the show. Crystals compere John Schofield introduced the close harmony staccato rappers Mr. Spratts, just as most people were discovering the worst sherry trifle to appear in public for over a decade. While many of those who'd previously thought of themselves as the audience coped with the combined effects of over-eating, over-laughing and the resultant flatulence, the reconstituted 'puritan' — John McKenna — tucked into a packet of razor blades for dessert, and Paul Davies went through his brilliant 'Trendy Vicar' routine. Towards the end Rambling Dave Cohen strummed and warbled in the unique style that suggests to those who've never heard him before that they've had too much wine.

The evening was nicely rounded off by The Comedy Store's Andrew Bailey, and the announcement that next Thursday's line-up would include London's best funny man, Keith Allen, whose combination with the Crystal Theatre could guarantee the most enjoyable indigestion since the week before.

John Michael

HAIRCUT 100's first London show for a while at the new prestigious Xclusiv (formerly the Speakeasy) could just as easily have been in the Marquee — not that the band or crowd seemed unduly bothered about the heat.

Nick Heyward's material seems fairly equally divided between the more poppy songs with the jangly semi-acoustic guitar sound at the forefront — sometimes reminiscent of early Talking Heads — and the heavier and longer funky numbers with more emphasis on the sax and percussion; most of these, especially 'Baked Beans', are just crying out to be spread across 12 inches.

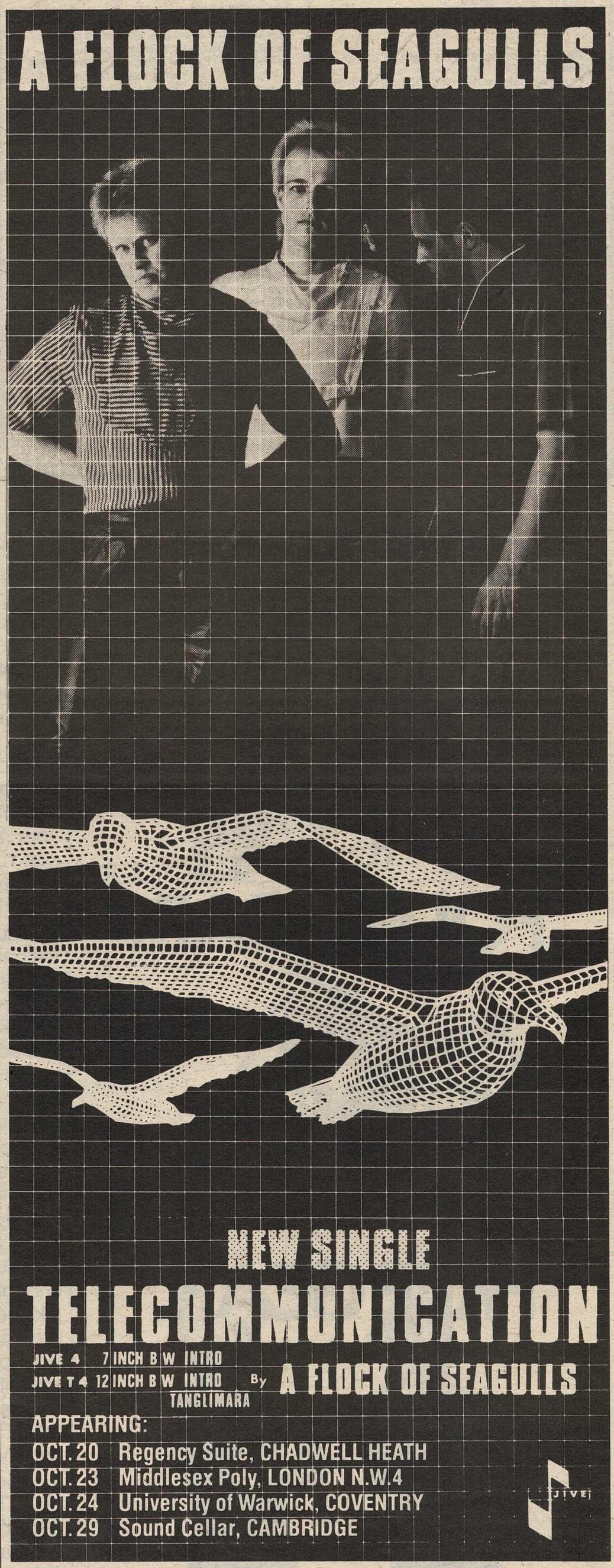
The only reservations I had were the vocals that were often out of tune and the sax that wasn't always audible above the rhythm section — listen to it at its best on their single 'Favourite Shirts' instead.

The Haircuts? I'll give them 80 out of 100.

As for the Xclusiv itself, it's not the ideal venue for bands, nor does it have a very good club atmosphere, although that will hopefully be improved in weeks to come when the large video screens will be installed. As for the club's allegedly famous fountain, there were bigger drips in the audience.

David Corio

A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS



NEW SINGLE

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By A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS

TANGLIMARA

APPEARING:

OCT. 20 Regency Suite, CHADWELL HEATH

OCT. 23 Middlesex Poly, LONDON N.W.4

OCT. 24 University of Warwick, COVENTRY

OCT. 29 Sound Cellar, CAMBRIDGE

JIVE

GREAT SCHEMES AT WORK (PART 1984)

King Crimson

The Venue

AND THE crowd delightedly went WHOOOOOOOOP!!!!

The way that that Robert Fripp fellow, music media personality, has handled the Music Business business this past 24 months demands that to experience a concert, or listen to a record, you must appreciate the existence of Great Schemes At Work. Even if you don't understand them. To his freshly-fired fans, the sublimated appeal is that those poor souls unaware of the theoretical profundities which *explain* whichever collection of notes is presented just can't be part of the Fripp community. I smell a superiority kick.

Whether this is Fripp's fault, Fripp's millstone, or Fripp's dirty underwear, I can't tell. But for all his fascinating jawing about upending the industry, being 'normal', and attacking the flow of modern musical idiocy, Robert Fripp is A STAR. he's the star of King Crimson '81, not just a new combination trading off a fairly unmolested mythical masthead, but a souped-up supergroup, gleaming with sufficient glamour by association to win the admiration of those 'in the know'. Inside information! Musicianship! Non-Commercial! Complexity! Reputations! Amazing!! The 'underground' appeal of the new King Crimson. A fat share of it is down to Fripp: small, unfashionable, painstaking non-superstar and decent English eccentric. The onstage Fripp of impeccable modesty, good manners and homely (rapturously received) little speeches, maintains perfectly the acclaimed 1980s Robert Fripp, inverted celebrity. CELEBRITY! This is what they want.

Anyway, King Crimson were friendly and vaguely boffinlsh. The perching Fripp resembles a well-fed field mouse. Belew is bony, pink-suited and grinning. Bassist Levin slow-rides an imaginary Space Hopper. Bruford wears a healthy yellow boiler suit.

Are King Crimson (why the name?!) a moderate progressive rock band, entombed in a suitable new-age veneer to facilitate the leapfrogging of a decade? Where's the visionary wayward genius? Probably just in the minds of superior Venueites floundering in the twin rock'n'roll twerp-traps of mystique and expertise.

It's a bare, ambivalent head music, of occasional charm and monstrous efficiency, hinging on the mingled noises of the guitarists, Fripp picking nimbly, Belew trumpeting loudly, ranging from the amused psychotic mutterings of 'Elephant Talk' to the obvious ecstasy glide of 'Frame By Frame' and the rationalised romanticism of "Matte Kudasai'.

King Crimson played a disciplined reading of mainly 'Discipline', a work of great efficiency and private meanings. Earhole application is maybe the key. But, practically, King Crimson amounted to routine. Life's confusing enough already, thank-you.

Dave Hill

Musicianship! Non-commercial! Complexity! Reputations! Amazing! Tedious! Pic: Santo Basone

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YAMAHA

BRING ON THE DANCING GIRLS!

The Raincoats

London University Union

I AVOID festivals for worthy causes as a rule, and who wouldn't? Worthy they may be, but they're invariably boring.

Tonight, with its heart and politics in the right place, is no exception — humdrum and ho-hum, tiresome and tedious, expletives deleted. Dull, my dears, with a capital D. A festival for Chile and El Salvador that turns out to be a festival for the H-Block campaigners as well. Sneaky.

Billed to come on at ten, the Raincoats appear at 11. Meanwhile there's three hours of political preamble to be endured — stilted poetry reading and awful music. I for one am not amused.

I'm not asking for *laughs* here, not heckling for the dancing girls. I know the people of Chile and El Salvador haven't got much to grin about. But it wasn't even *interesting*.

Politics was limited to cries of "Yankee go home" and vague dedications to "the people". There were long gaps between performances. Speeches from the heart were read directly from notes. Very stirring.

The Raincoats were announced (finally) as "Something different". Different to what, I wonder? In a night of unrivalled tedium they passed for parts of the furniture.

By this time, most of the people left had, like me, come especially to see them play. One number into the set and we kissed goodbye to all hopes of much-needed light relief.

Despite lengthy and showy tuning-up their instruments sounded flat and jarring, and their voices were weak and very out of tune. Shouted requests from the audience were ignored except one. Surprising everyone, they broke into a soft and almost tuneful rendition of 'Chapel of Love'.

Sweet and spontaneous, without instruments, it was the high spot of the evening. I sneezed and the moment passed, but it was nice while it lasted.

I honestly don't know what anyone sees in The Raincoats. Surely the novelty of serious female bands has worn off enough to discriminate between the good and the godawful?

For the rest, we were subjected to dirge-like caterwauling in voices off-key, off-colour and entirely out of order. Frankly I could have spat. Bring on the dancing girls!

Maureen Rice

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Reggae Runnings

Barrington Levy — new collection

Pic: Alain de la Mata

A NEW collection of material from youthful Jamaican vocalist **Barrington Levy** is made available on a Canadian pressing currently circulating UK specialist outlets. Issued on the Puss Label and entitled 'Run Come Ya!' (PR-MVC: 010), the LP is a six track set recorded at Channel One studios, produced by Mr Levy himself and featuring the Roots Radics musicians. The title track is a variation on the singer's recent 'M16' single replete with version.

Also from Maxfield Avenue emerges a compilation of early **Mighty Diamonds** titles collectively inscribed 'I Need A Roof' (JJ), and featuring 'Right Time', 'Shame And Pride', 'Have Mercy' and 'Them Never Love Poor Marcus' among 10 tracks.

Recorded at the same studio is the latest in the series of **Scientist** mix bass and drum LPs, released on Greensleeves imprint out of Shepherds Bush and entitled 'Scientist Rids The World Of The Evil Curse Of The Vampires' (GREL 25). Packaged as a Hammer horror movie, the album features such edifying material at 'Cry Of The Werewolf', 'Night Of The Living Dead' and 'Your Teeth In My Neck'. Already available from the same outlet is previous Scientist dub sets, 'Big Showdown', 'Meets The Space Invaders' and 'Heavyweight Dub Champion'.

The latest LP from UK reggae quintet **Creation Rebel** is this week issued on the Statik label, Entitled 'Psychotic Jonkanoo' (STAT LP4), the set is an eight track Adrian Sherwood production recorded at Berry Street and Manor studios and includes contributions from saxophonist Deadly Headly, keyboards player Desmond Coke and harmony vocals from a certain Lydon.

The Twinkle Brothers, are working on some new titles during their UK visit, and intend to use studio facilities over here towards their completion. Norman Grant tells me, "They have a studio now everybody use, man. East Street. I plan to lay some tracks there and even do some rough mix. If I can't get the proper mix I'll take it back to Jamaica and do the proper mix there."

New discomix releases include: **Triston Palma/Jah Thomas**, 'Reggae Taking Over'/'Feeding Of The 5000' c/w **Roots Radics**, 'Rock With The Radics' (Midnight Rock MRD 3); **Saffrice**, 'Dreaming Of Your Love' c/w **S&G Outfit**, 'Lover Dub' (SG 9); and **Junior English**, 'Never Let Me Go' c/w **Ethnic Fight Band**, 'Leggo' (Exclusive EXC-60-11-09).

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Penny Reel

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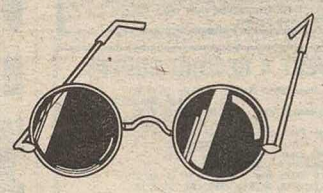

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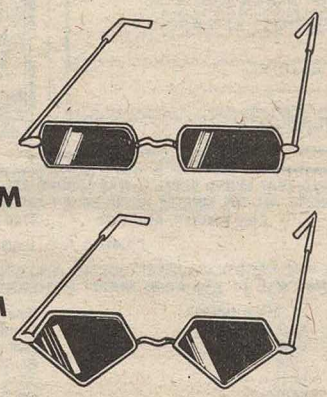

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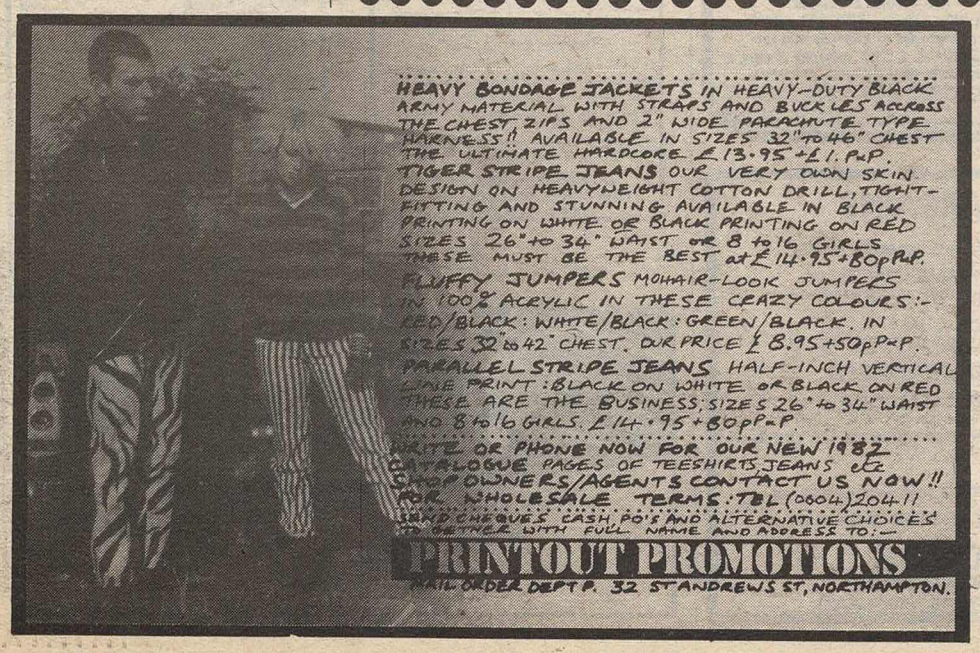
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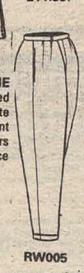

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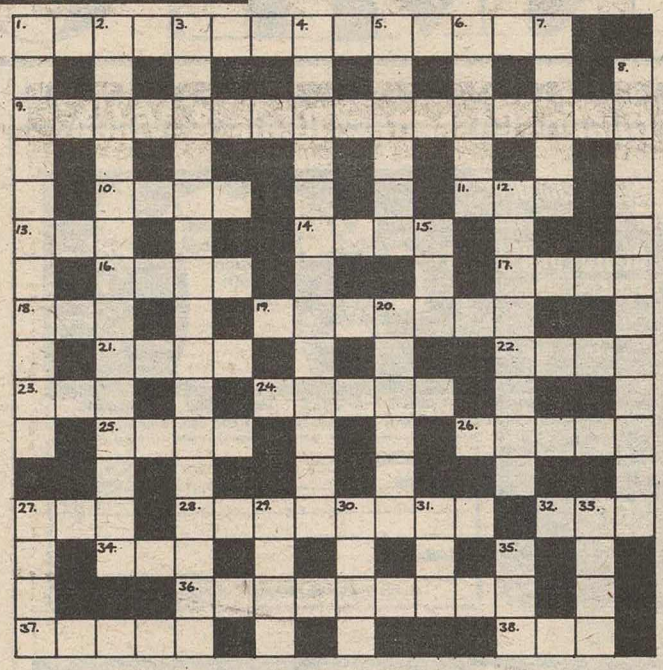

ACROSS

1 Shock, horror, probe! Read all about it! Jam single taken from Queen album! (4-2-3-5)
9 US artist — a confused quiet hero coming between Christ and the cross (11-5)
10 Tops and seasons (4)
11 They're fragile and close to the edge (3)
12 Rather unoriginal group name from Alan Price. . . (3)
13 . . . and even more so for Bob Dylan's original backing group (4)
16 Sounds like a pile has been made from this ancient heavy metal band (4)
17 The Fillmore —, well known rock venue in New York (4)
18 Ms Graham of the New Seekers? (3)
19 An idle wishful thinker — a bit of a supertramp in fact (7)
21 Writer of MacArthur Park — or Cliff Richard's real name (4)
22 Backs against the wall, lads — its a 7 inch (perhaps even 12) from the Village People (1-1-1-1)
23 Indie label featuring the godlike genius of Scott Walker (3)
24 Teeny-boppers well known for recording. . .um. . .er. . . well, there were twins in the band if that helps (5)
25 Charlie who sang about the most beautiful girl in the world behind closed doors (4)
26 One off the wrist album from Manfred Mann's Earthband (5)
27 Near enough crimson album from King Crimson (3)
28 Not everyone sang Another Girl, Another Planet (4-4)
32 Adam and the Ants label (1-1-1)
34 Forename of Sutcliffe, original bass player with Beatles, who died nearly twenty years ago (3)
36 His best single (so my sis says) was Silver Lady (5-4)
37 Dutch band who put the Hocus Pocus on us in 1973 (5)
38 Mrs Moptop — sounding like an argument with 11 across (3)

DOWN

1 Stranglers single about an Earl's Court bedsitter or my mum's porridge? (4-1-6)
2 Album with plenty of stars singing about a few planets. Zap! Pow! (3-2-3-6)
3 Difficult to see whether this album is from Sky or . . . no, it's by Pink Floyd (8-2-6)
4 Chart single celebrating the passing of another year (5-8)
5 Bert ....., one of the original axemen from the late Fifties/early Sixties (6)
6 They wanted some girls to lay their love on them (5)
7 Ring twice in the doctors' for the band whose lead singer has been dead ten years . . . (5)
8 . . . and David Bowie's (or the Mindbenders) graveside respects (5-2-5)
12 1974 Slade single concerning Mr Cooder and bow-tie Robin getting together after the night before (8)
15 Elton John label until 1976 (1-1-1)
20 American brothers Duane (also dead now for ten years) and Gregg (6)
27 It's getting a bit morbid this crossie, but . . . founder member of the Yardbirds now dead for five years (4)
29 This is better — U.S. band whose albums included Forever Changes and Four Sail (4)
30 They were with the sods on a Who album (4)
31 One (anag.) (3)
33 Sonny and Cher's surname (4)
35 A group in melody (1-1-1)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS:

ACROSS: 1. 'Spasticus Autisticus'; 8. The Sound; 9. Lips; 11. Stewart; 12. Marley; 14. Play; 15 & 13 down. Rip, Rig And Panic; 16. Nude; 17. Burt; 18 & 20. 'Real Life'; 19. Lobo; 21. Street; 23 & 38. Dog Food; 25. In And Out; 28. Alan; 33. Gun; 34. King Ubu; 35. Die; 36 & 32. Roads Girdle The Globe; 40. Apple; 42. Neu; 43. Lady; 44. Polar; 45. ELP; 46. Walk Under Ladders.
**DOWN: 1. Sad Among Strangers; 2. Altered; 3

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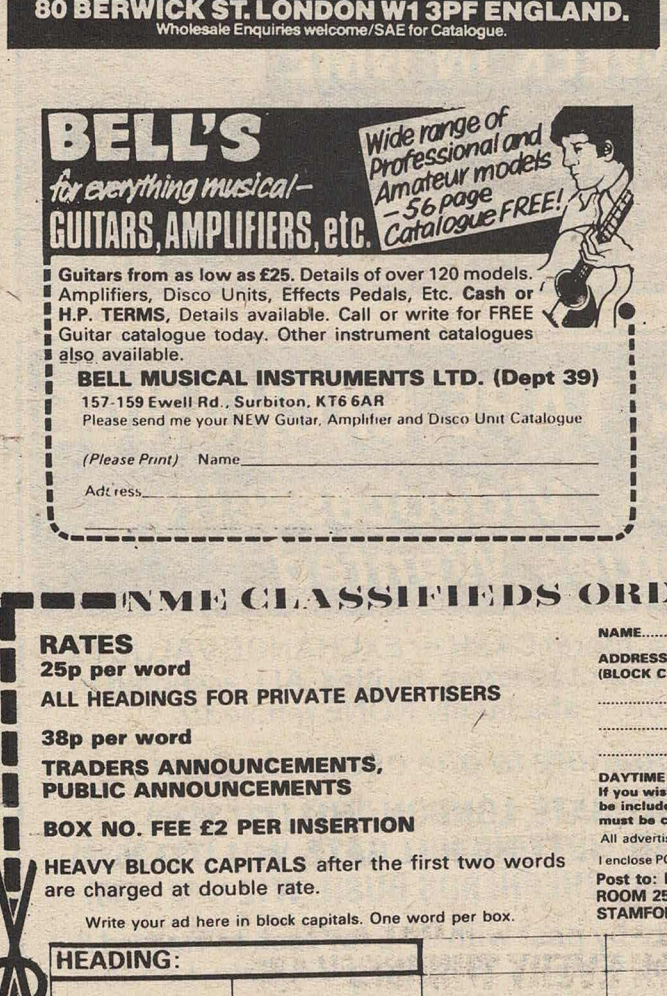
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FROM PAGE 35

HUMANITY

'Penthouse And Pavement' is a startling, hurtling, starting, hurting LP of the year. There is no beauty, only accuracy.

FLESH

I mean, there is nothing to "understand" but much to make use of. Nothing to interpret but much to play with. 'Penthouse And Pavement' is the second useful object B.E.F. have marketed . . .

APPLIANCE

'Penthouse And Pavement' . . . a tool box?

VEER

H17 do not approach on a broad highway with blaring regimental music. But they have purpose enough to scare, and are as impolitely moral as anyone needs to be.

OFF COURSE

A long series of formal contentions ("technique") may suddenly explode into some marginalised convulsion: something will suddenly wipe out all the efforts (and the effects) of a carefully contextually controlled language. Snap!

"SEx in FAIryLAnd!"

OF COURSE

It is never formal, never a *declaration* of breaking off; this sort of outrage comes without warning, or reason, or plans, determined — and it is, very — either by the effect of an unendurable image or by an abrupt sexual reflection: sense shifts brutally to the sensual. Or versa vice.

STOP PRESS

"As we stated in the previous interview, it's absurd that you should be asking us anything. It's just the fact that you've got a job to do and we've got a job to promote the album. It's not there to talk about, it's there to listen to, unless it's meant to be some highly profound intentional political . . . oh, I dunno. It's all this hippie code myth from the '60s that music is the medium of communication with the masses of young people who're gonna change the world in the future. It's a real load of bollocks.

"I mean, music is there basically to enjoy — how many people sit down and listen to music and get inspired to change the world? They don't exist. Music has just been imbued with this ridiculously pompous . . . you know, they must be *wonderfully gifted* to be able to communicate with people. It's ridiculous. It's no more than a technical science, and if you temper it with a bit of soul — for want of a better word; not soul as in black music but as in a bit of human frailty — then people can enjoy it, and buy it. It's not going to change the world, though. It's just a medium for enjoyment."

STOP THIEF

Obviously. But it can alter specific areas of individual world-*views*. And in this respect, one leisure music might be seen to be less pernicious and more demon-strative than another — especially in terms of language development. You, for instance, have much greater tolerance for Bowie than for anyone else.

"I just respect him as an innovator — no, he's not an "innovator". Yes, he is an innovator! in the more general sense of the word, even though he's stolen every idea that he's ever had just about. He's just not hidden his sources very well — not bothered to, not needed to, because what he creates is actually better than some of his sources.

"And that's what we're doing, I reckon. We don't pretend that what we're doing is *truly original*, because there is no such thing."

USE ME

"The whole idea of a *set* band — however 'talented' you are that doesn't mean you shouldn't get someone from the outside, that you should do it all yourself — I think it's rubbish. I think I played the odd couple of notes on the first side of 'Penthouse And Pavement' and it doesn't bother me in the slightest, I don't think it's at all important. You just get other people who'll do the job, who can play — it's just ego, to think you have to do it yourself.

"You've just got to select, basically, it's a process of selection. The whole thing of musicians taking such pride in their ability to move their fingers faster than someone else — that is a much more technical and 'soulless' thing than what we're doing."

FIDGET

Take Eno! It all stems from the Art School background: someone like that is used to having an audience for their every formal move or 'progression' or 'divergence'. And when they *rebel* it's just as bad — they expect an audience for their every resentful critique . . .

"I don't know: that's so alien to me . . . to all of us, even though everyone seems to think we come from that sort of background. We're all highly practical human beings!"

Take two: none of them went on to colleges of further education.

"It just amazes me, getting a grant to go to somewhere like an Art School! Why should you actually pay someone to become an artist? It doesn't make any sense."

The West just likes to show off how liberal it is by splashing out grants left right and centre. You've got to have your Arts allowance to show how 'democratic' everything is: no State censorship here! Maybe you lot should try for an Arts Council Grant.

"We might . . ."

What about the other two chaps in the original Human League — any Art School background there? (Let's all have a witch hunt!)

BLUSH

"Adrian certainly has; he keeps quiet about that though! Phillip did a lot of drawings and things but he never went to Art School, he never really had any desire to, I don't think. His wife was a very good artist, still is I suppose."

The inevitable — well *of course* I prompt them! — trickles, then dam-busting floods of gossip begin, once the two old Human League colleagues have been brushed against.

"No, no, really — I think Phil's losing touch with reality. And it's showing physical signs, his body and face are beginning to sort of swell up like that bloke did in *Altered States* . . ."

Oh, and on it prolongs . . . but you don't really want me to carry on the ticklish feud do you? (I *really can't* seem to find it on tape, now you come to mention it; could it have been wiped off in my absence?)

TELEOLOGICAL

H17 go back to Bowie knowingly or unknowingly escaping the constrictions of being a securely considered, turned-out "individual" through his un-characteristically turning the *process* into the *programme* . . . of turning exploitation inside out. For in the first place it is only the imposition of capitalist relations of production upon the irrational, internal, invisible bends of desire which produces the need for a *steady* and *steadying* turnover of STARS, of star-commodity disguised as wishful-thinking on the part of the audience.

The comforting thought that underneath the mask is the "real" personality of the star: which one gets your money, which one your rapture? With Bowie they became indivisible, in a hitherto unthinkable way.

Or the Kraftwerk organisation, where the balance between the devices of profit-accumulation and the desires of 'creative' production is similarly subverted — precisely through the over obvious *maintenance* of that balance! Technological bliss.

See the 'Penthouse And Pavement' sleeve. Or just watch the adverts on TV where personalities 'play' themselves.

MOTTO

Make a line, never a point!

PARTIES

H17 are interested in the art of moving counter to certain forms of persuasion or repression, in other words dogma. Where's the point? A tactical struggle at the point of consumption. H17 propose to live (well) through today's monolithic and subtle capitalism in an aggressively innovative way . . . well, 'innovative'.

Every position of desire and demand — no matter how microscopic — is capable of calling into question the entrenched order(s) of our sleeping society (which cannot take breaks in sense, in sequence, in science, in semblance — it is no-nonsense, non-nightsense, clean and flat).

PARTS

H17 desire a certain sound so they hire someone to provide it for them. It's nothing short of . . . it's quite unremarkable. I think that it's quite astute. No bleating about the blush: desire and demand. The resonances of the miniature decision; looks plain on one plane, looks perfect on another.

PARTING

Heaven 17 is one is three are many is one part of B.E.F. is limited in many ways.

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POSTSCRIPTS
OH MY God! Let's talk about Middleton and Barnacle making their "important break with rock orthodoxy" etc. Hey, how about let's talk about Becker and Fagen doing that *years* ago and now let's talk about why *NME* pretend that their favourite artists are doing anything other than perpetuating the myth and keeping the circle intact.

Rock is trying desperately to die and you *of all people* are keeping it on a life-support system by pretending that new approaches and directions are forthcoming when they obviously are not.

Wise up and stop supporting empty-headed nobodies just so you can fill your pages. Punk was the wake, what's 'happening now' is the ghost — and it's transparent, get my drift?
J. J., London, England.
PS Oh, and thanks for doing for funk what hippies did for the blues — I don't refer to colour or race, just trendy idiots.
Why so shy, Mr Burnel? Or is it Mr Hunsecker? You've just won this week's star letter prize (fanfare) . . . a totally evasive answer from yours truly. — M.S.

Dear Errol, August and whoever,

I know this pop music stuff needs to take a knocking every so often but you're so hypocritical about it. You insult Mood Six's elitism and then rant on about jazz and salsa which your average yob in the street would not listen to if you paid him (which of course you lot are). Believe it or not, people decide for themselves whether it's fresh fruit in foreign places or psychedelia in the groovy cellar.
Steve Elson, Balham, London SW.
PS Good luck to Wimbledon FC in their push for promotion.
You, too, struck a resonant chord, Steve, and would've won this week's T-shirt (emlazoned with a tasty 'Mr Rational' logo) but for your PS. — M.S.

NO FUTURAMA
Since I was a little boy I have always liked rock music, starting with Mott and David Bowie, right through Gary Glitter, punk, Ian Dury, then Madness etc. So it has always perplexed me why I never could get into this futurist stuff. After watching *Futurama Rock 80* on BBC2 I am no longer perplexed.
Relieved at having not missed anything, Woolwich, London SE18.

PARSONS KNOWS . . .
"Puerile"; "crypto-fascist"; "semi-literate"; "indiscriminate bigotry"; "mean and violent" . . .

Tony Parsons must be well pleased with these descriptions of his latest epic. He seems to have captured the spirit of the music business pretty well.
Andy Beck, Kirby Muxloe, Leics.

WHERE THERE'S A WHEEL
Thursday: Bought *NME;* wondered how to break news of keep to mum; next Giro another week; raining outside; can't do the crossword; then the ultimate, an advertisment telling me a Maserati is not as expensive as I think, only £18,986.50 to £29,900.

Fuck off!
1 in 10, Bridgwater, Somerset.
Yes, interesting ad wasn't it? I had no idea they were as reasonably priced as that. We're test-driving a couple next week actually. More reports then. — M.S.

RADIO WHINE
Monty Smith (whom God preserve) has misinterpreted — as well as much edited — my letter about Radio One and its omnipresent banality (*Gasbag* 10.10.81). What I was trying to say, and will reiterate in less impetuous mood now, is that the Radio One mentality is always there, whether the radio is on or off. I object to not being able to find a station which plays all kinds of music, and not just the playlist pap. The Burnetts, DLTs and Gambaccinis of this world actually do instill a mundanity of thought, a false 'safety', into the lives of those susceptible enough to be hypnotised by such bland mind-rot.

Of course I've tried Radio Three, as you so meekly advise, and Radio Four too. And very worthy they both are, as Comrade Burchill would no doubt testify, but the fact remains that Radio One and its attendant evils are *there,* just as the *News Of The World* is there and *Blankety Blank* is there. Who needs them? I don't, but that doesn't mean they don't affect my life. Surely no-risk, mundane, apathetic, repetitive banality is an evil as great, or greater, than more recognised evils such as fascism or capitalism?

You say "Life's OK without Radio One," but life *isn't* without Radio One. Life is full of Radio One. Even *NME* gets sucked in with its capricious, ephemeral fawning over such disposables as Kim Wilde, Sting and so on . . .
Chaz Morrow, Heaton Moor, Stockport, Cheshire.
You're probably a touch sensitive to the rampant illiteracy of UK '81, Chaz. After all, it depends on where you're standing. I mean, one man's fish is another man's poisson. — M.S.
You're fired — ED.

Readers of *Gasbag!* It's me again! No one seems to have changed, no one seems different. Once again, the letters page is full of whiners, full-scale liberal angst and pseudo-intellectual claptrap. Chaz Morrow bleats about the poor quality of Radio One and Stuart Sheach doesn't like poor old Pen-in-Earman. They don't think that other people can have their own ideas, their own thoughts, or exist as seperate entities.

If you don't like these things, ignore them. Ya dinna have to accept them, but stop bleating, you big cissies. Drink cocktails if you want, it really doesn't matter what you want to do, but don't expect this world to give you everything on a plate just because you think that "it isn't fair". That is what music is about, dummy, that is the reason that primal screamers do what they want, that is what the music really means.
Mr MacB, Newcastle.
Yes, well . . . that's one way of looking at it. — M.S.

EMANUELLE IN SOHO
I would like to add to reader Fergus MacLellan's criticisms of *Silver Screen (Gasbag* 3.10.81). In particular, the moronic scribblings of Monty Smith. To moron Monty, anybody with a foreign name is good for a cheap laugh. Never mind that Wajda and Zanussi have risked their careers making challenging films in politically difficult circumstances, if they're not in *Halliwell's Film Guide* then they just don't count as far as Monty is concerned.

Along with Ian Penman, Monty also believes that if you like 'art' films then you can't enjoy Hollywood, and vice versa. To trendsetter Penman this will come as a shock, but *Cahiers Du Cinema* shot down that theory 20 years ago when critics like Bazin, Godard and Truffaut were showing that just because it's Hollywood doesn't mean to say it isn't art.

But to Uncle Monty these are probably just more unpronounceable foreign names.
C. Walker, London W14.
You're surely not the famous Clint Walker? Even so, Mr Penman and myself are throroughly familiar with the *Cashiers Du Cinema,* and often partake of a Kia-Ora, too. As for Zanussi, I have nothing but the highest regard for his work — I've got one of his washing machines in my kitchen for Chrissakes — M.S.

Send your stubs to NME, 5/7 Carnaby St, London W1V 1PG

MAN OF IRONSIDES vs THE SMOG MONSTER
Ian Penman's attack on *Memoirs Of A Survivor* is the most puerile piece of journalism I have read in years. Sure, everybody has the right to criticise and even a paper that publishes drivel like *Platinum Logic* has the right to criticise a writer of Doris Lessing's stature, but Penman's review goes byond criticism.

Certainly it has a star cast: Tony Benn, Denis Healey, R. D. Laing, Gurdjieff, Walt Disney, Ken Russell, Yogi Bear and Laura Ashley all get a mention, but none of them are in the film and they don't help much with the central issues. Is *Memoirs* a good book? Does Gladwell manage to make it into a good movie?

Penman can't answer the first question because he hasn't read it, so he quotes Joan Didion. But her comments refer to "another Lessing novel". What is the point of that?

As for the film, Penman finds it leaden, loathsome, constipated and so on. That's funny because Monty Smith in a much shorter and less prominent review in the same issue finds it "moving, tenderly pessimistic and awesome."

With the release of this film and the recent publication in paperback of *Shikasta* (an event ignored by *NME*), Doris Lessing stands to reach a wider audience. It's about time *NME* paid her the tribute of a feature or even an interview. I think you'd find she has something to say. But for God's sake don't give it to Penman.
C. Nicholson, Honeysuckle Wholefood Co-operative, Oswestry, Shropshire.
Personally, I think Ian was a little soft on *Memoirs* (my 'review' was satirical, by the way) but this will no doubt be put right when he interviews Joan Didion for a forthcoming pamphlet: 'Doris Lessing — Her Relevance To Getting Through The Day Without A Migraine'. — M.S.

TUBE BOOB
In defence of *Tiny Revolutions (Dangerous Visions* 3.10.81): Jan Kalina's humour was only "enjoyed by a small coterie of jaded intellectuals" perhaps because he met with minor problems like arrest, prolonged interrogation and imprisonment when he tried to publish in order to reach a wider audience. Does a man who stands by his work when under pressures such as those really deserve the epithet 'hack'? Why was Kalina not like Lech Walesa? Because Walesa is backed by millions, Kalina had a few worried friends.

Gavin Martin seems to have missed the point of Kalina's jokes; they were about truths. Once a truth is grasped, change may follow. Even his 'Eastern blockhead' interrogators saw that the man's jokes were anti (their) state. I spent three months in the Soviet Union, saw their cabbage-eating meat queues, and still my sympathies tend towards socialism; which is more than you can say about the machines running Czechoslovakia and the USSR.
Martin Pulkington, Gorleston, Norfolk.
I love anti-state jokes myself, especially those like Kalina's which are so 'subtle' that, you know, they're not funny. Still, *The Mousetrap* did terribly in Pakistan, didn't it? — M.S. That settles it. You really are fired. — ED

SNIPCOCK & TWEED
Hooray! Hooray! The Jam are releasing a new single and the B-side is titled 'Tales From The Riverbank'. The first chapter of *Wind In The Willows* was titled *The Riverbank.* The Pink Floyd's first album was called 'Piper At The Gates Of Dawn'. That was a chapter from *Wind In The Willows,* too. What a coincidence!

Recently in *Trouser Press* interview Paul Weller said that a guitarist he really likes is Syd Barrett: "His early stuff is really good." His early stuff? That was Pink Floyd (not just Barrett), or is Weller afraid to mention them? He actually said in that interview that he was trying to copy Barrett's style.

When The Jam first came along the early Who stuff wasn't available, so naive 15-year-olds like myself couldn't suss that one out. I'm 19 now, and I've sussed him out. Weller claims no responsibility for the mod revival and again he claims no responsibility. What about those 'Granny Takes A Trip' glasses last summer? Ripping off 'Taxman'? Expounding Huxley *The Doors Of Perceptin* as one of his favourite reads?

I see The Jam going the same way as The Who after 'The Who Sell Out'. The creativity of bands like The Who and Creation died with psychedelic music. If Paul Weller were to read his copy of *Wind In The*

Willows instead of leaving it on the shelf beside Huxley and Sartre to impress journalists, he might come across the description of the wind blowing through the reeds: "Dance music — the lilting sort that runs on without a stop — but with words in it, too . . ." And that is the best description I have ever read of the Pink Floyd sound when Syd Barrett was still with them.

If Kenneth Grahame were to rewrite the story using Paul Weller instead of the Mole, he'd miss the Water Rat's boat in the very first chapter.

Finn Hickey, Lenzie, Glasgow.

An interesting interpretation of The Jam's tumultuous history. I hear Paul's currently reading *Cystitis: A Complete Self-help Guide*, so watch out for some fascinating new dance steps on the Jam tour. Myself, I'm reading *The Idiot;* not the book so much as the title, with which I feel a curious affinity. — M.S.

SEXUAL POLITICS (WITHOUT THE SEX)

As Paul Shurey of Mood Six is so obviously keen to restore whatever credibility he may have felt he had perhaps I ought to jog his faulty memory:

Before you joined The VIPs you were an active Tory. Your campaign for the executive was taken seriously by all the other Tories, if not by yourself. You were never proposed by a member of the SWP; I was an SWP member at Warwick at the time, so I should know.

Are you ashamed of your past, Paul? Isn't it trendy to be a Tory anymore? Why not just admit you were wrong instead of rewriting history?

Irate ex-Warwick student and SWP member, Birmingham.

You would appear to be over a barrel with regards to this one Paul. AHA-HA-HA-HA! — M.S.

Rebels don't buy records — they tape them. Neither do they buy meaningless 'rock' papers *or* fuel journalists' £14,000 per year ego trips. Smash the rules of the music industry game. Don't submit.

Sir Gus, Downpatrick, Co Down.

This letter will be read out on *News At 10* tonight and every night until Gus' demands are met. We'll take a break now as it's medication time in Downpatrick. — M.S.

BASTARDS!!

Isn't it ironic that the music press seem to thwart the progress of so many promising new bands. If they are 'hip', they won't be slagged off for a few months, but after those few months they are thrown by the wayside.

Now, after much criticism, and being labelled as 'Jam rip-offs', The Chords have had to call it a day. They've released an album and a string of varied singles, none of which sound at all like The Jam. They have the right to blame virtually everybody as nobody realised what they were trying to do.

But don't worry if you didn't understand their motives as I doubt you ever will. Anyway, it's too late now. Keep up the bad work.

A. Matthews, Trowbridge, Wilts.

If it is true (about the music press) that you'd be hard put to find a more fickle, paranoid, self-congratulatory bunch of failed musicians, then when will The Chords be joining the staff?

Smugly, Leicester.

Sorry, they failed that audition too. — M.S.

BON VOYAGE

I'm leaving the UK, much against my will, this month. I just wanted to say I love you and I always will. *NME* caused me to lose my virginity, and I'm sure not every girl can say that. God bless you all.

Tallulah Hellman, London WC.

That's nothing, we've got piles of correspondence from girls who've lost it at least twice. — M.S.

NME was really crap this week.

Tony Fatboy

Ah! The Max Bell school of criticism! — M.S.

ABOVE, we see actress Helen Mirren getting roped in to a new exhibition, in which she'll appear alongside the likes of John Lydon, Mick Jagger and Max Wall (not to mention Bowie, Bow Wow Wow and Julian Cope). These, and many other pictorial delights, form a full-scale showing of the works of photographer Kevin Cummins, NME's man in t'North, being staged at the Royal Exchange Theatre, St Ann's Square, Manchester.

The exhibition, which opened last week to considerable acclaim ("Brilliant", "Masterful tour-de-force", "Unique talent" — Kevin Cummins) runs until October 27th.

T'ZERS

AFTER LAST WEEK'S overwhelming response to our 'Identify These TV Stars From Only Their Eyes' competition, we've decided to leave the closing date for entries open for another week. Keep those answer forms comin' back! (Hint: Many of you are confusing **Sting** with **Leslie Crowther).** Anyway in place of our usual feature here's **Dee Dee Power,** sometimes **Ted,** with this week's *Toasters.*

Hi, Eddie here and *(Man from above paragraph: Make that T-Zers, T-Zers)* I'm writing *T-Esters* and you're welcome to it. (Gets mild laugh). Have I got a column for you! That's what our Ed keeps asking me: Have you got a column for them? (Bigger laff this time but still not the belter Ted's looking for). Hey what about that **Gary Numan?** You know Gary — A Smile, A Song and An International Incident. Say I once knew a guy who spilt a whole bottle of domestos over his local parson. Know what? They did him for bleach of the priest! (Gets tremendous laff here). And that **Barry Manilow.** Boy, y'know Barry's the only guy in showbusiness who wears a Long Vehicle sign on the back of his head! (Really hotting up now). And can he talk to the press! Get this chickens: "How can anyone not like my music? Nobody can *not* like my music! My music is as good as anything **Led Zeppelin** have done." Barry said that to the *Star.* We figure now he's telling it to some warden in a loony-bin someplace right now. Actually we'll go one better than his comparison. We say Barry's music is as good as anything **Public Foot The Roman** ever did. But his video! Love it all to pieces y'hear . . .

HEY, let's face it — you just can't keep that **Numan** guy out the news. Three weeks ago he's embroiled in a stink over in India for being some kinda fourth mole and now he's been slammed up for possession of an offensive weapon — a rounders bat. **Gaz** was idly fondling his notorious weapon at the kerbside when a WPC chanced by. After failing to surrender for bail he was attending Uxbridge Magistrates Court last week. "Have you ever been up before me in the past?" asked the beak. "Dunno," says Gal, "what time do you get up?" Then Numan screamed, "Mistrial, mistrial! I do not recognise this court!" The Clerk: "And why's that?" Numan: "Well, you had it decorated." The judge turned pale at this: "Young man, I will not have this court turned into a circus." At which point the elephants were removed.

The Electric Friend looked stunning in the tabloid pics, *tres* gangsterish, and said the 'fuzz' had treated him admirably. He was charged under his real name of **Gary Webb.** Co-incidentally, **Cliff Richard's** real name is **Harry Webb** and Cliff was born in, dramatic chords, India! All of which leads this banana to conclude that Numan's so-called 'World Tour' is no more than a soul-searching trek to discover the Webb ancestoral home in Ranjadadzook, Bengal . . .

To Bouverie Street and the aftermath of the amicable parting of **Adam** and **Tess.** Since the pair parted, Tessa has been warming the world with intimate little secrets of shared bliss. "He's vain and acts like a spoilt child . . . ARROGANT . . . SKINNY . . . the vainest man I'll ever know . . . Jealous . . . always talks about himself . . . a gimmick . . ." That was Tess just getting into her strides in last week's *Sun.* No, stride. "He will last about a year or so and then along will come a group called **Charlie and The Caterpillars** or something popping up and telling us all to wear green furry suits and the kids will change loyalties." But more! "The first time I saw him without his make-up I thought him very plain. Now that it's over I don't want to see or hear him again ever." AWAWOW! C'mon Tess stop beating around the bush — what's he *really* like? To wind up we contacted **Nip Juno** of Charlie and The Caterpillars. "Green suits? We don't have any green suits . . . well only a couple and they're reserved for our 1983 launch."

The self-same **Idom Ont** had more luck in the High Courts where his plea to stop the famous Decca label releasing his old demos was upheld. "I can't let this sort of rubbish loose on the public at large," said judge **Gresley,** "these tapes shall go to prison for thirty years or until **Bow Wow Wow** have a hit, whichever comes first" . . .

Hazel O'Connor, star of the dizzying hit waxing, 'Eighth Day' sold her story to the *Daily Star* and told how she was raped. In the same piece she tells how, when cutting the hair of famous scientist and reggae singer **David Bowie** she was tempted to keep the cut-aways to sell to Bowie freaks. What a marvellous head for business Hazy Hazell has. Mr Bowie emerged from his scissor ordeal with a hairstyle halfway between **Warren Peace** and **Warren Mitchell** . . .

The Specials got back together last week between three and four on Friday afternoon, "but it was no good — all the old problems came back. We split again," said **Roddy Radiation** — real name **Keith Radiation.** This is believed to be the shortest re-union since **Bud Abbott** carried **Lou Costello** to the churchyard . . .

NEWS IS that **Elvis Costello** is to 'retire' from the footlights! His agents have contacted promoters in Paris, Tokyo, New York, LA, and London to arrange a farewell tour. That's all we have on that so don't go hounding poor switchboard **Julia** with queries about dates or else me and the other **Power** brothers will be round to perform feats with a rounders bat that'll make Gary Webb run for cover . . .

The two versions of the **Police** video are allegedly labelled, 'Irish Version' and 'English Version' and unkind viewers of the pair suggest that it is all in promotional interests to keep the brouhaha surrounding it bubbling . . .

Juicy, juicy, juicy: **Albert Goldman's *Elvis*** book — hailed by Kettering's *Evening Telegraph* as "the latest tome about the pop-king" — gathers readability with every disgusting quote the tabloids dish up. In the *Express* in a chunk describing how **Presley** was entertained by **President Nixon** whilst 'high as a kite, cranked full of speed'. (That's Presley. Nixon was, oh hold it, he's still alive). Nixon wanted Elv to accompany him on a crusade to free the nation's youth from drugs. Presley apparently consented only if granted a fully fledged narcotics agent badge. Said Nixon: "I don't have much power round here, I'm just a figurehead, but a badge, I get you." And did. Hot stuff! . . .

To Hollywood where the **Walt Disney** studios are making their first futurist adventure called *TRON.* (That is, their first futurist adventure, not their first one called *TRON.* Even though TRON has been a favourite word around the company for some years. See: Snow White & The Seven Trons, The Black Tron, The Trongle Book, A Tron Goes Bananas etc.) The point is that to score this important feature the studio has roped in **Wendy** 'Stitches Out Tuesday' **Carlos.** Those of you with long memories might remember Wendy as **Walter** and artist on 'Switched On Bach', 'A Clockwork Orange' and more. Well since those tortured days Walter has whipped it off and now uses the door with the triangle not trousers. "It sure helps around the set," beamed Wend, "you can imagine what the confusion of being called Walt on a Disney production is like. Anyway, I was born in the wrong body. I had the flesh of a Mr **Neville BigMac** of Illinois and I was happy to let him have it back last week. He's been awful cold these last thirty years." . . .

Serious Stuff Now: Will **Sir Roland Pen-Name** please call **Andy Gill** on 439-8761 very soon . . .

Even sillier: **Sunshine Patterson** — the female half of **Sunshine & Eddie** who sounds as though she should be fighting **Gixxo Ardwelos** of Spain for the European Lightweight Crown — has been collecting autographs. Rock stars? Actors? Nope, of none other than family footballers **Kenny Dalglish** and **Gary** 'Hope Disney Don't Ask Me To Score Nothing' **Birtles.** Such are new-wavers' obsessions . . .

Soft Cell manager **Stevo** rang with two *T-Zers,* neither of which were interesting enough to print. Told this, Stevo announced, "I'm trying to make a friend of you. You're just a cockney. So am I. I'm from Dagenham." The call was curtailed shortly after this . . .

That's the *T-Zers.* From myself, **Eddie Power,** and from all the crew here at page 67 see you in seven . . .

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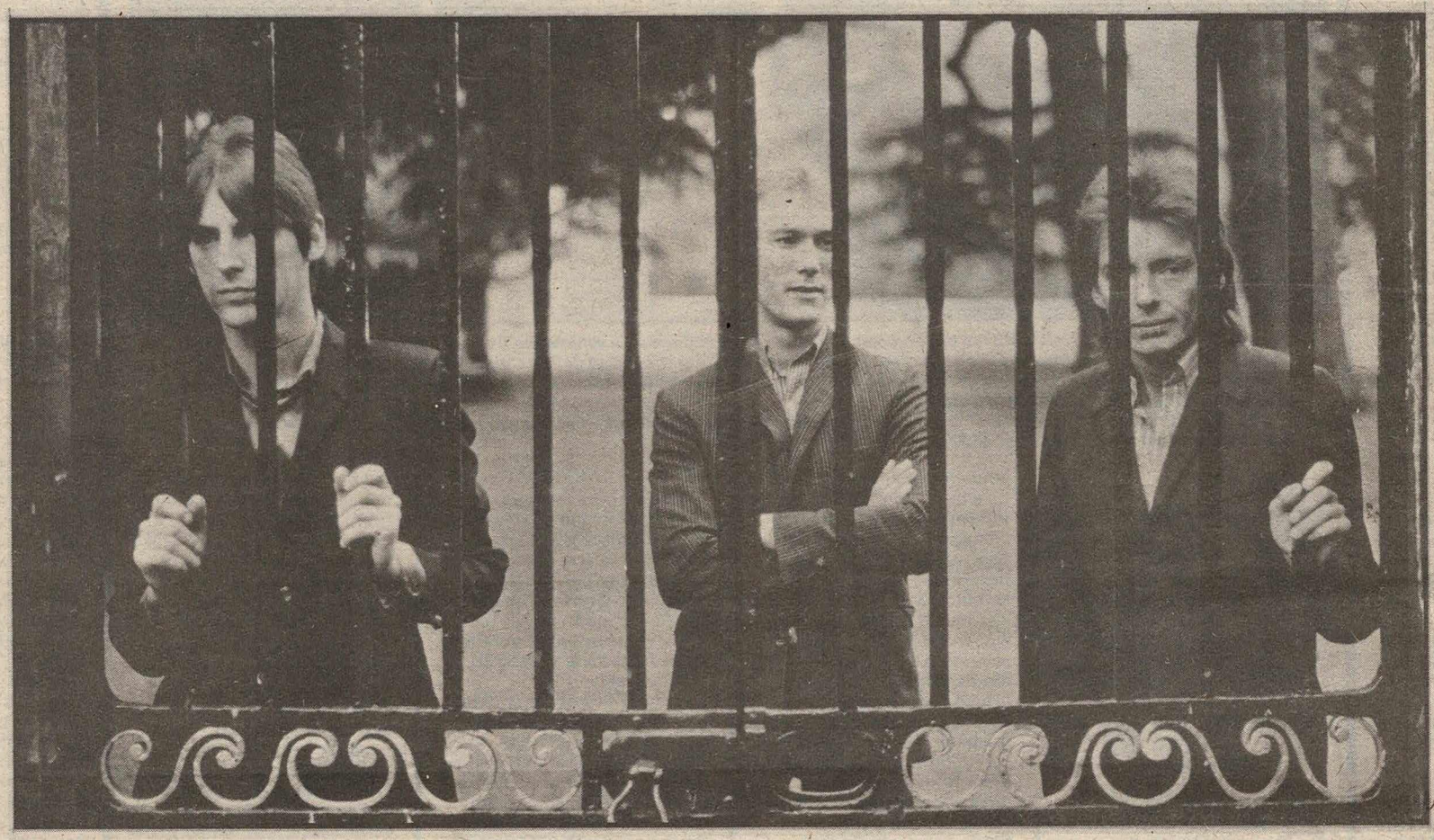
A. Absolute Beginners



B. Tales from the Riverbank

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